SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

MY FATHER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LORD DUNDREARY

LAURA KEENE is reported to have had a bad temper which took possession of her to such an extent that on one occasion she is said to have thrown goldfish about the room in her frenzy. This may or may not be so, and it is not necessary to believe a fish story. However, my father, at that time playing as Mr. Douglas Stewart, became a member of Laura Keene's company about 1857. When this tempestuous lady undertook to discipline that audacious young man, she met her Waterloo. He outmanœuvred her, outflanked her, and, indeed, defeated her completely. Mr. Stewart had incurred Miss Keene's displeasure at a rehearsal. She summoned him to her dressing-room, and as soon as he entered she began a violent tirade. Mr. Stewart stepped quickly to the gas-jet, which illuminated the sacred chamber, and, turning out the gas, plunged the room into darkness.

"What do you mean, sir! How dare you!" stormed the lady.

"Pardon me, Miss Keene," said that impudent Mr. Stewart, "I can't bear to see a pretty woman in a temper"; and under cover of the darkness he made his exit.

It was at Laura Keene's Theatre that "Our American Cousin" was first produced. The story of this production has often been told, but a new light was thrown upon the history of Lord Dundreary when Joseph Jefferson related to me the following facts.

It appears that Mr. Jefferson was at the time of this production supposed to be suffering from consumption. He told me that his doctors declared that his only hope was to be out in the fresh air as much as possible. That actually his life depended upon it. He was glad, therefore, when my father joined Laura Keene's company, to discover that he was passionately fond of riding. They hired a stable together and purchased two horses. They shared the expense, which was a serious matter as they were both merely stock actors. When the play of "Our American Cousin" was read to the company, as was customary, my father was so disheartened with the part for which he was cast—Lord Dundreary, a second old man with only a few lines—that he determined to throw up his engagement and leave America. He had been acting for ten years and had, he thought, made some impression, and he felt that if his years of labor had brought him no further reward, he would give up the struggle. He told Jefferson that he proposed to return to England and enter his father's office in Liverpool, to devote himself to mercantile pursuits. At once it occurred to Mr. Jefferson that if my father went away he would have to aban-

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don the stable; he could not bear the expense alone. He used all his powers of argument to induce my father not to throw up his part. Joe Jefferson was the leading comedian of the company and he promised my father that with Miss Keene's consent he would permit him any liberty in the scenes they might have together.

"But I have no scenes," said my father; "I have only about ten lines."

"We will have scenes," said Jefferson; "we will make them."

He persuaded the dejected Mr. Stewart to at least attend the first few rehearsals, and he did so. Jefferson was as good as his word, of course, and Miss Keene was induced to allow Lord Dundreary much liberty. My mother played Georgina, the part opposite my father, and she and he worked up many lines and replies at home and were allowed to introduce them into the play. If you have ever seen this comedy you may have remarked that nearly all of Dundreary's scenes are with Asa Trenchard or Georgina. Jefferson worked hard to help his fellow horseman, and day by day Dundreary was, as it were, superimposed upon the play. The success of the character was not so great at first but it grew as the actor felt his way. The printed play as sold by French & Son represents the result of the first two seasons or so of performances. Every season that my father played the piece it was altered and added to—his work on it was constant and unremitting. Many actors played the part; indeed, it was commonly played by the stock companies of the day, but my father always kept ahead with fresh ideas. The play was gradually simplified from a drama of five acts of four scenes each to a play of four acts of one scene each, the scene of the first and last acts being the same. My father each year copied out his own prompt-books, or had them copied, and then wrote in his most recent additions. I have many such prompt-books with most minute notes and directions. When I produced the play nearly thirty years after his death, these manuscripts were so perfect that I had no difficulty in recalling every movement of all the characters. My father's genius was indeed the genius of infinite pains. I have heard him relate that the little skip he used in his gait in Dundreary originated simply from his habit of trying to keep in step with my mother as they walked up and down at the back of the stage arranging their lines. The skip and the stutter and other business grew and grew from performance to performance. As Jefferson says in his "Life," the character of Dundreary gradually pushed all the other characters out of the play.

Another unpublished incident of the history of this comedy came to me by accident when, one evening while I was playing the piece in America, my manager told me that an old Englishman who kept the gallery door wished to see me. I asked him to come behind the scenes. He had, he said, occupied a position in the great dry-goods store of Marshall & Snellgrove in London at the time of the first production of "Our American Cousin" at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Buckstone was the manager of the Haymarket. It was his habit when business was bad to distribute a number of free seats among the employees of this establishment. One day Mr. Buckstone called and said: "This new play, 'Our American Cousin,' is an absolute failure. The house is empty and I want to make an effort to fill it on Saturday night. I think this man Sothern is very funny, and if he can get a house I believe he will succeed." A great number of seats were given out, but curiously on that Saturday the fact that Lord Dundreary was an amusing personage had attracted a number of people to the pit. It was the pit that Mr. Buckstone especially desired to fill; for the pit to "rise" at one was then, as now, extremely desirable. Together with free tickets and those who wished to pay, there was such a crush at the pit entrance that a woman was thrown down and trampled to death in a panic which ensued. On Monday the papers were full of this accident. Correspondence ensued, much advertising was the result, and, said my new friend, "the success of the play was assured from that moment." To what untoward circumstance may we not owe our success or failure! That poor woman's death may have actually turned the fortune of the play, for if it had not drawn on the next Monday it was Mr. Buckstone's intention to take it off. The play

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ran for four hundred and ninety-six nights at the Haymarket and made the fortune of Mr. Buckstone and of my father.

Two curious circumstances happened during this English engagement. One night, after Dundreary had been triumphant for about a year and my father felt more than assured of his great success, a weary swell in the first row of the stalls arose about the middle of the second act and deliberately put on his coat, stretched himself, yawned audibly, while people murmured "Hush," "Sit down," etc., and started unperturbed up the aisle. My father, greatly nettled but feeling sure of sympathy from the disturbed spectators, went down to the footlights and said: "I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but there are two more acts after this."

"I know," said the weary one, "that's why I'm going."

It is dangerous to step out of one's part.

An old friend of my father, one Doctor Simpson, induced him to go out of town to play one matinée performance of Dundreary. My father, feeling that he was conferring rather a favor on the small community, went with his company. This Simpson was a great joker, and went about telling the rustic auditors that this man Sothern, being an eminent London actor, they must be careful about their demeanor in the theatre. "This is no cheap kind of play," said he. "You must not let this man think we have no manners. Don't applaud, don't laugh; it isn't done; people of taste don't do it. Laugh when you get home, but remember, 'the loud laugh denotes the vacant mind.' If you like this man's acting, say so quietly when you meet him at the reception after the play."

Never was there such a night. The house was crowded to the doors and not a sound of welcome, not a sound of laughter at this most comic of characters. For two acts my distracted father endured torture, the fiendish Simpson running around to him every now and again, hitting him on the back and whispering vehemently: "Isn't it great! I never saw such enthusiasm! They're simply mad about it!"

"The devil they are," said my wretched father. "They are as dumb as oysters."

It came to the third act, where there is a long and most arduous monologue of nearly half an hour. Not a sound. My father could endure no more. He arose from the stool whereon he sat, walked down to the footlights, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't laugh I can't go on." Pandemonium broke loose. People shouted and wept. My father for once was nonplussed, but he caught sight of Simpson in a box, self-possessed and smileless, and a light broke in upon his darkness.

I have been nursed on more knees than any other baby in America. While the men and women of my father's generation were yet alive, I would constantly meet elderly people, male and female, who would exclaim: "Why, I nursed you on my knee when you were a baby." Old Couldock, Mrs. Walcot, Joe Jefferson, Stoddard, William Warren, Mrs. Vincent—I could name a thousand in public and private life whose knees had

LAURA KEENE'S NEW THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY.
The necessary arrangements for the production of Tom Taylor's new and original three act comedy having been completed, the management would respectfully inform the public that the first representation of
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN,
which piece has been expressly written for this theatre by one of the most popular dramatists of the period, and
NEVER BEFORE ACTED ON ANY STAGE,
will take place
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 18, 1858,
with new scenery,
Appropriate costumes,
Properties, appointments, &c., &c.,
and a cast comprising within its limits nearly the entire
STRENGTH OF THE COMEDY COMPANY.
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

Asa Trenchard, a live Yankee.....Mr. Jefferson
Sir Edward Trenchard, a Hampshire Baronet.....Mr. Varrey
Lord Dundreary.....Mr. Sothern
Lieut. Vernon, R. N.....Mr. Levick
Capt. de Boots.....Mr. Clinton
Coyle, attorney at law.....Mr. Burnett
Abel Murcott, his clerk.....Mr. Couldock
Binney, a butler.....Mr. Peters
Buddicombe, Lord Dundreary's man.....Mr. McDouall
Rasper, a groom.....Mr. Wharton
John Whicker, an under gardener.....Mr. B. Brown
Florence Trenchard.....Miss Laura Keene
Mrs. Mountchessington.....Miss Mary Welles
Augusta..... } her daughters } .....Miss Effie Germon
Georgina..... } .....Mrs. Sothern
Mary Meredith.....Miss Sara Stevens
Sharpe, Miss Trenchard's maid.....Miss Flynn
Skillet, Mrs. Mountchessington's maid.....Mrs. Levick

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Morning Room at Trenchard Manor.....Almy.
Servants' gossip. An itinerant post office much more expeditious than the official slow coach. An unknown locality. Where is Brattleboro, Vermont? Florence. A trans-Atlantic letter. A dead branch of the genealogical tree resuscitated. An interesting invalid. An unexpected arrival. Our American cousin. Cousinly affection checked. An unsatisfactory luncheon. No chowder. No slapjacks. No Nothing. An American drink. Brandy smashes and chain lightning.
SCENE II.—Room in Trenchard Manor.....Thorne.
A model lawyer and a drunken clerk. Debt, the nemesis. A financial panic. An old mortgage, but no release. Fraud in perspective. A terrible price. A daughter's happiness for a father's safety. A female Robin Hood. Hopeless inebriety. A noble resolution.

Facsimile of part of advertisement in New York *Herald*, October 18, 1858, announcing the first production of "Our American Cousin."

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accommodated me. From knee to knee I would seem to have hopped as birds from bough to bough. I must have reposed upon as many bosoms as did Queen Elizabeth on four-post beds. Whether I was nursed thus because I was either beautiful or good, or because the last good Samaritan desired to hand me on rapidly to the next, history sayeth not. Perchance my mother, in her busy life at that time, had constantly to say to the bystanders, "Here! hold the baby!" while she ran to take up her cue at rehearsal; the infant would have to be controlled by an alien hand, while "Ride a cockhorse" and "Pat-a-cake, baker's man" may have been sung in my ear by many an unwilling nurse.

It is not always that one may excite admiration concerning one's personal charms before one has entered upon this stage of fools. Such, however, was my good fortune. I have a letter, written by my father from New Orleans to his sister in England. It says:

"Lytton is the most strictly beautiful child you ever saw. Fan [my mother] is looking over my shoulder as I write and says, 'Of course the baby will be the same.'"

The baby was myself. On December the 6th, 1859, at 79 Bienville Street, New Orleans, the baby appeared. My father, careful to remember unimportant details, made a memorandum in a scrapbook of theatrical notices; among other notes, such as the sum due his landlady and the number and variety of articles of clothing in the wash, he had jotted down: "1859—Dec. 6th, New Orleans —Boy born at 79 Bienville St. at 7 A. M."

One is apt to forget a thing like that; a baby may readily be mislaid and it is always wise to make notes. While the event was still fresh in his memory, the delighted parent wrote with enthusiasm to his friend Cohn, the father of Kate Claxton, whose brother gave me the letter:

"Dear Cohn: The long expected youth has at last arrived. The very first thing he did was to sneeze, so the least we can do is to call him Dundreary Sothern."

At the time of my birth my father was a member of a stock company in New Orleans. It was shortly after the successful production of "Our American Cousin" at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York. This present enterprise was my father's venture and the theatre was called for the occasion "Sothern's Varieties." Here a large and varied repertoire was played, my mother doing her share of this work and even adapting a drama from the French, called in English "Suspense," which was a great success. Lawrence Barrett and John T. Raymond were members of the organization.

I left New Orleans as a baby and did not return until I was nineteen and a member of John McCullough's company. I sought out my birthplace and discovered it with some difficulty, for the numbers of the houses had been changed; but at last I found the spot, a strange, foreign-seeming building constructed about a courtyard which was surrounded by galleries like an ancient English inn. The place was still a lodging-house; indeed, the woman who had kept it during my father's time was not long dead. I was able from description often repeated to locate the very rooms my father and mother occupied and the room wherein I first made my entrance. The old St. Charles Hotel was then in existence—the building of the war times. I hied me with much interest to the barroom, for there was the scene of a tragedy whereof I had heard my father speak. In that large and rather gloomy hall, supported by columns, had been fought a duel between an actor named Harry Copeland and one Overall, a newspaper man. My father was present at this conflict—and barely saved his life by jumping behind one of these same columns.

While I was in New Orleans on this visit an old lady gave me a small fawn-colored coat, very old-fashioned, with high collar, bell-shaped cuffs, pearl buttons as large as a half-dollar, much moth-eaten. On the small strap by which coats are hung was the name of Dion Boucicault. When "Our American Cousin" was first produced in New York Boucicault had lent my father this coat to wear in his part; my father had given it to the husband of this woman as a keepsake, and here it was back again with me. When I reached home I looked into the ancient pockets, and behold!

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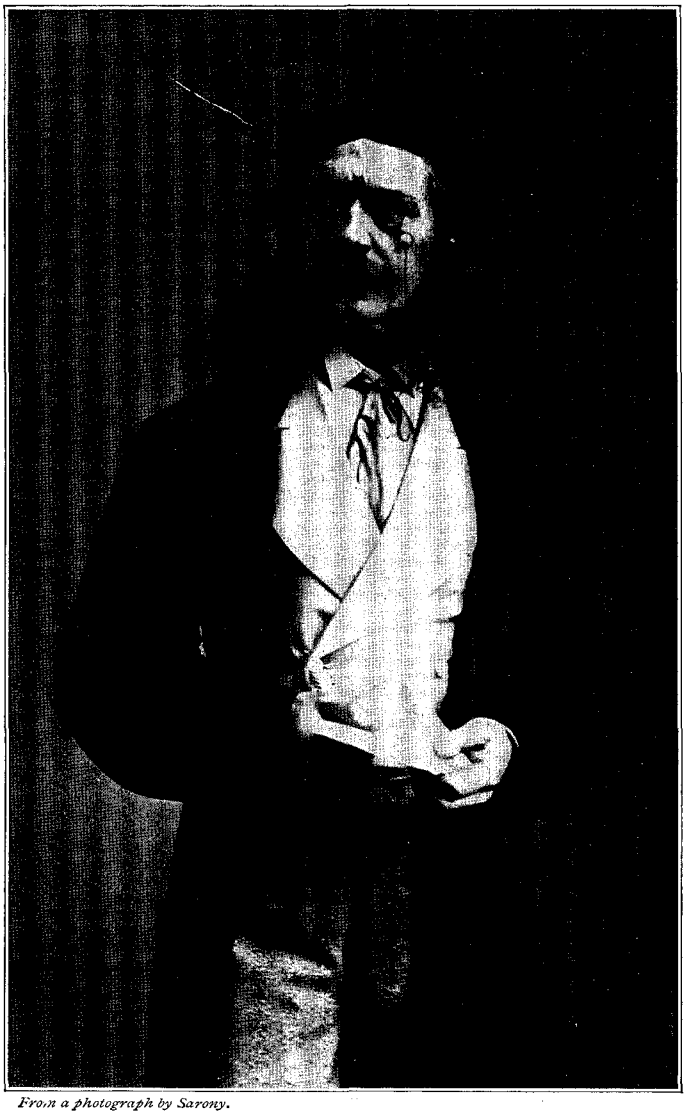

From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin."

there was a paper and, written in my father's hand, some memoranda:

"Get Peter Parley's Tales for Lytton."

"Lent So-and-so twenty-five dollars; this makes forty-five he owes me."

"Fan's birthday."

"Have part copied."

"Pad for Kinchin and prompt book of 'Flowers of the Forest.'"

"Write to Polly" [his sister].

"Name of baby—Hugh—Edward—John—Edwin—Francis—Askew—also shoes."

"Hair cut."

Here certain sums in arithmetic, evidently profits and losses.

Then comes the startling announcement:

"Today the baby distinctly said DASH IT!"

This epoch-making remark of mine has escaped the eye of contemporaneous historians. It may appear a matter of no moment to the unobservant for one small babe to say "Dash it." One's first observation does not carry the same sig-

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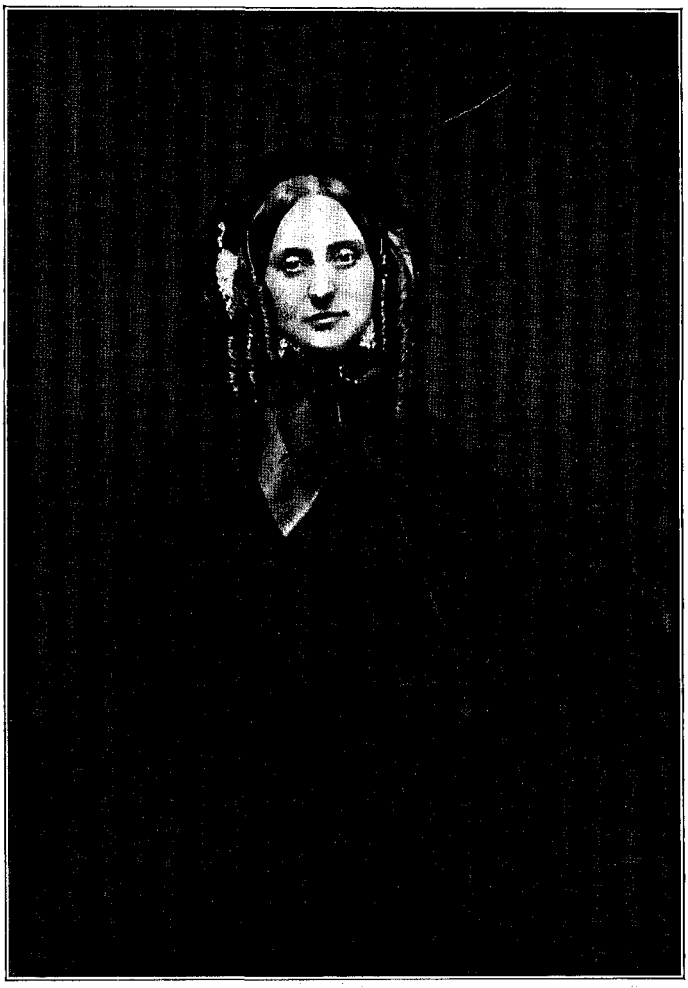

Mother of E. H. Sothern.

nificance as one's last. Whether "Dash it!" was a reminiscence or a criticism or an expletive, whether spoken in the spirit of inquiry, rebuke, comment, contrition, or abuse, joy or grief or pleasure or regret, may not be known. That it was a statement worthy of record is established beyond a doubt. At that time it was an utterance of some consequence; the fate of nurseries depended on it. Evidently it was an event expected and prepared for. Had it not been for the accident of my meeting with the old lady who gave me the coat, this oration might never have been chronicled, and the first address of a distinguished citizen to his native city would have been buried in oblivion. Whether I was "dashing" the world, or the nurse, or life, or things in general, is not set down; that I even meant what I said is not now to be established. That I "dashed" something was evident. The dashed thing that was dashed must forever remain a mystery.

ALL MIRTH AND NO MATTER

THE practical joke certainly presupposes a victim; somebody has to be put in a foolish and laughable situation. Even a community may be made to look ridiculous. This occurred when my father, playing under the name of Mr. Douglas Stewart, then a member of Laura

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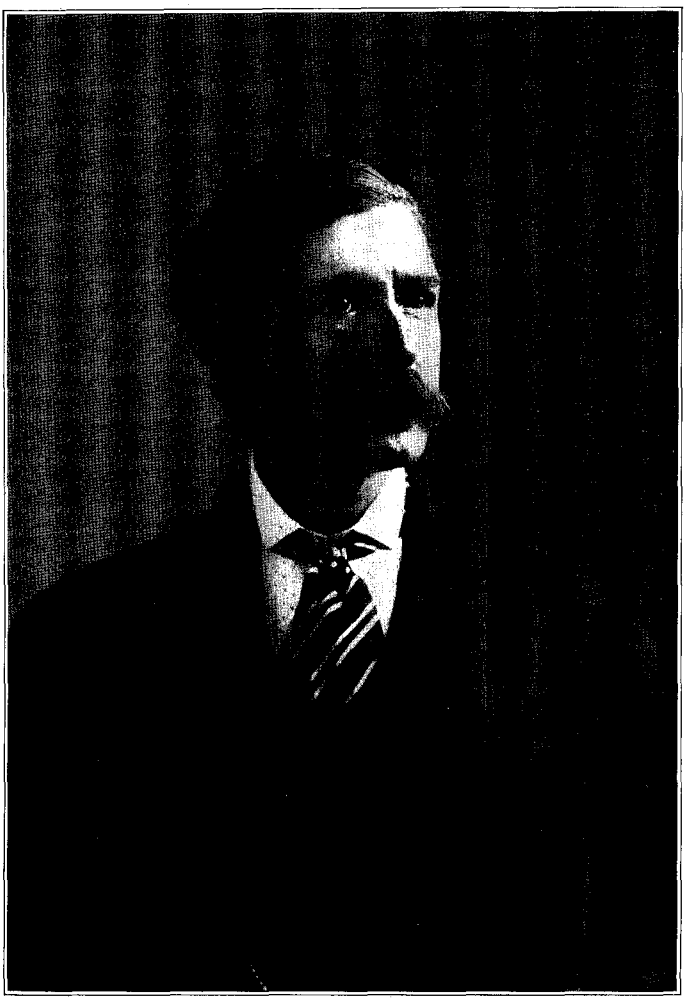

From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward A. Sothern, about 1875.

Keene's company in New York, put an advertisement in the paper and distributed handbills to the effect that Professor Cantellabiglie (can tell a big lie) would fly from the top of Trinity steeple at noon on a certain day in the year 1859. At the appointed hour the crush was so great that traffic was utterly disorganized; a riot seemed imminent. A free fight for coigns of vantage took place in many localities. The police had the greatest difficulty in handling the huge crowds. At last some one, while contemplating the name of the new Icarus, discovered the joke.

"Can tell a big lie!" he shouted. "It's a hoax!"

A roar of rage, another of laughter succeeded. Then the town laughed at the town, and each man at his neighbor. The joker was not discovered for some days. When Mr. Douglas Stewart announced himself as the perpetrator of the joke, it was admitted that he had done well.

I have met men in recent years who are still laughing at Cantellabiglie. Any man who can provide such perennial amusement is a public benefactor.

When I was at school in London in 1875, my pastors and masters, like most other Englishmen, were persuaded that one shot buffalo in Central Park and that red Indians perambulated on Fifth Avenue, exchanging skins for beads and oc-

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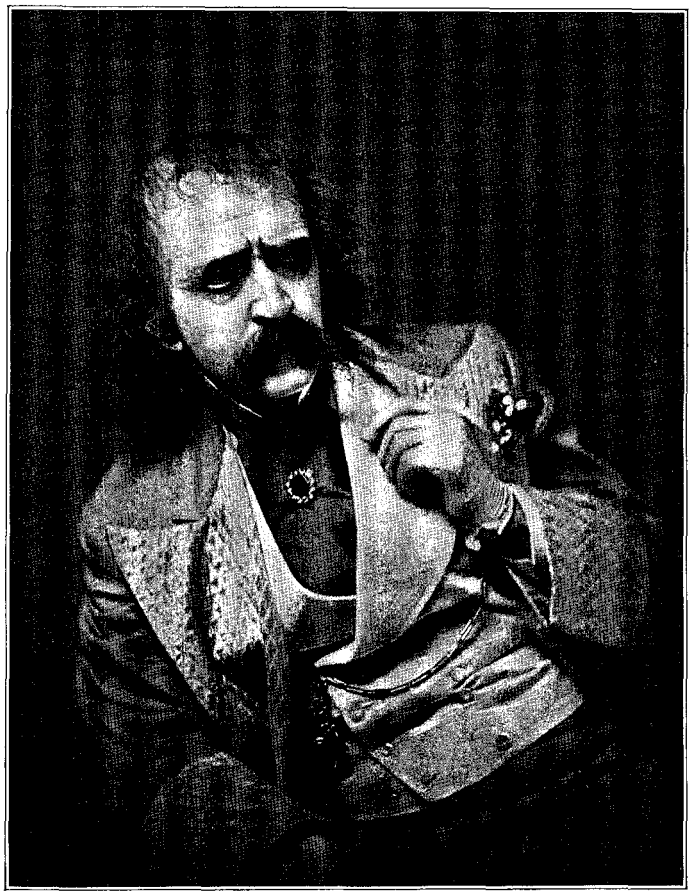
casionally shooting with poisoned arrows at offending citizens. One's scalp was supposed to be somewhat unsafe, and to breakfast without one's six-shooter by one's plate and one's bowie-knife in one's boot was to be branded as a reckless fellow. Mr. Phillip Lee, the husband of Miss Adelaide Neilson, was of these opinions. My father took pains to cultivate such views and, on his arrival in New York, met Mr. Lee at the dock with a brass band, conducted him to the Gramercy Park Hotel, discussed the buffalo hunt for the following day, which was to be accompanied by a band of Sioux Indians, and left his guest to dress himself for a great banquet which was to be given in his honor that same evening. To this occasion had been invited the most eminent men of the United States—a great number of judges, colonels, major-generals, doctors, senators, professors, and so on. Mr. Lee, being a distinguished foreigner, was to be greeted by the élite of New York.

As a matter of fact, my father had conspired with his friend Dan Bryant, the celebrated minstrel man, who arrived at the appointed hour accompanied by about thirty of his comedians, attired in more or less aristocratic if somewhat outré costume. My father had prepared Lee for the primitive manners of the uncouth American; but he was somewhat taken aback at a certain freedom of expression, and became ill at ease when each guest, as he took his place at the dinner-table, placed a six-shooter of great size by his plate.

"It is nothing," whispered my father



E. A. Sothern as The Crushed Tragedian.

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David Garrick. The Hon. Sam Slingsby. Lord Dundreary.

E. A Sothern in three characters.

to his guest of honor; "merely custom; very touchy, these people; great sense of honor; let us hope there will be no blood shed."

This humane desire was dashed, however, when, grace having been said, Dan Bryant drank his soup from the plate and demanded a second helping. A guest on the opposite side of the table laughed. Mr. Bryant requested to know what caused the amusement of his honorable friend, Judge Morton. A short colloquy followed which culminated in the Honorable Mr. Bryant shooting across the table at the Honorable Mr. Morton and that agile gentleman jumping on to the table, bowie-knife in hand, loudly avowing his intention of cutting the heart out of the Honorable Mr. Bryant.

Friends adjusted this initial difficulty; explanations were in order, hands were shaken, drinks were taken, apologies to the guest of the evening were made, and the fish was served. Some one made a remark about some one else being "a queer fish."

"A reflection on our host!" cried a major-general; "the fish is first-rate!"

"You lie!" remarked a distinguished senator.

Panic ensued. A fight with bowie-knives at once took everybody from the table. Up and down the room struggled the combatants; now the knives were in

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the air, visible above the heads of the crowd; now they were apparently plunged into the bodies of the honorable major-general and the honorable senator. Shrieks, curses, demands for fair play shook the chandeliers. At last the honorable senator was slain; his body was taken into the adjoining room, the door closed, the banquet resumed.

Lee was in a highly excited state and suggested the police.

SOTHERN'S LYCEUM.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Proprietor and Manager	Mr. Sothern.
Stage Manager	Mr. Dyott.
Assistant Stage Manager	Mr. Fisher.
Scenic Artist	Mr. Selwyn.
Prompter	Mr. E. Spinosa.

Doors open at half-past seven; performance commencing at eight precisely.

N. B.—Police are in constant attendance to preserve order.

FUN! FUN! FUN!!

GREAT ATTRACTION!!!

RAYMOND'S BENEFIT.

THREE NEW PIECES,

In each of which he will appear.

Comedy, Vaudeville, and Farce.

First and only time of

"WHACK."

The INDIAN NIGHTINGALE, (Minehaha), will appear for this night only.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1857,

First time in this city of Buckstone's Comedy, in three acts, entitled,

Married Life!

MR. CODDLE	MR. FIPPENDALE
MRS. CODDLE	MRS. SYLVESTRE
MR. LYNX	MR. STODDART
MRS. LYNX	MISS MESTAYER
MR. YOUNG HUSBAND	MR. REYNOLDS
MRS. YOUNG HUSBAND	MRS. A. TAYOR
MR. DISMAL	MR. FISHER
MRS. DISMAL	MISS SOTHERN
MR. HENRY DOVE	MR. RAYMOND
MRS. HENRY DOVE	MISS CUSHNIE

SONG,

"MY LOVE HE IS A SAILEUR."

BY THE INDIAN NIGHTINGALE.

BALLAD,

BY MISS CUSHNIE.

After which, a new Farce called,

Raymond Worried by Sothern.

In which they will sing the celebrated Duett from

"IL PURITANI."

From the collection of Robert Gould Shaw, Boston.

Programme of August 17, 1857.

"No, *no*!" said several honorable gentlemen, senators, judges, and professors, "we always settle these matters among ourselves. The coroner is a friend of ours; he invariably attends after any important gathering."

The dinner proceeded. Speeches of welcome to Mr. Lee, the distinguished guest, were in order. Replies by my father and Lee were offered amidst great applause and laughter. Lee especially was acclaimed; every word he said was the signal for shouts of appreciation. The conspirators were waiting for a cue to cap the excitement of the night. Lee provided it when he said, with a desire to conciliate everybody and appease the warring factions: "I was born in England, my mother was Irish and my father was Scotch. As an Englishman, I salute you! as a Scotchman, I greet you! as an Irishman, I cry, 'Erin go Bragh!'"

"He means me!" cried a senator, bringing a bowie-knife from the back of his neck. Like a flash a bullet from a doctor of divinity laid him low. A dozen shots rang out. Some one gave a signal and the lights were extinguished. A general battle ensued amid such a turmoil that chaos seemed come again; the table-cloth was pulled from the table with a crash of glass and crockery. A great banging at doors added to the din. Cries of "Murder!" "Kill him!" "Knife him!" rent the air.

When the gas was lit at last and silence was restored, the floor was strewn with victims. Lee was nowhere to be seen. Search revealed him hiding under the table, his teeth chattering, his hair on end, and terror in his eye. He was extricated. The dead men arose and hoped he had not been disturbed by the slight misunderstanding. Law and order were restored and, amid much good feeling, the buffalo hunt was arranged for the following morning.

"NO SONG, NO SUPPER"

I HAVE always envied those people who have the courage and the ability to recite. I never could bring myself to do it. The

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immediate contact with an audience embarrasses me. The deficiency is inherited. My father never could or would recite; he had a sort of constitutional aversion to doing so. Perhaps he fancied people looked funny when reciting; he certainly took a fiendish pleasure in disconcerting reciters. I remember once attending a benefit performance with him and Edwin Adams when John McCullough was to recite. He was billed to declaim a favorite poem of his: "Flynn of Virginia." They say he was quite wonderful at it. On this occasion, my father and Adams selected seats in the middle of the front row of the orchestra and quite upset the proceedings. The recitation begins with the words: "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?"

Mr. McCullough came on and was greeted with great applause. He made an impressive pause and began: "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?"

Ned Adams and my father stood up and, looking steadily at McCullough, solemnly shook their heads, as who should say, "No, we never heard of him"; then they solemnly sat down again.

McCullough was disconcerted but went to it again. "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?" said he. Again the two solemn figures arose, shook their heads sadly, and reseated themselves. This occurred three or four times, each time McCullough finding it more impossible to control his laughter, until at last he could do so no longer and went off the stage hysterical.

While my father was playing Tom Robertson's comedy of "David Garrick" in London, during his first great success in England, he made an engagement that when his tour should open at a certain provincial town he would attend a supper to be given by a militia regiment. The occasion arrived and the supper was an elaborate affair. The colonel of the regiment was a man my father knew quite well in London. The dinner was good, the fun fast and furious, and when the feast was over stories and recitations were in order. Local talent distinguished itself. Great was the applause and enthusiasm, and, as the night wore on, the heavily laden table, on which shone the regimental glass and silver, rattled again and again with the appreciation of the crowd. At last my father was called upon for a recitation. He protested that he never had been able to recite; explained his actual inability to do so; that he never had done such a thing and knew nothing to recite. No one seemed to believe him. Shouts of "Oh, you must!" "Come on now!" and much uproar and persistence ensued. Again and again my father de-

SOTHERN'S

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NOTICE.

The Dramatic Season positively concludes on TUESDAY, the 25th inst.

Doors open at half-past seven; performance commencing at eight precisely.

N. B.—Police are in constant attendance to preserve order.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19.

POSITIVELY THE

LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR

OF THE SEASON.

BENEFIT OF

MRS. SOTHERN.

Being under the immediate Patronage of

ADMIRAL SIR HOUSTON STEWART, K. C. B.

On which occasion will be presented for the first and only time,

Oliver Goldsmith's fine old Comedy of

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER!

SIR CHARLES MARLOW ..... MR. LEE
HARDCASTLE ..... MR. CHIPPENDALE
YOUNG MARLOW ..... MR. SOTHERN
HASTINGS ..... MR STODDART
TONY LUMPKIN ..... With Original Song. ..... MR. RAYMOND
STINGO (the Landlord) ..... MR. REYNOLDS
DIGGORY ..... MR. FISHER
COMPANIONS OF TONY ..... MR. SELWYN, MR. MILLER
MISS HARDCASTLE ..... MRS. SOTHERN

From the collection of Robert Gould Shaw, Boston.

Programme of August 19, 1857.

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From the collection of Robert Coster, Esq.

Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard.

clared he would if he could, but that he was utterly unable to oblige his hosts. He professed his sincere wish to do anything to add to the entertainment of the night, but regretted that he had this peculiar incapacity. Men gradually became emphatic, and more or less ungracious remarks could be heard among the din; some unruly spirits rather rudely declaring their resentment and disgust. The situation became quite embarrassing and distasteful. At last a climax was reached when one man more flushed and uproarious than the rest cried out: "Oh, come, I say, you must pay for your supper!"

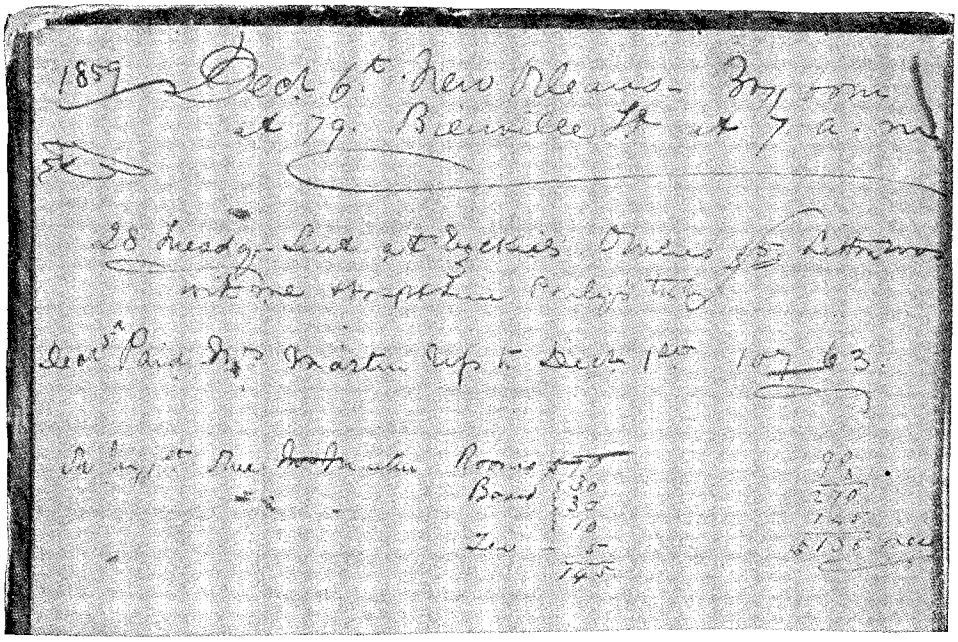
My father got up with sudden resolve. Said he: "All right, I'll pay."

Much acclaim followed, although the colonel and some others seemed to deprecate the general attitude.

Said my father: "I'll pay for my supper, but," he continued, "I can't recite in the usual way; all I can do is to give a scene from one of my plays."

"Good!" "That'll do!" "First-rate!" sang out the voices.

"I'll give you the drunken scene in 'David Garrick,'" said my father; "but I



Facsimile of part of a page in E. A. Sothern's scrap-book noting the birth of his son, Edward H. Sothern.

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From a photograph by Sarony in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

Edward A. Sothern as David Garrick.

must tell you that I can't be responsible when I am acting; I get carried away completely and anything may happen. You may remember," he went on, "that Garrick comes to the house of a common, ill-bred, vulgar city man where he meets a crowd of common, ill-bred, vulgar guests; they cry out to him to act, and he does act, indeed, but not as they anticipate. He pretends to be drunk in order to disgust the heroine, who has fallen in love with his playing. He does disgust her. She is broken-hearted to think that this drunken fellow is the man who has enchanted her with his performance of Hamlet, and Lear, and Macbeth. He is broken-hearted that he has had to do what he has done—shatter her idol, himself. He is about to leave the room when the common, ill-bred, vulgar crowd cry: 'Turn him out!' 'Kick him out!' Then he turns on them in fury like this, as I do now," and my father turned, as indeed he does in the play, and the lines of

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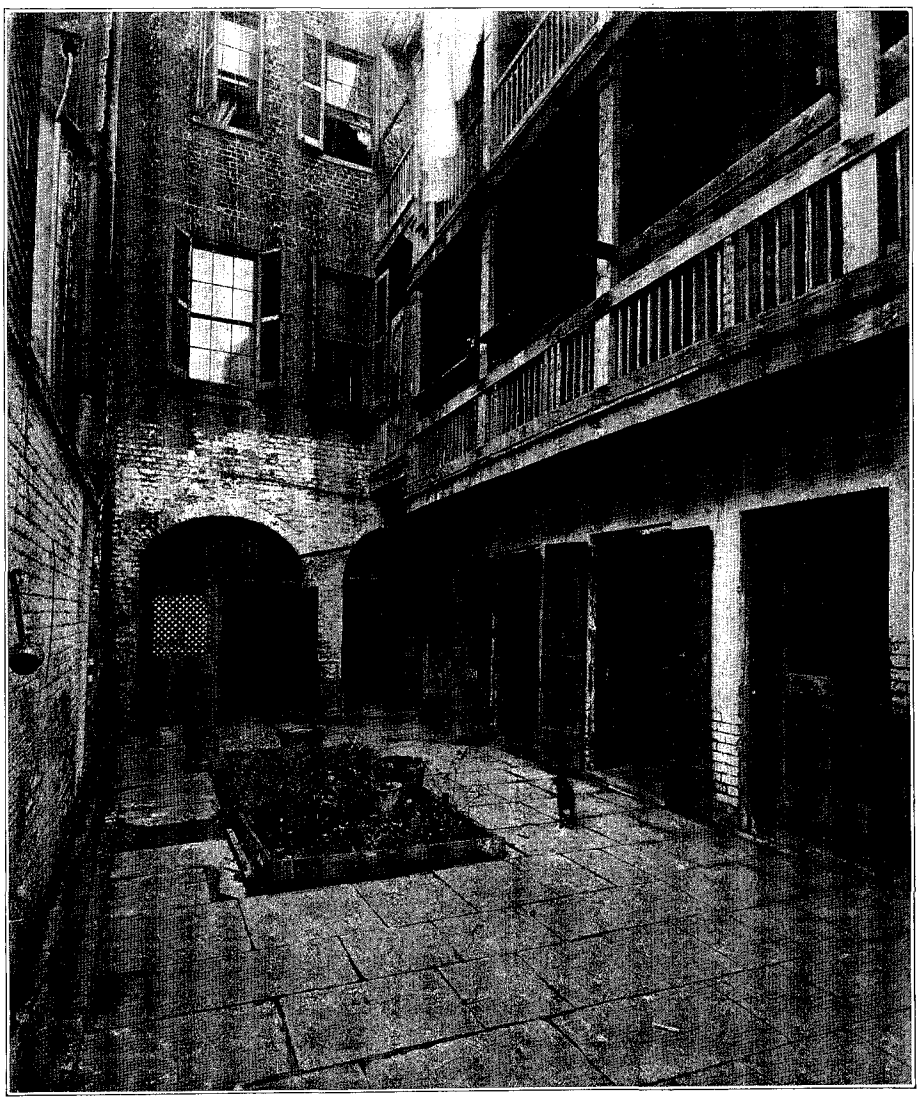
Coriolanus which Garrick speaks in the scene came from his lips red-hot. Cried he:

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere."

Here the business of the play is that Garrick seizes the curtains of the opening in the centre of the stage, tears them down in his frenzy, and wraps them around him as he rushes out.

When my father had delivered the speech with great force, he seized the corner of the table-cloth and wrapped it



Courtyard of house in New Orleans where Edward H. Sothern was born, December 6, 1859.

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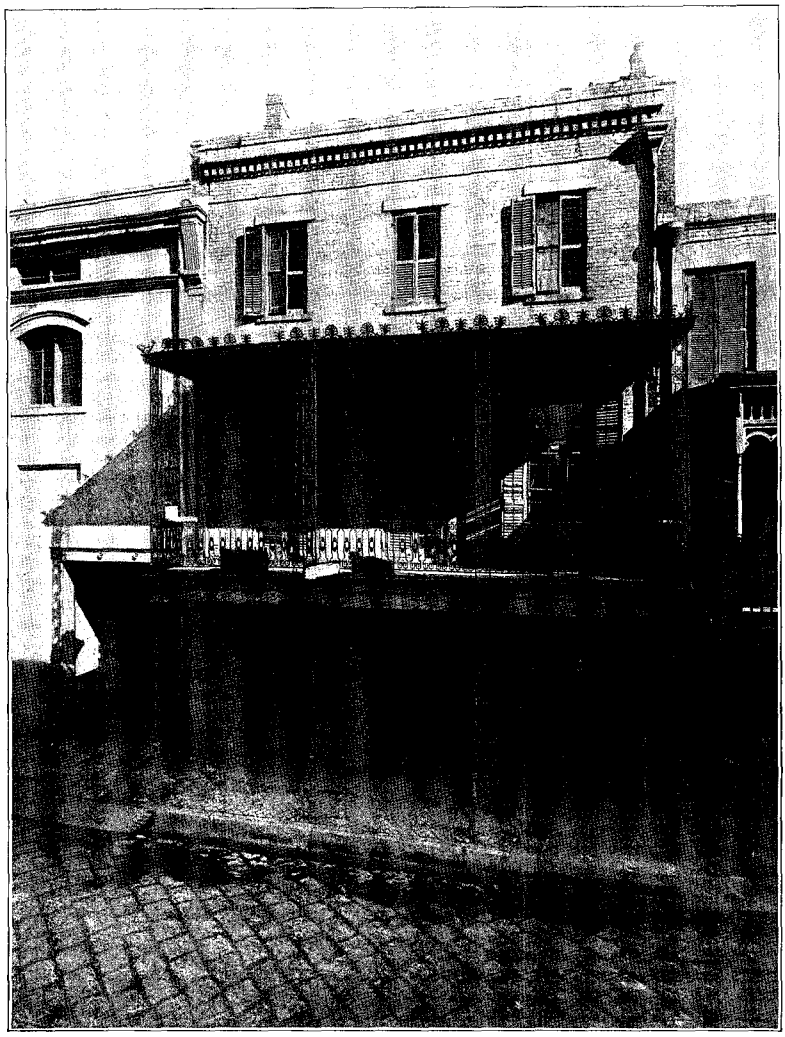

Birthplace of Edward H. Sothern, 79 Bienville Street, New Orleans.

about his body as he twisted round and round on his way to the door. Crash came all the plate and glass and silver from the table. All the men jumped to their feet, as with his final words my father rushed from the room.

There was a pause, breathless; then he returned. "Dear me!" said he, "what a mess! I fear I was carried away. I was afraid it would be so, but one must pay for one's supper."

It is needless to say that this incident was not acclaimed with transports of delight. Never had that scene been played to so unresponsive an audience.

The colonel conducted my father to his carriage and assured him that he had taught the younger men a lesson they were not likely to forget. Subsequently this same colonel, and, indeed, many of the others present, became my father's fast friends. The matter, however, was made public and my father was not asked to recite again.

(To be continued.)

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Drawn by Paul Meylan.

"Please tell me why you proposed that last rubber?"—Page 151.

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THE WIFE OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER

By Edward C. Venable

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

I

"I THINK," said Miss Maturin, putting both elbows on the table-cloth, as if for emphasis—"I think this is the most wonderfully beautiful place I've ever eaten anything in."

Her companion smiled properly at this tribute to his taste, and looked about him in a rather proprietary sort of way. Her elbow, as she sat at the table, touched the marble balustrade that crowned the three-hundred-foot cliff rising from the valley. The afternoon sun turned faintly pink the Alpine peaks around them and darkly blue the waters of the lake of The Four Cantons far below. She could have flicked a crumb from the cloth straight down the cliff to the black pines through which the yellow funicular toiled up and down like some laborious yellow bug.

"They say," he began, "that a poet climbed up here first and started the shop. I forget his name. Funny idea for a poet, wasn't it?"

"He was probably hungry after the climb," said Miss Maturin.

"Probably."

"Anyhow," continued Miss Maturin, "he was very human. Most beautiful things are used so. Think of the silver and gold and glass and jewels and buildings and paintings and clothes, all used for eating. Whenever," cried Miss Maturin, growing enthusiastic, "we humans meet with a very beautiful thing we immediately use it to eat with."

"Not always." He turned his eyes from the mountain-tops and looked at her. "Sometimes," he explained, "beautiful things are used for worship."

"I forgot churches," said Miss Maturin crossly.

"So did I," said the viscount.

"Do you mean women?" asked Miss Maturin.

"Not altogether," said the viscount.

"Separately? Oh!" cried Miss Maturin, "do you mean me?"

"Right-o," said his lordship.

Miss Maturin sank back in honest amazement. The viscount turned to frown at a waiter who was approaching with toothpicks. "I always have, you know," he added. "Oh, ever since last March, or sometime of that sort."

He was good-looking, in a lean, weather-beaten sort of way, rather needlessly good-looking, she had always thought, and now a faint tinge of red showed beneath the brown and made him rather better-looking than ever. "I always meant it, Miss Maturin."

He unmistakably meant it then, and in his sincerity he nervously pushed a napkin, lying between them, over the balustrade. He sprang up in a relieved way to look after it.

"It's caught on a tree-top," he called out, bent double over the balustrade. "It's an awfully funny-looking thing; you ought to see it."

"I don't want to," said Miss Maturin.

"It looks like a flag," said his lordship. "Like a flag of truce—really it does."

Miss Maturin impatiently got up and looked. There was a tiny speck among the green below. Then she looked at him. He was a good deal redder now, of course, and also he was looking at her.

"Well," said his lordship.

"Worship," said Miss Maturin. "What can you know about worship?"

He reversed his position and sat on the balustrade. "Not very much, probably, but all I know you taught me."

Miss Maturin slowly grew as pink as the Alps. "I'm sorry." She put out her hand. "But you looked so—so—careless."

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"Oh, that's all right. I am scared pink, you see. But how about it?"

"It—it's impossible," said Miss Maturin.

"You mean there's another fellow?"

"I mean there will be one when I get back to New York."

The viscount drummed his heels against the marble. "Let's sit down," he suggested.

They sat awkwardly facing each other through what was conversationally the bleakest moment of their lives, across an absolutely bare table-cloth. There was only a salt-cellar left by the waiter to vary the monotony. Lord Bray, with unshakable faith in the influence of *mise en scène*, phrased the situation as approaching beautifully but falling down on the putt. Miss Maturin stared resentfully at a Swiss officer who was drinking beer at a table across the terrace, an officer in a very tight uniform with a long sword between his legs. Miss Maturin told herself that the officer typified Europe and all its ways, gaudy, restricted, uncomfortable, lugging around a lot of perfectly useless junk. By a very slight effort she encased the soul of Lord Bray in the spiritual replica of that uniform, while his natural form remained before her eyes, comfortably clad in gray flannel, without even a walking-stick.

On the whole, Miss Maturin was puzzled, first, that a man who observed most of the conventionalities of life so well should make love so very badly, and second, that she should have refused him. She was twenty-seven and unfeignedly willing to marry, and he was only thirty, and a viscount, besides being very good-looking and an honest fellow. As for the man in New York, if his name had been demanded instantly she would have had the greatest difficulty in choosing one of three. And while she was puzzling over these problems, over the table, nervously building salt castles on the cloth, his lordship was thinking of the same things and was as frankly nonplussed.

"He must be rather a wonder," he said in all simplicity. "I mean the fellow in New York."

"No, he isn't a bit. He is a very ordinary sort of a person." As that applied to any one of the three, she felt justified in adding: "Oh, very much so, indeed."

"Then," said the viscount ruefully, "what sort of a fellow am I?"

Miss Maturin pondered carefully. "It isn't at all a question," she said slowly, "what sort of a fellow you are. The thing is, you are an European."

The viscount swept the salt castles into the abyss. "I am also white and a biped, Miss Maturin."

Miss Maturin realized the inadequacy of her distinction. She also realized that, having begun to define, she must continue to some definite end. "I mean, you are not an American."

"I've lots of friends over there," said his lordship hopefully. "Perhaps I know him," he suggested. "What's his name?"

"I can't tell you yet," said Miss Maturin truthfully. "You see, I said I was waiting until I got back to New York."

"Oh, very well," said the viscount. "But what has my being an European got to do with it?"

"Well," said Miss Maturin, "if I married you I would, in a way, don't you see, marry Europe. I mean I'd have to live over here."

"And you wouldn't like that?"

"No," said Miss Maturin, "I wouldn't."

"Why?" said the viscount.

"That's just what I am trying to explain?"

"If it's democracy and that sort of thing," he suggested, "we have all sorts in England now, you know. Half my own tenants cut me on the street, I believe."

"No. It isn't democracy," said Miss Maturin. "It's much more personal than that."

"That's bad," said his lordship. "If it's personal, it's bad. It is much easier to find fault with me than the Continent."

"Then, take you, for example," said Miss Maturin, "and him." She would have said them if she had been quite honest.

"I don't know him," he explained; "but take him, anyway."

"Well," said Miss Maturin, "he works."

"Poor?" said his lordship.

"Not entirely," said Miss Maturin.

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"He works because—well, not because he loves it, but because he thinks he should; because he feels a moral obligation."

"What does he do?"

"He's a stock-broker."

"That's odd," said the viscount.

"What?" said Miss Maturin.

"Feeling a moral obligation to be a stock-broker."

Miss Maturin sat up straight. "That is where you misunderstand. It doesn't matter what the work is; it is the fact that it's work that he thinks of, that he is playing a man's part in the world—helping the progress of humanity. And that is what we all feel over there. It is in the air. We must help, push, be in the fight. Over here, it is only get enough, and stop."

She paused. The viscount blew a ring of smoke and watched it float out over the balustrade. Miss Maturin stole a glance at a pocket-mirror and straightened her hat. Then she looked again at the viscount, who seemed still intent on the rings. It gave him a detached air, which piqued her. She felt that she would like to become still more personal; to let, as it were, the eagle scream just a trifle raucously for once. He was certainly not effeminate. No man she knew in New York had so out-of-doors an air about him, and yet she fancied, should she touch him, he would be soft and warm to the touch—soft, as Sheraton carving is soft, and warm, as rare old Ming. That expressed him in all human relationships, she thought. He was finely made and rare, but old and out of date, an heirloom, a curiosity, quite useless to any except connoisseurs in such things. And a connoisseur she was not. She abhorred them, and was, instead, a vigorous young American, slightly flavored with feminism, perhaps, and longing to be of use and weight in the world.

"It sounds tremendously exciting," said the viscount.

"Not exciting," said Miss Maturin, "rather, I should say, *vital*."

She repeated the word to herself, it fitted so well, summed up so neatly what he was not. He was good to look at and he was delightful to be with; he was, even, she had suspected, pleasant to touch, but he was not vital; the world could wag so unconcernedly without him and his kind. Her mind jumped back to an office she had once visited in Manhattan, where, bent over a desk, under a green-shaded light, Stephen Weld labored at his trade six days each week. There had been nothing impressive about the place except the thought that that particular cell was surrounded by thousands of other similar cells, suggesting, not a prison, but a hive, a place of vast, ceaseless labor. Mr. Weld, too, had been in his shirt-sleeves with his hair rumpled.

"I am an awful ass," said the viscount. "You have your back to the sunset. Let me——"

"I don't want to look at sunsets," said Miss Maturin. The picture of Mr. Stephen Weld, with his hair rumpled, filled her vision. "We must go down now, anyway. I took a chance coming up for tea. It would never do to be late getting back."

"Right-o," said his lordship.

II

Mr. Weld returned from the hall with his arms over his head and his mouth open. The departing guests were just entering a taxi-cab at the curb outside.

"Why?" he asked. "Please tell me why you proposed that last rubber? Couldn't you see I was nearly asleep in my chair, and don't you know those two tightwads would sit up all night rather than go to bed ten cents in the hole?"

"Why, Stephen," said Mrs. Weld, "it's barely twelve o'clock."

"Barely twelve!" said Mr. Weld. "If you had been working as hard as I have to-day you wouldn't speak of barely twelve. I am not only, you know, a junior partner these days, I am six clerks and general manager, too. Talk about the trenches; that office is trench enough for me."

"Then go to bed. Quarrelling will not rest you. Is that a letter for me?"

"It is," said Mr. Weld. "And it is fifty pages long, and it's from Madame de Melincourt. If I give it to you you won't go to bed until dawn!"

"On my honor, I will. Give it to me. I'll read it in bed. That won't disturb

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you. Truly, I won't touch it until I'm in bed."

"Come up-stairs, then," he demanded, "and get into bed, and then I'll give it to you!" And Mr. Weld pressed a button and put out simultaneously as many as seven lights.

He was a methodical man and owed his junior partnership to that quality. Going to bed involved, therefore, a large part of the labor of getting up. He never, he often told his wife, slept comfortably unless he felt that everything was "ready for the morning." He had developed the trait in early boyhood, and in thirty years or more of daily practise he had perfected a number of ingenious arrangements for saving valuable minutes during his morning toilet. They, however, required a good deal of time at night. They seemed to be interminable to his wife, sitting up in bed, with her elbows on her knees, waiting for her letter. She recognized the value of his methodical characteristics, and was proud of the junior partnership, but, nevertheless, she could not help reflecting that he took a very long time to choose socks.

"Why," she suggested, "could not I be reading while you are choosing socks?"

"One thing at a time," said Mr. Weld, placing two green socks athwart a chair. Then he began to wind his watch.

"Jeanne de Melincourt," she said to herself. The name was whispered through her closed teeth. It was like pulling the latch of a hard-pressed door. A rush of memories dazed her. She lay back with half-closed eyes and stared at the ceiling. She could hear the slippered feet of her husband going their unvarying round. It had been more than three years since she had seen Madame de Melincourt, and in those three years she had married. So the three years stretched in retrospect to thirty, to a lifetime. The soft swish of her husband's razor on the leather in the bathroom soothed her like a lullaby. They had parted in Lucerne, and not in unruffled friendship. She had been in hot haste for America, eager to shake the dust of Europe from her feet, eager to get back to realities. She was slowly sinking to sleep. Suddenly the smack of an envelope on her pillow roused her, and she heard her husband fall heavily on the springs. She put on the night-light at her elbow and sat up.

"Somewhere in Northern France.

"DEAR MILDRED:

"It sounds, I know, very hackneyed, but this is the first free hour, when I was not too tired to stand, that I have had since August 17, when I got here.

"I suppose you expect me to give a thrilling account of all I have seen and done in that time. I am not going to. I can't, because I've done but one thing, only I've done it several thousand times—hand glittering steel to white-coated men; and I've seen only one thing—suffering. I know that the world has been in the remaking all around me, but I've not had time to look around me and see it. I've had to look at those trays of steel things and try to guess which one to touch next.

"When I started this I intended to write of other matters, of friends, old times, try to forget for an hour or two, and so give my mind and soul a rest. But already I know I can't do it. If I write, I must write of one thing, because there is no thought or feeling of any other sort in my mind or my spirit. My consciousness is saturated with war, war, war, as those ghastly stretchers that come in here are saturated with the blood of brave men.

"I can tell you that I've done daily for five weeks the work of six men. I am not boasting, because every one around me has done the same thing. It is the pace. None of us, I suppose, knew what great, untapped reservoirs of energy we all were until this thing came and tapped us. Sometimes, when I have a moment to think, I feel as though I were surrounded by demigods, Titans. The limits and maximums that we had set up as definitely human have been overthrown, and I fancy none of us could precisely indicate those positions now. I am sure I could not; they are as vague to me as the first steps of my childhood.

"I am afraid, though, writing to you in this way, that I make myself seem pitiable. Indeed, my friend, this is not so. France, indeed, may be pitied, because she is struggling for life, but not the

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Drawn by Paul Meylan.

"He said he wanted to chatter because he had done nothing but groan for three days."—Page 154.

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women of France, because we strive for something so much greater than life that it makes life only an accident. We live in the shadow of death. Not a day goes by, I suppose, that does not, somewhere, break a Frenchwoman's heart, but we are not to be pitied, nevertheless, for we live in exaltation. And it is the highest exaltation the human spirit can reach to—complete sacrifice. At mass, two days ago, in the chapel in the village here, where the shell-rents in the roof let in the sunset on the altar, I thought of that. It is why it is true what you read—that France has returned to a religion. We believe that the world can be saved by sacrifice. My friend, we have to believe it.

"How much easier it is to fight than to do this! I envy the men who come to us wounded, dying, as many of them are. We try to be cheerful for their sakes, but their cheerfulness springs from the heart. I wish you could see them, and then you would know why the world has spoken of the gayety of our race. And I think too that they have in this way affected the English (or is this pure Chauvinism?). But you must not trust a Frenchwoman to speak of the English; we know too well what we owe to them. Their wounded come to us here, too, though I cannot say any more for fear of losing my whole letter. Among them was Hugh Bray, whom we left—can it be only three years since—at Lucerne? His regiment was in the expedition. He was at Mons, at Charleroi, all through the retreat, and he was hit the week after the battle of the Marne. He called up to me from a stretcher in the yard, where he was lying. We were completely overtaxed then, and many only stopped for a change of dressings and went on through south. I did not know him. He had been shot three days before, and he was still so covered with the mud of Champagne I did not recognize him until I bent over the stretcher. He was terribly wounded but quite conscious.

"'What luck!' he said to me.

"Then I had to tell him he was not to stop, after all. I caught one of our surgeons, though, and we did then what we could to help him. He talked to me all the time, said he wanted to chatter because he had done nothing but groan for three days. I went to the train with him, and gave him all I had, a flask of cologne. He was lieutenant-colonel then and D. S. O. He won both in the retreat. I did not know it until I heard of his death. He just lived to reach England, and died at Folkestone.

"Felix de Melincourt's name is out, too, my husband's cousin. I dare not write that he and my son so far— Ah! Mildred, I know your heart is with us. Where else could it be? If you had married Lord Bray, as I planned, it would be broken. God, in his wisdom, has spared you that suffering. Pray to him that your friend may be spared. Pray for my husband and my son.

"JEANNE DE MELINCOURT."

She could endure not a moment longer. She caught his shoulder. "Wake up," she cried. Her acute nervousness betrayed her voice. "Wake up," she almost shrieked.

He sprang up, jerked from the lowest depths of slumber by the vibrant tone of her call. "What is the matter?"

In the darkness she could still make out his white-clad figure, half-erect among the pillows. "What is the matter?"

His hair was rumpled, just as she had pictured it that afternoon three years ago, above Lucerne.

She could not answer. They sat staring at one another in the darkness, each startled. "What is the matter?" he asked again.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she said slowly. "I was only dreaming, I suppose."

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Bridge over Ste. Anne River.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M.D.

IN 1915 I spent a little over a fortnight on a private game reserve in the province of Quebec. I had expected to enjoy the great northern woods, and the sight of beaver, moose, and caribou; but I had not expected any hunting experience worth mentioning. Nevertheless, toward the end of my trip, there befell me one of the most curious and interesting adventures with big game that have ever befallen me during the forty years since I first began to know the life of the wilderness.

In both Canada and the United States the theory, and, indeed, the practise, of preserving wild life on protected areas of land have made astonishing headway since the closing years of the nineteenth century. These protected areas, some of very large size, come in two classes. First, there are those which are public property, where the protection is given by the state. Secondly, there are those where the ownership and the protection are private.

In eastern Canada, as in the eastern United States, there has been far less chance than in the West to create huge governmental wild-life reserves. But there has been a positive increase of the big game during the last two or three decades. This is partly due to the creation and enforcement of wise game laws—although here also it must be admitted that in some of the provinces, as in some of the States, the alien sportsman is judged with Rhadamanthine severity, while the home of-

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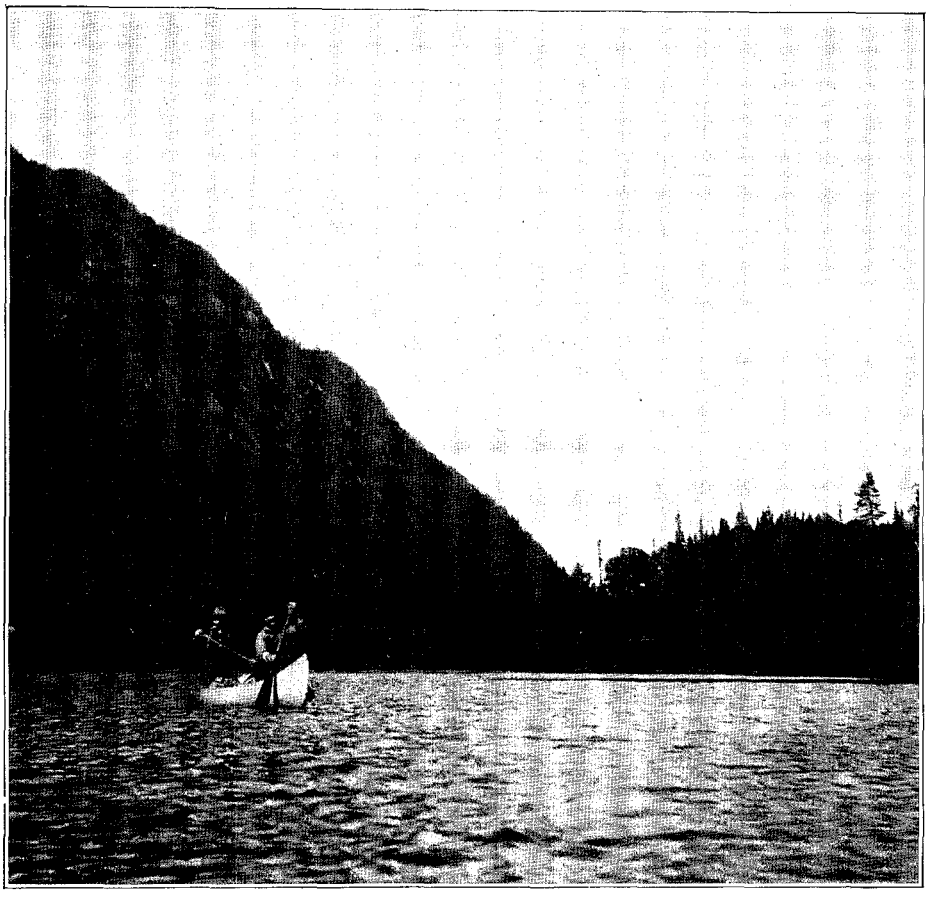

On the Tourilli River.

fender, and even the home Indian, are but little interfered with. It would be well if in this matter other communities copied the excellent example of Maine and New Brunswick. In addition to the game laws, a large part is played in Canadian game preservation by the hunting and fishing clubs. These clubs have policed, and now police, many thousands of square miles of wooded wilderness, worthless for agriculture, and in consequence of this policing the wild creatures of the wilderness have thriven, and in some cases have multiplied to an extraordinary degree on these club lands.

In September, 1915, I visited the Tourilli Club as the guest of an old friend, Dr. Alexander Lambert, a companion of previous hunting trips in the Louisiana canebrakes, in the Rockies, on the plains bordering the Red River of the south, and among the bad lands through which the Little Missouri flows. The Tourilli Club is an association of Canadian and American sportsmen and lovers of the wilderness. The land, leased from the government by the club, lies northwest of the attractive old-world city of Quebec—the most distinctive city north of the Mexican border, now that the creole element in New Orleans has been almost swamped. The club holds about two hundred and fifty square miles along the main branches and the small tributaries of the Ste. Anne River, just north of the line that separates the last bleak farming land from the forest. It is a hilly, almost mountainous, region, studded with numerous lakes, threaded by rapid, brawling brooks, and covered with an unbroken

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Lake Etheleen.

forest growth of spruce, balsam, birch, and maple.

On the evening of the day I left Quebec I camped in a neat log cabin by the edge of a little lake. I had come in on foot over a rough forest trail with my two guides or porters. They were strapping, good-humored French Canadians, self-respecting and courteous; whose attitude toward their employer was so much like that of old-world guides as to be rather interesting to a man accustomed to the absolute and unconscious democracy of the Western cow camps and hunting trails. One vital fact impressed me in connection with them as in connection with my Spanish-speaking and Portuguese-speaking friends in South America. They were always fathers of big families as well as sons of parents with big families; the big family was normal to their kind, just as it was normal among the men and women I met in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Paraguay, to a degree far surpassing what is true of native Americans, Australians, and English-speaking Canadians. If the tendencies thus made evident continue to work unchanged, the end of the twentieth century will witness a reversal in the present positions of relative dominance, in the new and newest worlds, held respectively by the people who speak English and the people who speak the three Latin tongues. As I watched my French guides prepare supper I felt that they offered fine stuff out of which to make a nation.

Beside the lake an eagle-owl was hooting from the depths of the spruce forest —hoohoo—h-o-o-o—hoohoo. From the lake itself a loon, floating high on the wa-

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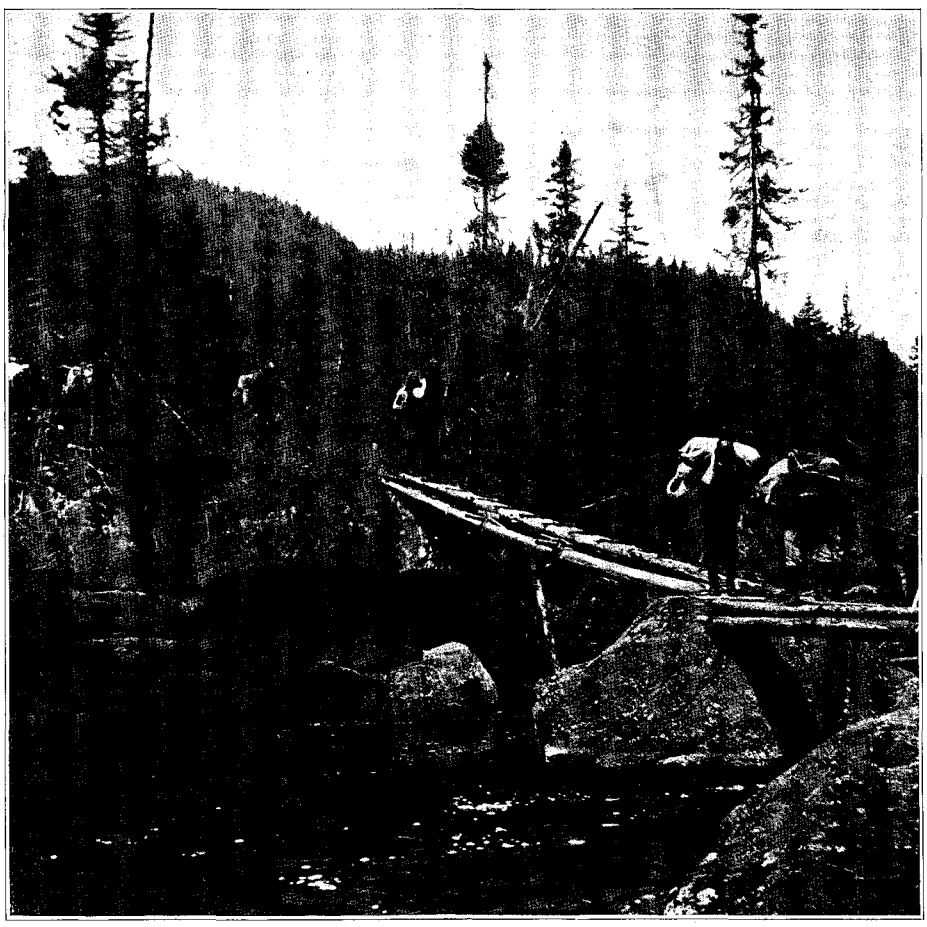

Packing with a tump-line over a shaky bridge.

ter, greeted me with eerie laughter. A sweetheart sparrow sang a few plaintive bars among the alders. I felt as if again among old friends.

Next day we tramped to the comfortable camp of the president of the club, Mr. Glen Ford McKinney. Half-way there Lambert met me; and for most of the distance he, or one of the guides, carried a canoe, as the route consisted of lakes connected by portages, sometimes a couple of miles long. When we reached the roomy, comfortable log houses on Lake McKinney, at nightfall, we were quite ready for our supper of delicious moose venison. Lambert, while fishing in his canoe a couple of days previously, had killed a young bull as it stood feeding in a lake, and for some days moose meat was our staple food. After that it was replaced by messes of freshly caught trout, and once or twice by a birch-partridge. Mrs. Lambert was at the camp, and Mr. and Mrs. McKinney joined us there. A club reserve such as this, with weather-proof cabins scattered here and there beside the lakes, offers the chance for women of the outdoor type, no less than for men no longer in their first youth, to enjoy the life of the wonderful northern wilderness, and yet to enjoy, also, such substantial comforts as warmth, dry clothes, and good food at night, after a hard day in the open.

Such a reserve offers a fine field for observation of the life histories of the more shy and rare wild creatures practically unaffected by man. Many persons do not

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Lake Gilbert.

realize how completely on these reserves the wild life is led under natural conditions, wholly unlike those on small artificial reserves. Most wild beasts in the true wilderness lead lives that are artificial in so far as they are primarily conditioned by fear of man. In wilderness reserves like this, on the contrary, there is so much less dread of human persecution that the lives led by such beasts as the moose, caribou, and beaver more closely resemble life in the woods before the appearance of man. As an example, on the Tourilli game reserve, wolves, which did not appear until within a decade, have been much more destructive since then than men, and have more profoundly influenced for evil the lives of the other wild creatures.

The beavers are among the most interesting of all woodland beasts. They had been so trapped out that fifteen years ago there were probably not a dozen individuals left on the reserve. Then they were rigidly protected. After ten years they had increased literally a hundredfold. At the end of that time trapping was permitted for a year; hundreds of skins were taken; and then trapping was again prohibited.

The beaver on the reserve at present number between one and two thousand. We saw their houses and dams everywhere. One dam was six feet high; another dam was built to the height of about a foot and a half, near one of our camping places, in a week's time. The architects were a family of beavers; some of the

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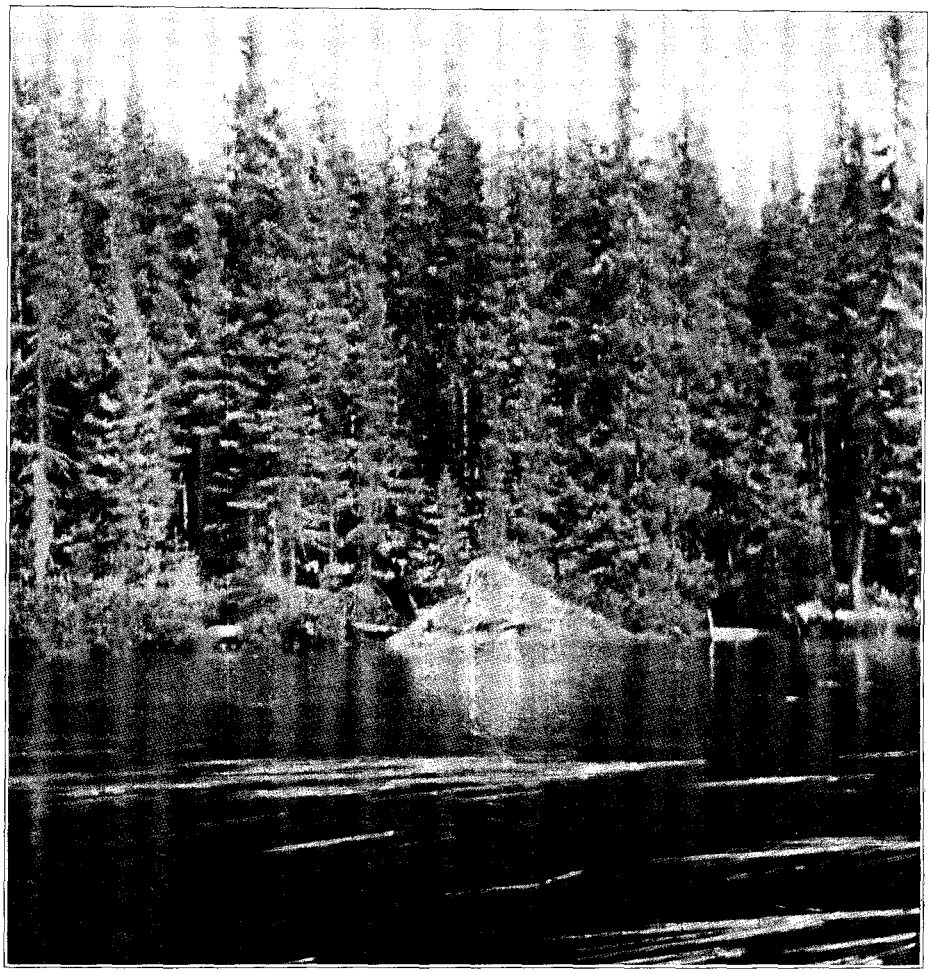

Beaver cabin on Lake Lirette.

branches bore the big marks of the teeth of the parent beavers, some the marks of the small teeth of the young ones. It was interesting to see the dams grow; stones being heaped on the up-current side to keep the branches in place. Frequently we came across the animals themselves, swimming a stream or lake, and not much bothered by our presence. When left unmolested they are quite as much diurnal as nocturnal. Again and again, as I sat hidden on the lake banks, beaver swam to and fro close beside me, even at high noon. One, which was swimming across a lake at sunset, would not dive until we paddled the canoe straight for it as hard as we could; whereupon it finally disappeared with a slap of its tail. Once at evening Lambert paddled his canoe across the approach to a house, barring the way to the owner, a very big beaver. It did not like to dive under the canoe, and swam close up on the surface, literally gritting its teeth; and now and then it would slap the water with its tail, whereupon the heads of other beaver would pop up above the waters of the lake.

The beaver has developed habits more interesting and extraordinary than those of any other rodent—indeed, as interesting as those of any other beast—and its ways of life are such as to enable it to protect itself from its enemies, and to insure itself against failure of food, to a degree

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very unusual among animals. It is no wonder that when protected against man it literally swarms in its native forests. Its dams, houses, and canals are all wonderful; and on the Tourilli they were easily studied. The height at which many of the tree trunks had been severed showed that the cutting must have been done in winter when the snow was deep and crusted. One tree which had not fallen showed a deep, spiral groove going twice round the trunk. Evidently the snow had melted faster than the beavers worked; they were never able to make a complete ring, although they had gnawed twice around the tree; and finally the rising temperature beat the teeth, and the task was perforce abandoned.

I was surprised at the complete absence from the Tourilli of the other northern tree eater—bark eater—the porcupine. Inquiry developed the fact that porcupines had been exceedingly numerous until within a score of years or less. Then a mysterious disease smote the slow, clumsy, sluggish creatures, and in the course of two or three years they were absolutely exterminated. In similar fashion from some mysterious disease (or aggregation of diseases, which sometimes all work with virulence when animals become too crowded) almost all the rabbits in the reserve died off some six years ago. In each case it was a universally, or well-nigh universally, fatal epidemic, following a period during which the smitten animals had possessed good health and had flourished and increased greatly in spite of the flesh eaters that preyed on them.

Of course such epidemic disease is only one of many causes that may produce such extermination or reduction in numbers. More efficient food rivals may be a factor; just as sheep drive out cattle from the same pasturage, and as, in Australia, rabbits drive out sheep. Or animal foes may be a cause. Fifteen years ago, in the Tourilli, caribou were far more plentiful than moose. Moose have steadily increased in numbers. But some seven years ago wolves, of which none had been seen in these woods for half a century, made their appearance. They did not seriously molest the full-grown moose (nor the black bears), although they occasionally killed moose calves, and very rarely, when in a pack, an adult; but they warred on all the other animals, including the lucivees when they could catch them on the ice in winter. They followed the caribou unceasingly, killing many; and in consequence the caribou are now far less common. Barthelmy Lirette, the most experienced hunter and best observer among the guides—even better than his brother Arthur—told me that the wolves usually made no effort to assail the moose, and that never but once had he heard of their killing a grown moose. But they followed any caribou they came across, big or little. Once on snow-shoes he had tracked such a chase all day long. A single wolf had followed a caribou for twenty-five miles before killing it. Evidently the wolf deliberately set about tiring his victim so that it could not resist. In the snow the caribou sank deep. The wolf ran lightly. His tracks showed that he had galloped whenever the caribou had galloped, and walked behind it when it became too tired to run, and then galloped again when under the terror of his approach the hunted thing once more flailed its fading strength into flight. Its strength was utterly gone when its grim follower at last sprang on it and tore out its life.

After a few days, the Lamberts and I shifted to Lambert's home camp, an easy two days' journey, tramping along the portage trails and paddling across the many lakes. It was a very comfortable camp, by a beautiful lake. There were four log cabins, each water-tight and with a stove; and the largest was in effect a sitting-room, with comfortable chairs and shelves of books. They stood in a sunny clearing. The wet, dense forest was all around; the deep mossy ground spangled with bright-red partridge berries. Behind the cabins was a small potato patch. Wild raspberries were always encroaching on this patch and attracted the birds of the neighborhood, including hermit and olive-back thrushes, both now silent. Chickadees were in the woods, and woodpeckers—the arctic, the hairy, and the big log-cock—drummed on the dead trees. One mid-afternoon a great gray owl called repeatedly, uttering a short, loud sound like that of some big wild beast. In front of the main cabin were four graceful mountain ashes, bril-

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liant with scarlet berry clusters. On a neighboring lake Coleman Drayton had a camp; the view from it across the lake was very beautiful. He killed a moose on the lake next to his and came over to dinner with us the same evening.

On the way to Lambert's camp I went off by myself for twenty-four hours, with my two guides, Arthur Lirette, one of the game wardens of the club, and Odillon Genest. Arthur was an experienced woodsman, intelligent and responsible, and with the really charming manners that are so much more common among men of French or Spanish blood than among ourselves. Odillon was a strong young fellow, a good paddler and willing worker. I wished to visit a lake which moose were said to frequent. We carried our canoe thither.

After circling the lake in the canoe without seeing anything, we drew it ashore among some bushes and sat down under a clump of big spruces to watch. Although only partially concealed, we were quiet; and it is movement that attracts the eyes of wild things. A beaver house was near by, and the inmates swam about not thirty feet from us; and scaup ducks, and once a grown brood of dusky mallard drifted and swam by only a little farther off. The beaver kept slapping the water with their broad, trowel-tails, evidently in play; when they are wary they often dive without slapping the water. No bull appeared, but a cow moose with two calves came down to the lake, directly opposite us, at one in the afternoon, and spent two hours in the water. Near where the three of them entered the lake was a bed of tall, coarse reed-grass standing well above the water. Earlier in the season this had been grazed by moose, but these three did not touch it. The cow having entered the water did not leave. She fed exclusively with her head under water. Wading out until only the ridge of her back was above the surface, and at times finding that the mud bothered even her long legs, she plunged her huge, homely head to the bottom, coming up with, between her jaws, big tufts of dripping bottom-grass—the moose-grass—or the roots and stems of other plants. After a time she decided to change her station, and, striking off into deep water, she swam half a mile farther down the lake. She swam well and powerfully, but sunk rather deep in the water, only her head and the ridge of her withers above it. She continued to feed, usually broadside to me, some three hundred and fifty yards off; her big ears flopped forward and back, and her long snout, with the protuberant nostrils, was thrust out, as she turned from time to time to look or smell for her calves. The latter had separated at once from the mother, and spent only a little time in the water, appearing and disappearing among the alders and among the berry bushes on a yielding bog of pink and gray moss. Once they played together for a moment, and then one of them cantered off for a few rods.

When moose calves go at speed they usually canter. By the time they are yearlings, however, they have adopted the trot as their usual gait. When grown they walk, trot when at speed, and sometimes pace; but they gallop so rarely that many good observers say that they never gallop or canter. This is too sweeping, however. I have myself, as will be related, seen a heavy old bull gallop for fifty yards when excited; and I have seen the tracks where a full-grown cow or young bull galloped for a longer distance. Lambert came on one close up in a shallow lake, and in its fright it galloped a-shore, churning through the mud and water. In very deep snow one will sometimes gallop or bound for a dozen leaps; and under sudden fright from an enemy near by even the biggest moose will sometimes break into a gallop which may last for several rods. More often, even under such circumstances, the animal trots off; and the trot is its habitual and, save in exceptional circumstances, its only rapid gait, even when charging.

As the cow and her young ones stood in the water on the bank it was impossible not to be struck by the conspicuously advertising character of the coloration. The moose is one of the few animals of which the body is inversely counter-shaded, being black save for the brownish or grayish of the back. The huge black mass at once attracts the eye, and the whitish or grayish legs are also strikingly visible. The bright-red summer coat of the white-tail deer is, if anything, of even

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more advertising quality; but the huge bulk of a moose, added to its blackness, makes it the most conspicuous of all our beasts.

Moose are naturally just as much diurnal as nocturnal. We found them visiting the lakes at every hour of the day. They are so fond of water as to be almost amphibious. In the winter they feed on the buds and twig tips of young spruce and birch and swamp maple, and when there is no snow they feed freely on various ground plants in the forest; but for over half the year they prefer to eat the grasses and other plants which grow either above or under the water in the lakes. They easily wade through mud not more than four feet deep, and take delight in swimming. But until this trip I did not know that moose while swimming dived to get grass from the bottom. Mr. McKinney told me of having seen this feat himself. The moose was swimming to and fro in a small lake; he plunged his head beneath water, and then at once raised it, looking around, evidently to see if any enemy were taking advantage of his head being concealed to approach him. Then he plunged his head down again, threw his rump above water, and dove completely below the surface, coming up with tufts of bottom-grass in his mouth. He repeated this several times, once staying down and out of sight for nearly half a minute.

After the cow moose left the water she spent an hour close to the bank, near the inlet. We came quite near to her in the canoe before she fled; her calves were farther in the woods. It was late when we started to make our last portage; a heavy rain-storm beat on us, speedily drenching us, and the darkness and the driving downpour made our walk over the rough forest trail one of no small difficulty. Next day we went to Lambert's camp.

Some ten miles northwest of Lambert's camp lies a stretch of wild and mountainous country, containing many lakes, which has been but seldom visited. A good cabin has been built on one of the lakes. A couple of years ago Lambert went thither, but saw nothing, and Coleman Drayton was there the same summer; Arthur, my guide, visited the cabin last spring to see if it was in repair; otherwise the country had been wholly undisturbed. I determined to make a three days' trip to it, with Arthur and Odillon. We were out of meat, and I desired to shoot something for the table. My license permitted me to kill one bull moose. It also permitted me to kill two caribou of either sex; but Lambert felt, and I heartily agreed with him, that no cow ought to be shot.

We left after breakfast one morning. Before we had been gone twenty-five minutes I was able to obtain the wished-for fresh meat. Our course, as usual, lay along a succession of lakes connected by carries or portages. We were almost at the end of the first portage when we caught a glimpse of a caribou feeding in the thick woods some fifty yards to the right of our trail. It was eating the streamers of gray-green moss which hung from the dead lower branches of the spruces. It was a yearling bull. At first I could merely make out a small patch of its flank between two tree trunks, and I missed it; fortunately, for if wounded it would probably have escaped. At the report, instead of running, the foolish young bull shifted his position to look at us, and with the next shot I killed him. While Arthur dressed him Odillon returned to camp and brought out a couple of men. We took a shoulder with us for our provision and sent the rest back to camp. Hour after hour we went forward. We paddled across the lakes. Between them the trails sometimes led up to and down from high divides; at other times they followed the courses of rapid brooks which splashed noisily over smooth stones under the swaying, bending branches of the alders. Off the trail fallen logs and boulders covered the ground, and the moss covered everything ankle-deep or knee-deep.

Early in the afternoon we reached the cabin. The lake, like most of the lakes thereabouts, was surrounded by low, steep mountains, shrouded in unbroken forest. The light-green domes of the birches rose among the sombre spruce spires; on the mountain crests the pointed spruces made a serrated line against the sky. Arthur and I paddled off across the lake in the light canoe we had been carrying. We had hardly shoved off from shore

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before we saw a caribou swimming in the middle of the lake. It was a young cow, and doubtless had never before seen a man. The canoe much excited its curiosity. A caribou, thanks probably to its peculiar pelage, is a very buoyant swimmer. Unlike the moose, this caribou carried its whole back, and especially its rump, well out of water; the short tail was held erect, and the white under-surface glinted whenever the swimmer turned away from us. At first, however, it did not swim away, being too much absorbed in the spectacle of the canoe. It kept gazing toward us with its ears thrown forward, wheeling to look at us as lightly and readily as a duck. We passed it at a distance of some seventy-five yards, whereupon it took fright and made off, leaving a wake like a paddle-wheel steamer, and, when it landed, bouncing up the bank with a great splashing of water and cracking of bushes. A caribou swims even better than moose; but whereas a moose not only feeds by preference in the water but half the time with its head under water, the caribou feeds on land, although occasionally cropping water-grass that stands above the surface.

We portaged beside a swampy little stream to the next lake, and circled it in the canoe. Silently we went round every point, alert to find what the bay beyond might hold. But we saw nothing. It was night when we returned. As we paddled across the lake the stars were glorious overhead and the mysterious landscape shimmered in the white radiance of the moonlight. Loons called to one another, not only uttering their goblin laughter, but also those long-drawn, wailing cries, which seem to hold all the fierce and mournful loneliness of the northern wastes. Then we reached camp, and feasted on caribou venison, and slept soundly on our beds of fragrant balsam boughs.

Next morning, on September 19, we started eastward, across a short portage, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, besides which ran a stream, a little shallow river. At the farther end of the portage we launched the canoe in a large lake hemmed in by mountains. The lake twisted and turned, and was indented by many bays. A strong breeze was blowing. Arthur was steersman, Odillon bowsman, while I sat in the middle with my Springfield rifle. We skirted the shores, examining each bay.

Half an hour after starting, as we rounded a point, we saw the huge black body and white shovel antlers of a bull moose. He was close to the alders, wading in the shallow water and deep mud and grazing on a patch of fairly tall water-grass. So absorbed was he that he did not notice us until Arthur had skilfully brought the canoe to within eighty yards of him. Then he saw us, tossed his great antlered head aloft, and for a moment stared at us, a picture of burly majesty. He stood broadside on, and a splendid creature he was, of towering stature, the lord of all the deer tribe, as stately a beast of the chase as walks the round world.

The waves were high, and the canoe danced so on the ripple that my first bullet went wild; but with the second I slew the mighty bull.

We had our work cut out to get the bull out of the mud and on the edge of the dry land. The antlers spread fifty-two inches. Some hours were spent in fixing the head, taking off the hide, and cutting up the carcass. Our canoe was loaded to its full capacity with moose meat when we started toward the beginning of the portage leading from the southeastern corner of the lake toward the Lambert's camp. Here we landed the meat, putting cool moss over it, and left it to be called for on our way back on the morrow.

It was shortly after three when we again pushed off in the canoe and headed for the western end of the lake, for the landing from which the portage led to our cabin. It had been a red-letter day, of the ordinary hunting red-letter type. I had no conception that the real adventure still lay ahead of us.

When half a mile from the landing we saw another big bull moose on the edge of the shore ahead of us. It looked and was, if anything, even bigger bodied than the one I had shot in the morning, with antlers almost as large and rather more palmated. We paddled up to within a hundred yards of it, laughing and talking and remarking how eager we would have been if we had not already got our moose. At first it did not seem to notice us. Then it

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looked at us but paid us no further heed. We were rather surprised at this, but paddled on past it; and it then walked along the shore after us. We still supposed that

Colonel Roosevelt and Arthur Lirette with antlers of moose shot September 19, 1915.

it did not realize what we were. But another hundred yards put us to windward of it. Instead of turning into the forest when it got our wind, it merely bristled up the hair on its withers, shook its head, and continued to walk after the canoe along the shore. I had heard of bull moose during the rut attacking men unprovoked, if the men were close up, but never of anything as wanton and deliberate as this action, and I could hardly believe the moose meant mischief; but Arthur said it did; and obviously we could not land with the big, black, evil-looking beast coming for us—and of course I was most anxious not to have to shoot it. So we turned the canoe round and paddled on our back track. But the moose promptly turned and followed us along the shore. We yelled at him, and Odillon struck the canoe with his paddle, but with no effect. After going a few hundred yards we again turned and resumed our former course, and as promptly the

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moose turned and followed us, shaking his head and threatening us. He seemed to be getting more angry and evidently meant mischief. We now continued our course until we were opposite the portage landing and about a hundred yards away from it; the water was shallow and we did not wish to venture closer lest the moose might catch us if he charged. When he came to the portage trail he turned up it, sniffing at our footsteps of the morning, and walked along it into the woods; and we hoped that now he would become uneasy and go off. After waiting a few minutes we paddled slowly toward the landing, but before reaching it we caught his loom in the shadow, as he stood facing us some distance down the trail. As soon as we stopped he rushed down the trail toward us, coming into the lake, and we backed hastily into deep water. He vented his rage on a small tree, which he wrecked with his antlers. We continued to paddle round the head of the bay, and he followed us; we still hoped we might get him away from the portage and that he would go into the woods. But when we turned he followed us back, and thus went to and fro with us. Where the water was deep, near shore, we pushed the canoe close in to him, and he promptly rushed down to the water's edge, shaking his head, and striking the earth with his fore hoofs. We shouted at him, but with no effect. As he paraded along the shore he opened his mouth, lolling out his tongue; and now and then when he faced us he ran out his tongue and licked the end of his muzzle. Once, with head down, he bounded or galloped round in a half-circle, and from time to time he grunted or uttered a low menacing roar. Now and then he smashed a small tree with his antlers or pounded the ground with one of his mighty fore hooves. Altogether the huge black beast looked like a formidable customer, and was evidently in a most evil rage and bent on man-killing.

For over an hour he thus kept us from the shore, running to meet us wherever we tried to go. The afternoon was waning, and a cold wind began to blow, shifting as it blew. He was not a pleasant-looking beast to meet in the woods in the dusk. We were at our wits' ends what to do. At last he turned, shook his head, and with a flourish of his heels galloped—not trotted—for fifty yards up beside the little river which paralleled the portage trail. I called Arthur's attention to this, as he had been telling me that a big bull never galloped. Then the moose disappeared at a trot round the bend. We waited a few minutes, cautiously landed, and started along the trail, watching to see if the bull was lying in wait for us; Arthur telling me that if he now attacked us I must shoot him at once or he would kill somebody.

A couple of hundred yards on, the trail led to within a few yards of the little river. As we reached this point a smashing in the brush beyond the opposite bank caused us to wheel, and the great bull came headlong for us, while Arthur called to me to shoot. With a last hope of frightening him I fired over his head, without the slightest effect. At a slashing trot he crossed the river, shaking his head, his ears back, the hair on his withers bristling.

"Tirez, m'sieu, tirez; vite, vite!" called Arthur; and when the bull was not thirty feet off I put a bullet into his chest, in the sticking point. It was a mortal wound and stopped him short; I fired into his chest again, and this wound, too, would by itself have been fatal. He turned and recrossed the stream, falling to a third shot; but as we approached he struggled to his feet, grunting savagely, and I killed him as he came toward us.

I was sorry to have to kill him, but there was no alternative. As it was, I only stopped him in the nick of time, and had I not shot straight at least one of us would have paid forfeit with his life in another second. Even in Africa I have never known anything but a rogue elephant or buffalo, or an occasional rhinoceros, to attack so viciously or with such premeditation, when itself neither wounded nor threatened.

Gentle-voiced Arthur, in his delightful habitant's French, said that the incident was "pas mal curieux." He used "pas mal" as a superlative. The first time he used it I was completely bewildered. It was hot and sultry, and Arthur remarked that the day was "pas mal mort." How the day could be "not badly dead" I could not imagine, but the proper translation turned out to be "a very lifeless day," which was true.

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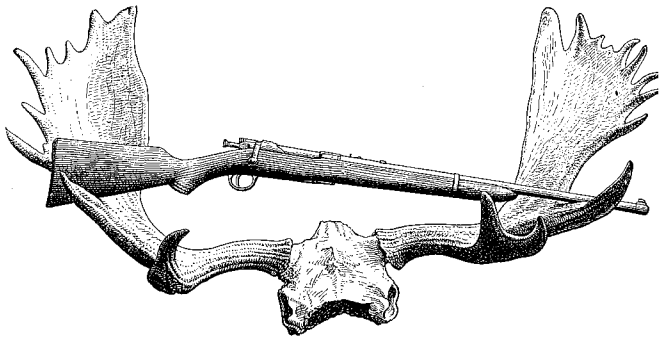
On reaching Lambert's camp Arthur and Odillon made affidavit to the facts as above set forth, and this affidavit I submitted to the distinguished Secretary of Mines and Fisheries of Quebec, who approved what I had done, and who treated me with every courtesy and consideration.

On the day following that on which we killed the two bulls we went back to Lambert's home camp. While crossing one lake, about the middle of the forenoon, a bull moose challenged twice from the forest-clad mountain on our right. We found a pawing place, a pit where one—possibly more than one—bull had pawed up the earth and thrashed the saplings roundabout with its antlers. The whole of the next day was spent in getting in the meat, skins, and antlers.

I do not believe that this vicious bull moose had ever seen a man. I have never heard of another moose acting with the same determination and perseverance in ferocious malice; it behaved, as I have said, like some of the rare vicious rogues among African elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses. Bull moose during the rut are fierce animals, however, and although there is ordinarily no danger whatever in shooting them, several of my friends have been resolutely charged by wounded moose, and I know of and have elsewhere described one authentic case where the hunter was killed. A boy carrying mail through the woods to the camp of a friend of mine was forced to climb a tree by a bull which threatened him. My friend Pride, of Island Falls, Maine, was charged while in a canoe at night by a bull moose which he had incautiously approached too near, and the canoe was upset. If followed on snow-shoes in the deep snow, or too closely approached in its winter yard, it is not uncommon for a moose to charge when its pursuer is within a few yards. Once Arthur was charged by a bull which was in company with a cow. He was in a canoe, at dusk, in a stream, and the bull rushed into the water after him, while he paddled hard to get away; but the cow left, and the bull promptly followed her. In none of these cases, however, did the bull act with the malice and cold-blooded purposefulness shown by the bull I was forced to kill.

Two or three days later I left the woods. The weather had grown colder. The loons had begun to gather on the larger lakes in preparation for their southward flight. The nights were frosty. Fall was in the air. Once there was a flurry of snow. Birch and maple were donning the bravery with which they greet the oncoming north—crimson and gold their banners flaunted in the eyes of the dying year.



Antlers of moose shot September 19, 1915, with Springfield rifle No. 6000, Model 1903.

This rifle, now a retired veteran, is not heavy enough for steady use on heavy game; but it is so handy and accurate, has much penetration, and keeps in such good order, that it has been my chief hunting-rifle for the last dozen years on three continents, and has repeatedly killed heavy game. With it I have shot some three hundred head of all kinds, including the following: Lion, hyena, elephant, rhinoceros (square-mouthed and hook-nosed), hippopotamus, zebras of two kinds, wart-hog, giraffe, giant eland, common eland, roan antelope, oryx, wildebeest, topi, white-withered lechwe, waterbucks, hartebeests, kobs, impalla, gerenuk, gazelles, reedbucks, bushbucks, klipspringer, oribis, duikers, steinbok, dikdik, monkeys; jaguar, tapir, big peccary, giant ant-eater, capybara, wood-deer, monkey; cougar, black bear, moose, caribou, white-tail deer; crocodile, cayman, python; ostrich, bustard, wild turkey, crane, pelican, maribou, ibis, whale-head stork, jabiru stork, guinea-fowl, francolin.

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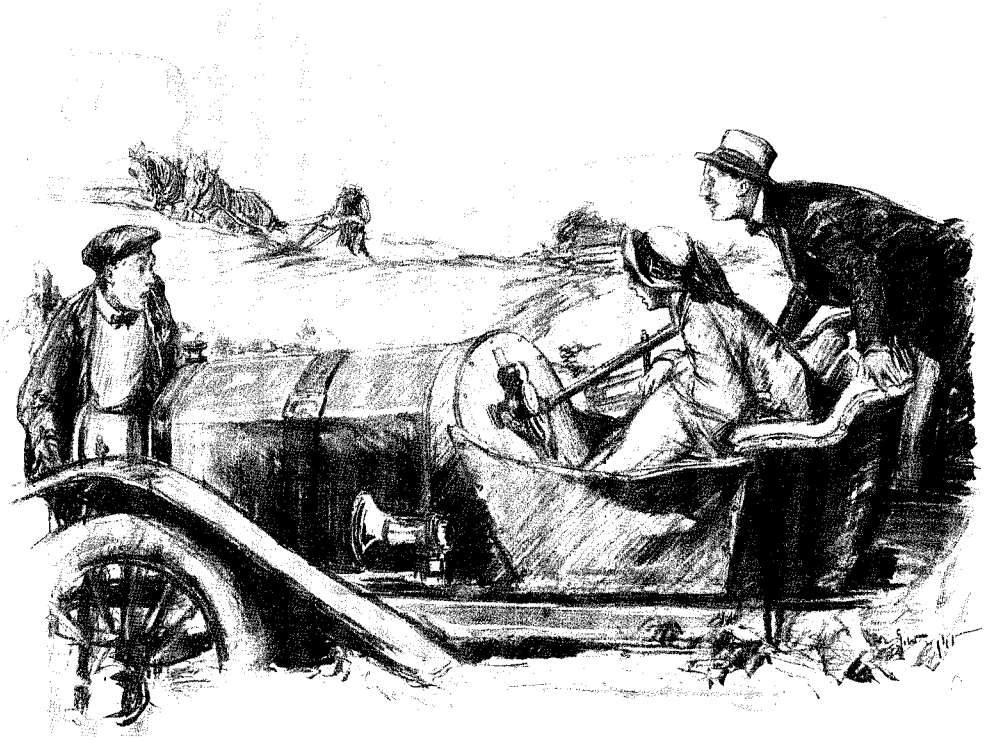

"What have you done?" inquired Babbage, grinning.—Page 173.

THE HUMAN EQUATION

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THOMAS BABBAGE arose from his comfortable arm-chair on the vine-covered veranda of his home and eyed with malevolence a lean, red, rumble-seated motor-car which was effecting a rather noisy stop in front of the house. Through his mind ran the thought that an unpleasant situation loomed. The alert, jaunty poise of his friend Barlow and the demurely amused expression of the attractive woman at his side strengthened the suspicion. Barlow's first words established it beyond debate.

"Thomas," he called, "we've come to take you for a ride."

Babbage arose slowly.

"A ride?" His manner was one of hesitation, and certainly his demeanor lacked graciousness, all of which brought a grin to the motorist's face. He raised his eyebrows at Miss Taddiken and then glanced toward the porch.

"A ride, yes. I want you to try the new car—the Red Rover—eh?" Whether he tried to conceal it or not, the note of triumph was more than an impalpable element in his voice.

Babbage came down the walk and opened the gate.

"How do, Miss Taddiken?" He viewed the light-waisted car with an appraising glance. "Pretty nice, William. I heard you had one—but I—I don't think I'll——"

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"Don't think you'll go?" rasped Barlow. "Why?"

The question rang and reverberated in his ears. "Why?"

Any number of perfectly good excuses might have been employed, but Babbage's mental apparatus was not working smoothly, and as he groped for something plausible he was dismayed to find his mind a blank. He blinked and stammered, stopping short with an angry flush as he heard the end of a sentence:

"—of course, if you are timid about it——"

"Timid!" Babbage boomed denial and ended by turning to the house. "Wait until I get my hat."

There was the feeling that he had to go, which was a correct deduction; he had to —pride dictated no other course. Barlow had placed him in the position of accepting his invitation or of showing what virtually amounted to a white feather in the presence of a woman whose favorable opinion he craved. He smouldered with animosity toward the man whose mind had conceived the cunning alternative. It came worse from him, indeed, than from any living person; for the two from boyhood had been rivals, with William Barlow occupying ever the loser's position. In skating, marbles, baseball, and later, when manhood had come, Babbage's prestige as concerned his closest friend had remained untarnished. In the social graces, in hunting, fishing—in everything except business—in which Barlow had shared success no less pronounced than his old chum—Babbage had maintained just that margin of superiority which marks the line between adeptness and mediocrity. Thomas Babbage had inherited horsemanship from his father; he owned several fine horses and drove constantly. A runaway accident in early boyhood had destroyed Barlow's confidence in respect to handling horses, and not a horse but knew it the moment he touched a rein. As a consequence he never drove himself and was always ill at ease when any one else drove. One may condone in him, therefore, a vast amount of satisfaction as he sat in the powerful racer —which he had bought second-hand—and heckled the man who had so often flashed by him on the road, and had found his fear of horses a never-ending source of amusement and humorous contempt.

He had come to-day to feed the ancient grudge, and this is precisely what he was doing, while Miss Taddiken, whose sensibilities were acute and comprehensive, lost no shade of the amusing irony of the situation.

As for Babbage, his indignant emotions as he entered the hall and seized his hat gradually gave way to more cautious instincts. While, in his fear of motors—magnified by constant reading of the mishaps of reckless automobilists—and in his lack of confidence in his friend's ability to do anything well, he was led to believe his safe return from the venture was problematical, he had the feeling it would be as well to placate the driver. In this way Barlow might be impelled to that caution and consideration for his passengers which he might not otherwise observe. It was a paradoxical position for Babbage to occupy; none the less, such was his plight.

So it was he sent a cheerful hail to the street as he appeared in the doorway, and his self-control, as he climbed into the rumble-seat, was sufficient to render his face a mask. Inwardly, however, his emotions were running riot. He had never been in a motor before, had vowed he never would ride in one so long as his faculties remained in his possession.

"I don't ever propose to be pulled along by anything that can't be talked to," he would say, dissembling the acute dread with which gasolene vehicles filled him. "Not, of course, that I'm nervous, or anything like that. It's constitutional —constitutional. I like horses, that's all. They're company; they're human; it's an art to handle and to drive them. Not every one can learn it. But automobiles —any pinhead can learn to break his neck in them, understand? No man with a particle of sense can help learning all about a car in an hour or two of practise. They hog all the roads, run people down, smash wagons—and they call it fun. Fun!"

Now he had broken his vow. He was in an automobile; he was helplessly perched upon a high, narrow seat, and to Barlow, of all men, was intrusted his safety and well-being!

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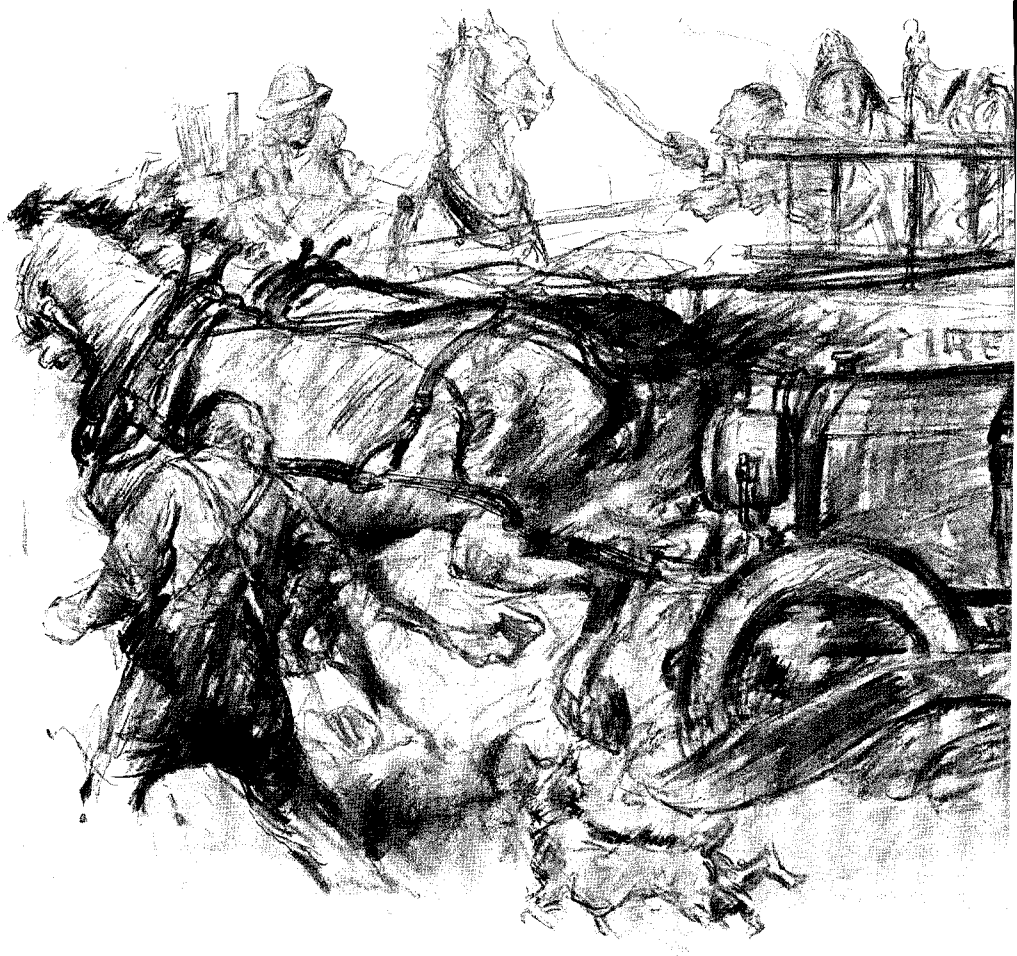

The fire apparatus was passed

Whatever Babbage's opinion of the capabilities of the newly fledged motorist was, that man gave every manifestation of complete confidence. His sang-froid as he pulled the starting-crank, his nonchalant poise as the car started forward, at once alarmed and irritated his friend on the rear seat.

"Why don't you keep two hands on that wheel, Barlow?" came at length a querulous demand. Barlow, who had released a hand to emphasize a light remark to Miss Taddiken by a graceful gesture, cast an easy glance at the speaker.

"Oh, don't fret, Babbage. I know perfectly what I'm doing. I'll get you home safely, never fear."

Miss Taddiken smiled and nodded and turned upon Babbage one of those ineffably sweet glances the sex employs to indicate its sympathy and full understanding of another's state of mind while not in any way sharing the mood. It was wormwood and gall to the recipient.

"Oh, I'm not worrying—not me," he declared heatedly. "Only I've got some regard for the courtesy of the road, even if I am riding in an automobile. On a crowded street like this, a man who runs

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fell into the background.—Page 178.

a car with one hand is a murderer at heart, that's what he is. You hear of accidents——"

"Crowded road!" Barlow laughed. "There isn't anything in sight except John Timm's sulky—and that's hitched to a post. Crowded!"

Miss Taddiken laughed appreciatively.

"Eh?" Barlow looked at her expectantly, but she had no remark to make, evidently.

"Barlow," fumed Babbage, "will you quit gazing into Miss Taddiken's eyes and watch the road? You nearly ran over Tom Peters's dog then."

"Oh, I saw him," replied the driver.

"You must be able to see through your ears, then. How fast are we going?"

Barlow peered down at the speedometer.

"Not quite forty-five miles an hour."

"Forty-five miles an hour! Railroad-train speed! Forty-five miles! Isn't there a law in this town?"

"Yes, twelve miles an hour; but the road is clear and the policemen don't go on duty until after one o'clock."

"I see; the road is clear, no police, so you—" The interruption was a thank-you-ma'am, to fall into the vernacular of

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the golden age of bicycling. The two forward passengers received a fairish jolt. but Babbage simply rose from his springing rumble and, as it seemed to him, soared.

As a matter of truth he did rise a good foot into the air, which any motorist will admit is no agreeable sensation; to Babbage, inexperienced as he was, it was not only disagreeable, but terrifying and uncanny as well. He pawed and clutched, finding in the intangibility of the air additional cause of terror. Descending, he landed in his seat with all the inert helplessness of a man completing a fall from the roof of a sky-scraper. He seized the sides of the rumble and at length opened his eyes. Barlow and Miss Taddiken were talking unconcernedly and the car was rushing ahead with unabated speed. He observed them with a baleful, burning stare for a few minutes, doubting the reality of their obliviousness. When he accepted it as genuine his anger overcame any scruples he had originally entertained regarding the exposure of his timidity before Miss Taddiken and his friend.

"Barlow," he roared, "I want you to slow down; I don't care for myself, but you have a lady in this car——"

Miss Taddiken threw a smile of acknowledgment over her shoulder.

"I beg of you, Mr. Babbage——"

"You mean, speak for myself," snapped Babbage, now beyond any consideration of pose. "Well, I *will* speak for myself. Barlow, slow down, or stop the car and let me out. I'm no criminal."

Now, the truth was that Barlow would have been willing to run at a slower pace, now that he had placed his friend on record, but because of the fact that his engine was geared so high, it was impossible to run at a pace under twenty-five miles an hour. So Barlow merely shook his head.

"Don't be foolish, Babbage. You might as well break in now; after you get used to it, you won't enjoy anything under forty miles an hour. The car's under perfect control—can stop her within her length."

"Well, do it, then," cried the overwrought man. "I—I refuse to permit you to risk Miss—" The disingenuousness of what he was about to say concerning the woman's safety struck even him, and, biting his lips, he broke off short and settled back, gripping the seat with both hands, with legs and body flexed for the jump for safety which he was convinced must be made sooner or later.

He had heard stories of collisions with telegraph-poles and trees. There was menace in every one that flashed by the car. A fleeting stone wall sent shivers through him, and the rush of the air carried a dolorous threnodical strain. He was fascinated, too, by the impression of the road flowing like a swift mill-race beneath the car. These things came to him thrillingly. He was a man not without imagination and it seized upon every impression and builded upon it and distorted it until it became an incubus of dread. He was waiting, that was all—awaiting the inevitable. And while he sat grim-faced, teeth clinched, Barlow, Bill Barlow, the inept, whom he had always exceeded in everything and patronized and lovingly scorned, was driving his engine of destruction at breakneck speed with the careless grace of a French chauffeur.

Mile after mile, up hill and down, from town to town and county to county, the red car sped, as it were, through the air—at least the semblance of flying would have impressed Babbage had it not been for occasional earthly reminders in the way of bumps and ruts—filling Miss Taddiken and the driver with keen exhilaration of power, of the wind rush, and of the ever-shifting scenic changes, and moving even Babbage, overwrought though he was, to a certain grudging admiration which eventually took the form of words.

"Bill," he called conciliatingly, "you've shown us what you can do. Now slow down a bit and let's have some pleasure out of this ride."

Now, Barlow would have ignored the petition, but the motor, as though it had heard and been moved to considerate instincts, gave forth immediate reply—a sound which rose clear above the throbbing harmony of the smoothly running mechanism. Barlow heard it and recognized the note of pessimism. The next instant the engine stalled and the car rolled to a stop.

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In his excitement Barlow had completely forgotten about brakes.—Page 179.

"Well?" There was an unmistakable note of relief in Babbage's voice. "So we've stopped."

Barlow had leaped to the ground.

"I didn't give her enough gas," he explained lightly. "That accelerator works a trifle hard. Oh—well! We'll soon be off."

He came up to the wheel, set everything for action, and then going to the front of the car reached down and seized the crank. But the engine refused to spark.

His face, reddened with conflicting embarrassment and irritation, appeared over the radiator.

"Now I've done it!" he cried.

"What have you done?" inquired Babbage, grinning.

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"Yes, do tell us, Mr. Barlow," urged Miss Taddiken, her face depicting sympathy.

Barlow bent down and labored at the crank for a few minutes before replying. He really did not know what he had done. When he came to the side of the car his face was running perspiration and his collar was wilted.

"Why, you see," he began, "this crank runs from here—the front of the radiator—to the rear of the discharge-valve cam-shaft and it actuates this cam-shaft to open the discharge-valve through the intermediary of a little thing shaped like a steel bullet—a spud, we call it. Now, you see, Miss Taddiken, Babbage, if you push your crank before starting, you drive the rod inward and this causes the spud to drop into the pan—" Barlow, who had not the slightest idea what he was saying, involved in a maze of technical terms which he did not understand, paused.

"And then?" asked Miss Taddiken.

"Why—why, then," he went on, "you can't start. That's what I've done. I've made the spud drop into the pan, and—and—so we're stalled."

In the course of this long explanation, which even had it been mechanically correct would still have been unintelligible to Babbage's unmechanical mind, his small black eyes had roved over the landscape and now were resting upon a pair of horses of Percheron bulk which were drawing a plough across a near-by field. A slight smile wrinkled about his nose as he glanced down at his friend, and within him glowed the first optimistic spark of the day.

"Now that you've said it all, Barlow, what I want to know is whether this thing is going to go or whether it isn't?" The intense wish that those wheels would never again revolve at the behest of motor impulse was illy concealed.

Barlow was too involved in the situation to interpret cadences of expression.

"Well," he replied at length, "it *would* go if I could get hold of a spud about the size of a paper lead-pencil—you know, the kind you peel off—and about an inch long. You don't happen to have anything of the sort about you, Babbage——"

There was a chirrup in Babbage's voice.

"No, I don't carry spuds about with me usually. Then you can't make her go?" His eyes were fastened upon the approaching plough.

The reply was ungracious.

"No, hang it all, if you must know—that is, unless I can get that spud." He fixed an accusing eye upon space. "No one ever seems to have anything that anybody wants."

"I am sorry," Miss Taddiken said sympathetically. "But I really don't use things of the sort you describe——"

"Nor does she use scarabs, nor blue diamonds, nor seven-toed kittens," interjected Babbage, laughing and nodding at the woman, who, however, forbore a smile.

Barlow flushed, but failed to confess he would not have known what to do with his spud should one have been produced.

"You won't be so jolly, Babbage, when you find you've missed your dinner."

His friend, laughing the louder, settled easily in his seat.

"Oh, we'll get home to dinner, Barlow; don't worry." His voice became crisp and businesslike. "When you get ready to turn the situation over to me let me know."

"Eh? Well, you can have it now, so far as I am concerned," snapped the motorist. "I'm through."

"Through!" At the moment the plough had arrived at the rail fence and the driver, in the process of turning, paused as Babbage's hand gestured toward him. "Is that team yours, Mr. Farmer?" There was always something hearty and genial about Babbage's voice and manner that won instant response.

"Yes, they be," was the reply.

Babbage had left the car and was on his way to the fence, which he scaled, approaching the horses with the appraising eye of an equine judge.

"They weren't raised on a farm," he said with decision, running a deft hand over the chest and fore legs of the off horse, bestowing a caress upon the inquisitive nose of the other.

"I got 'em down to New York at a fire-department auction," the farmer vouchsafed. "They ain't really plough horses," he explained. "I been usin' 'em on the truck wagon, drivin' to market mostly; but one of the plough team

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tuk sick; the other won't work with a strange horse. I——"

"Look here," interrupted Babbage, "that car out there is stuck——"

"Your'n?"

"Naw!" Babbage's voice indicated scorn. "I'm no automobilist. Horses are good enough for me, plenty—" He winked and the farmer smiled in sympathy. "Now, here's the proposition," he went on. "We've got to get to a garage at Dover—that's five miles from here. I want to hire that team. How much?"

"I oughta get this field turned up today," ruminated the farmer.

But Babbage, not to be diverted from a scheme so filled with possibilities in the way of reversing a situation that had become intolerable, pressed on.

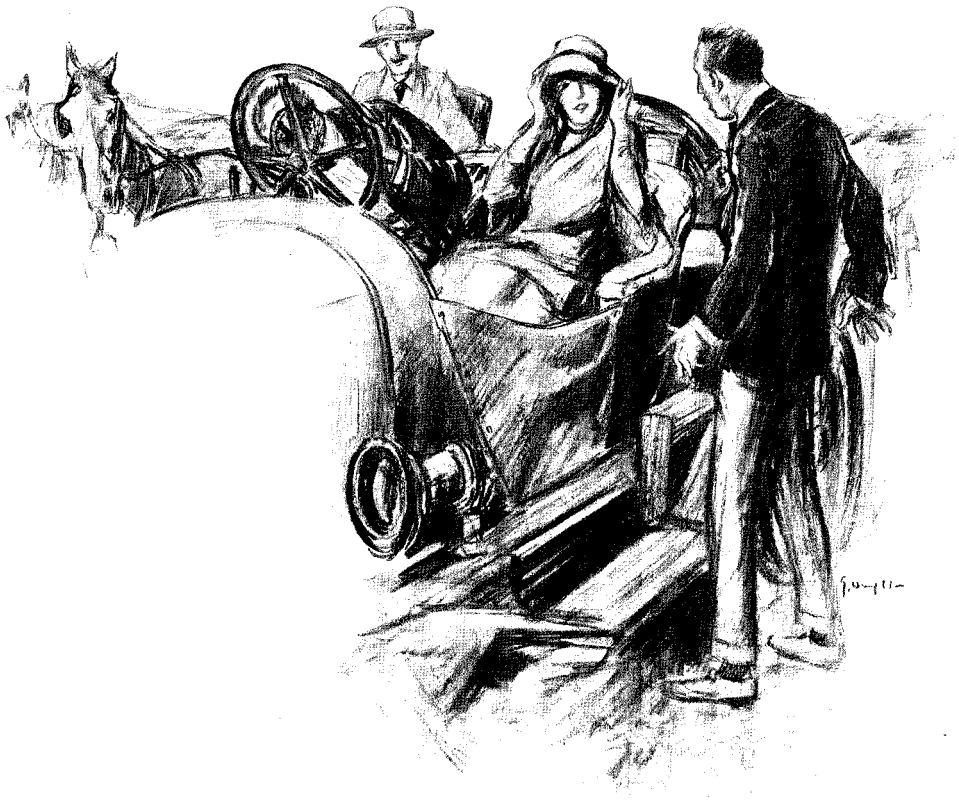
"We can make it in little more than an hour. We'll put the horses in the livery-stable till you call, and—I'll give you——"

"Five dollars," interpolated the farmer decisively.

Babbage's hand was withdrawing his wallet upon the word, and in another minute Barlow, who had been standing sullenly, hands in pockets, watching the group, saw the farmer lean down and detach the trail-hook from the plough, while Babbage busied himself removing the fence rails.

"Well, Barlow," he chuckled, as he took down the last barrier and the horses were driven through, "we're going to get home, and in style—old-fashioned style, so to say."

Thus speaking he caught the trail-hook over the steel rail in front of the radiator, casting an eye upon the dejected Barlow as he settled himself on the rumble-seat.



"Thank you, Mr. Babbage, but I think I incline to the automobile."—Page 180.

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"Now, you take the wheel, Barlow," he suggested, "and steer just as you would if your trap was under power. I'll attend to the rest."

He clucked at the horses, who obediently moved forward, making as little effort with the light vehicle as may be imagined.

"Fine horses," observed the driver, holding the ribbons jauntily in his left hand and throwing a smiling glance at Miss Taddiken, who had been throughout an interested if silent observer.

"Yes, Mr. Babbage," she said, "they seem to be." With an added note of graciousness, born perhaps of appreciation of Babbage's masterly handling of the situation, together with the forward progress of the car—an agreeable sensation, it must be confessed, after the long delay—"I know of nothing more beautiful than a team of fine horses."

"Ah!" exclaimed Babbage, with a triumphant glance at his friend, who sat staring out over the wheel. "Now we have it. Horses! Beat all your infernal gasolene engines—I rather guess so. There's something to a horse. He knows you—you know him; you can talk to him; he's a companion. But," he shook his head knowingly at the woman, "you've got to know horses. It's an art, driving. Anybody can learn to run an automobile; not every one is a horseman. You must be born to it. Well—well, each to his particular turn. Now, if they were reliable—whoa there, you; steady. Fly got on his ear, I guess. Well, we're going right along."

"Yes," the woman nodded.

Babbage was conversationally inclined. After a moment's silent survey of scenery he glanced at the steersman, whose mien was not inviting. So he again addressed Miss Taddiken.

"Beauty of driving is that you see something. You get all the view, as you may say. In a car you get through too much country—get scenic indigestion—Ha! Ho! Scenic indigestion—what?"

Miss Taddiken leaned back.

"I think I understand," she agreed.

"Yes, quite so," observed Babbage. "Now, driving. You speak of a pair of horses—that doesn't mean two animals just attached to the same wagon, not a bit of it. It's a pair, a problem, different from driving one horse, understand. Two horses don't have the same disposition every day; you have to understand 'em—know their nature."

A grunt came from behind the wheel and Babbage stopped short.

"Eh?" he asked, staring at the man.

"I didn't say anything," replied Barlow.

"Well—well, what was I talking about?"

"You were speaking—— "

"Oh, I know." Babbage waved his disengaged hand at the woman. "Horses in pairs—yes. Well, what I said is true, Miss Taddiken. You shouldn't pole them too tightly. Of course, we haven't any pole now, but if you have you want to be careful about that."

Miss Taddiken followed the horseman with polite interest, casting occasional glances not devoid of sympathy at the set face of the man at the steering-wheel. Babbage needed no encouragement. He ran on without cease, exploring the wide and devious science of driving in pair, a subject hardly less technical, as it seemed to her, than that relating to gasolene engines.

He was now directing his team into the small village of Orion, the main street of which presented to the party an aspect of unwonted activity, not to say excitement.

"They want to do justice to the unusual spectacle," chuckled Babbage, straightening and slapping the reins vigorously upon the horses' backs.

Barlow slumped appreciably over the wheel, but Miss Taddiken, looking ahead with compressed lips, saw a rising tower of black smoke in the distance.

"I should imagine the cause to be a fire," she observed.

"So should I," agreed Barlow, emerging for the moment from the gloom which had invested him since the motive power of his vehicle had changed from gasolene to hoofs.

Miss Taddiken's deduction was correct. There could be no doubt of that now. The community, awakened to feverish commotion, ignored the automobile utterly. A blacksmith, armed with a sledge, ran from his shop to the little square and belabored a locomotive tire, which gave

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forth rousing notes out of all proportion to its size. From a livery-stable a pair of horses were being hurried across the street to a fire-house, the doors of which, flung wide, revealed an eager red hose-wagon. At least Miss Taddiken applied to it the sentient quality of eagerness.

She wanted Babbage to stop in order that proceedings might be observed with greater minuteness, but Babbage, who had his own idea of the situation, shook his head.

"No," he said, "we're so late now I think we'd better keep going."

Barlow, whose eyes had remained furtively on the team as the uproar and confusion gathered force in the village square, suggested a turn into a side street and a hitching-post.

Babbage apparently was considering this when the fire-cart caught and passed them—not silently. It went by, in sooth, an uproarious pageant, the very epitome of fire apparatus in action.

Babbage cast an uneasy glance at his steeds, feeling, perhaps, a telegraphic quiver of warning along the reins. He had a subconscious feeling that something was about to happen. And he was right. As the wild, red thing rumbled by, the bell tolling out its alarm to traffic, the horses attached to the automobile stopped suddenly with feet planted sidewise in the road. Babbage slapped the reins on their backs.

"Now—now!" he said with the voice of gentle admonition. "Giddap."

The horses had turned expectantly toward the man behind them, and the last word he said, beyond doubt, was the word they awaited. In any event, it had no sooner left his lips than they lowered their heads and bolted. After all their humdrum year in the midst of rural placidity, their time had come once more. Life had reopened and they plunged into it with the abandon of utter delight.

As there was not the slightest doubt that it was the clanging bell, the pungent breath of wood smoke in their nostrils, and the rattle of wheels which had started this great pair of animals off on their unrestrained course, so we take no liberty with the known limitation of nature as applied to horse sense to affirm that Babbage's team were living in imagination some of the thrilling moments of their urban experience. The notes of the bell had struck within the two a chord vibrant with memories of sheer abandon. Reaction to it had been instinctive. After all the dreary months, the tender of Engine 7 was behind them again; Hartigan was at the reins; and above, swaying with the roll and swing of the wagon, were the silent, helmeted figures gazing ahead over their backs. All this certainly may be postulated from the flight of the animals, as, with heads down, their powerful chest muscles straining and swelling against their collars, their eyes blazing, and their hoofs sending pile-driving blows to the pavement, they thundered up the village street.

Babbage raised himself half to his feet and sawed at the reins, uttering words Miss Taddiken never recalled having heard. Barlow's face had gone dead white, and unconsciously he had seized the woman's arm with a desperate grip. The other hand retained a nerveless grasp on the steering-wheel of the car, which slewed and yawed like a rudderless ship in a seaway.

"Barlow," shouted Babbage, "steer that car, will you? What you trying—Whoa! Whoa!" He pulled and jerked at the reins with feverish energy.

The horses were amazed. In the old days good Dan Hartigan, their driver, had merely started them and then let them run until they came to a place with smoke gushing out and engines pulsing in the street. They didn't like Babbage's behavior a bit, and, finally growing angry, they lost all thoughts of other days and became filled with a fierce, burning desire to get away from that insane person behind who was cutting their mouths with the bits and talking to them like a truckman.

"Now, Danny! Now, Pat!" That was the way Dan Hartigan used to talk, and he let them run as they pleased. The animals, frenzied with rage, threw up their heads and ran wild. The hoof-beats of the great beasts pounded the macadam road with thunderous roll; their eyes glared, their bodies were strained in an ecstasy of high endeavor.

Babbage's cries were drowned in the roar and rattle; for an automobile in the

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position of Barlow's car is distinctly out of its element. An ordinary vehicle, when the horses are free, is the least conspicuous part of the spectacle; it drags behind, rocking and reeling incontinently to destruction. But a motor-car has individuality. You can't play horse with it and expect ordinary impressions. Barlow's motor, thus, in its wild flight through the streets of Orion, was nothing man had ever previously beheld. It clanked and clanged and made weird, unusual sounds. A mud-guard, which the nigh horse had kicked with a flying hoof, hung with one end on the ground, flailing the road, spattering dirt and gravel on all sides. The radiator hood-cover had slipped from its catch, flapping up and down with the crash of cymbals, and clouds of dust arising veiled the scene in an acrid, gray pall.

Miss Taddiken looked back at the driver.

"I don't want to jump, Mr. Babbage——"

"Jump! Of course not," roared the man. "This is a—a—lark!"

"A lark!" echoed Barlow with a throaty squeal of indignation and terror—"a lark! Why don't you stop 'em?"

"Oh, let 'em run till they tire," shouted Babbage with an attempt at a smile. "The road's clear."

"You stop 'em," cried the automobilist, "or I'll jump!" He half arose in his seat, but Miss Taddiken's voice restrained him.

"We're certainly not making forty-five miles an hour, William."

"Eh—eh!" Barlow sank back into his seat. "We're making—well, maybe not, but the car was under control. Stop them, Babbage—I thought you were a horse—" A lurch of the car threw him backward and ended the sentence.

"Control—not under control, Miss Taddiken; can't you see the difference?"

The horses emphasized the point by swerving in toward the curb, side-swiping a tree and leaving a rear mud-guard behind as a souvenir of the contact.

"Not under control," repeated Barlow in a sepulchral voice.

"I quite agree with Mr. Barlow, Mr. Babbage," said Miss Taddiken, turning back and facing the driver.

Babbage scowled. He had no reply, simply because he, too, agreed with his friend.

A pedestrian ran out into the street and flapped his arms, beating a precipitate retreat as the horses came upon him. The fire apparatus was passed and fell into the background like the figment of a nightmare. The staring faces of the firemen came afterward as a dim recollection.

In another minute the barn with its roof aflame appeared around a turn in the road. Barlow, urged by a warning shout from the driver, negotiated the curve with his steering-wheel, while the horses, ignoring Babbage's desperate effort to guide them into a soft, furrowed field, unprotected by a fence, kept to the thoroughfare, went around the corner like chariot steeds, and continued their wild career past the burning building, facing a gently rising hill, toward which they ramped with a spirit which began to dispel Babbage's vague hope that here at least they would find incentive to diminish the ardor of their gait.

He had, in truth, tossed a few encouraging words embodying this idea to the two persons in front of him. His cheerful speech, with some return of his old, jaunty confidence, was in part intended to correct a picture of himself which he feared had begun to formulate in the minds of his friends, and in part—perhaps in greater part—to sustain himself. For, truth to tell, his equine experience, wide though it was, had not sufficient scope to include fire-horses, let alone runaway fire-horses with sufficient strength to pound breathlessly along a mile or two of highway, making as little of the cumbrous mass of junk behind them as though it were a grocer's wagon.

He viewed the approaching grade with yearning gaze, and when it arrived, and the animals, slightly lowering their heads, took it with no perceptible diminution of speed, Babbage's jaw dropped. He had worked at the reins until his arms were lead and his fingers nerveless.

Barlow's colorless face was turned toward him.

"Can you stop 'em, or can't you?"

"Stop! No, I can't stop 'em. No one living can. They'll take this hill like——"

Miss Taddiken's calm voice interposed.

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"And when they arrive at the top—then——"

"Then," shouted Barlow, "they'll go *down*-hill. Down-hill! Do you understand that, Babbage? Down-hill! And you have a lady——"

"I didn't make the hill," roared Babbage. "What are you talking about! Can't *you* do something?" His eyes glistened, the idea of brakes suddenly occurring. "Ha! Hasn't this old rattle-trap got any brakes?"

"Certainly it has. I've been try—" The car slewed across a bump, balanced on two wheels at right angles to the horses, and then squared away on its proper course behind the animals.

The crest of the hill was very near, and distant perspectives of farm and meadowland at a vastly lower level intimated that the descent was to be neither slight nor short. The idea of brakes filled Babbage's mind, bereft as it was of any other expedient for saving the bones of himself and party.

"Your brakes—if you don't know what the brake is, find it. Pull everything, stamp on everything. Don't be a fool!"

Barlow's reply was a growl; none the less, his feet and disengaged hand were experimenting as the car topped the rise and the animals, relieved of much of the pull, bounded forward with accelerated impulse.

In his excitement Barlow had completely forgotten about brakes, the fact of the horses running away having established in his mind the illusion that he was not in a motor-car at all. Now, in compliance with Babbage's suggestion, he applied the emergency-brake only to find it had shaken itself out of commission; at least it gave no response to the man's vigorous pull. The foot-brakes remained, but he overlooked them, chiefly for the reason that a recent lesson of his demonstrator had suddenly flung itself clearly upon the canvas of his overwrought mind. A cautious way to descend a grade, so ran the argument, was to employ compression of cylinders.

Casting a swift smile, half of triumph, half of doubt, at Miss Taddiken, he threw his gear-shift lever slightly forward. Very little happened. The heads of the horses rose and fell in the dusty murk, the car swayed and clattered and clanged, but Barlow was oblivious. The fervor of mechanics gripped him, and he studied the various levers and switches.

Under the cowl the magnetic switch had been set and forgotten. The spark had been advanced and the gas lever opened up. These facts he now overlooked because his mind was occupied with the knowledge that by engaging the first-speed gears the momentum of the car could be retarded. This he attempted to do. In the excitement attending his effort he thrust the gear-shift lever past first speed and all the way into reverse.

Happenings immediately attending merit consideration. Deep down under the seat Barlow felt a life impulse. The engine had sparked. There was a whir, a rumble, and then, as an insane burst of joy came from Barlow's lips, a spasm occurred in the vitals of the Red Rover, an upheaval, as though some mighty sleeper were casting off chains. The next instant the wheels of that execrated automobile were revolving at full speed reverse. Only the special construction of the Red Rover's gears could have stood the terrific strain, but the teeth held.

And now, in the twinkling of an eye, William Barlow, neophyte in the realm of practical mechanics, was favored with the inestimable privilege of a front seat at an exhaustive demonstration of the application of theoretical horse-power as opposed to the power of horses in the flesh.

The working out of the problem was far more interesting and thrilling than one would have thought, considering the immense discrepancy in the relative capacity of the conflicting forces. For Barlow's car was rated at thirty horse-power, while the opposing animate element was two. But it should be borne in mind that the car was going down-hill at appreciable headway and that the energy of a motor in like circumstance gathers deliberately.

Thus, for a few seconds, while Barlow sat at the wheel, immobile, staring in wide-eyed expectancy, not a great deal happened—not a great deal in the way of definite result at least. The motor throbbed, the wheels whirled backward, biting up the road and scattering fragments of stone and dirt—and yet slid ahead. But only for a few seconds. Then, as the beasts, enraged now beyond

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all bounds at the uncanny sounds behind and the resistance to their course which the backward-turning wheels had asserted, laid themselves down to even greater effort, they felt a jerk on their traces.

For the next few minutes that team was picturesque. To the party seated breathlessly in the motor it appeared as though the animals had miraculously been gifted with a centipede's wealth of feet. Hoofs appeared everywhere; they darted in and out, from side to side, and front and back; the road rang with the heavy tattoo—quivering, foaming backs, wildly tossing heads completed the picture, and the air was filled with snortings and stertorous breathings. Barlow lifted his head and shouted joyously.

"They're coming; I'm in charge——"

Casting a quick glance behind, he bent over the wheel, tooling the car delicately back toward the brow of the hill, the horses following now perforce, not, however, relinquishing their dogged efforts to proceed forward—their hoofs geared to full speed ahead, yet carrying them inexorably astern.

Barlow's satisfaction was ineffable; he proclaimed it without reserve, smiling and nudging his companion and winking over his shoulder at the silent Babbage.

"Thought they'd run away with this car, eh! Huh! Bided my time; that's all. Wanted to give you a sample of Tom's horsemanship—eh, Miss Taddiken? Well, Tom—ha! ha! You were funny! I guess I am a pretty good actor—what? Had 'em in hand all the time—every minute. I——"

"Look out—look out, you lunatic, do you want to kill those horses?" Babbage's finger was directed toward the off horse, which, having given up the fight and attempting to walk backward with the car, had been pulled until he was half sitting on the steel rail in front of the radiator, pawing the road with his front hoofs. At the moment the mate was drawn in also, a fact which permitted the trail-hook to disengage itself from the guard-rail and fall to the ground.

Barlow excitedly shut off the magneto switch, whereat the detonation of a three-pounder Maxim gun occurred from the rear. Race-horses never left the post with celerity more pronounced than that which marked the leap of the fire-horses from the radiator of Barlow's motor-car. The first jump was instinctive; the second was born of the knowledge that they were no longer restricted. Their further flight down the hill was a superb display of disordered volition until, as they neared the bottom, a sense that at last they were free of that wild thing, to escape from which they had exhausted their utmost endeavor, gained stature and filled them with a large and growing peace. Their plunge subsided into a lope, their lope into a run, their run into a walk. A near-by field fresh and gleaming with green grass reminded them of hunger and suggested contentment. They turned into it and began to graze.

In the meantime Barlow had piloted his car safely up the hill, disconnecting his gear in time to avoid running down a team attached to a runabout—just in time, however, as the rearing horses and the sharp admonition of the driver attested.

"So you *could* stop," snarled Babbage.

"Hello, Phil," he called to the horseman in a more amiable voice; "have you room for Miss Taddiken and me? We've had about enough of this car. There's a team that's turned into the field below I want to get, too."

Phillip Frazer, Orion's hotel-keeper, grinned comprehensively, having quieted his horses.

"Sure," he replied. "Howdy, Miss Taddiken. Jump in."

Babbage leaped from his seat to the ground and stood at the side of the car, holding up his hand for the woman, who was smiling enigmatically.

"Thank you, Mr. Babbage," she smiled, "but I shall complete this ride with Mr. Barlow."

"With Barlow!" Babbage glanced at the motorist, who sat gazing doubtfully at the radiator, whence small clouds of smoke were beginning to rise from the racing-engine. "In *that* thing! Miss Taddiken—I insist."

But Miss Taddiken shook her head placidly.

"Thank you, Mr. Babbage, but I think I incline to the automobile. It appears less hazardous—less conducive to profanity." As Barlow leaned forward with the rigidity of an automaton and jerked the starting-lever, she added, with a smil-

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ing glance at her companion: "You have that ability to emerge gracefully from disaster, William, which inspires confidence—and" (in a lower, softer voice) —"admiration."

Wherefore, who can find it in him to censure William Barlow for the fact that, in the first few seconds of headway, he escaped a ditch on three wheels before he found the centre of the road and started the Red Rover on her serene homeward way?

THE FUTURE OF GOOD ROADS IN STATE AND NATION

BY EDWIN A. STEVENS

Commissioner of Public Roads, State of New Jersey

IN no country has the growth of the highway problem in importance and in difficulties been greater than in the United States, and in none does it seem likely to be greater in the future. Our motor-vehicle registry is already the largest in the world.

There appears to be no near limit to the ingenuity of automobile-designers, to the enterprise of manufacturers, nor to the capital that is being poured into the business.

The effect of these industrial phenomena on our roads is worthy of most careful thought. The problem in its most simple and general statement is one of transportation. The cost of transporting one ton a mile at any given speed will divide itself naturally into two parts: first, the cost of providing and running the vehicle, including up-keep, fuel, and lubricants; second, the cost of providing and maintaining the roadway in such shape that the sum of both parts of the cost of transportation shall be a minimum. The latter is the special province of highway administration. To discharge this duty, provision must be made for the future traffic.

To do this intelligently we must form some idea of the traffic of to-day and of its past growth. The horse-drawn traffic is practically unknown; it will probably not show any material increase, though, in the minds of many authorities, it is not likely to decrease. It is also less trying on our road surfaces. The following statistics as to automobile registration in ten States that have undertaken the systematic improvement of their roads affords us a means of foretelling what is to be expected within the next few years for the nation:

MOTOR-VEHICLE REGISTRATION AND POPULATION

State	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	Estimated, 1915	Population, 1915	Inhabitants per motor vehicle
Mass.....	31,360	38,907	50,132	62,660	77,246	99,000	3,700,000	37.4
R. I.....	5,911	7,262	9,357	11,312	13,530	15,600	618,000	39.6
Conn.....	11,789	16,372	21,371	26,560	32,790	39,000	1,235,000	31.6
New York	*62,655	83,969	105,749	132,928	168,428	222,000	10,300,000	46.4
New Jersey	49,478	55,913	54,317	61,075	70,910	91,500	2,960,000	32.4
Penn.....	37,180	48,108	65,519	89,584	125,189	180,000	8,500,000	47.2
Maryland.	†5,000	7,273	9,749	12,997	20,238	33,000	1,350,000	40.9
Virginia ..	†2,800	4,020	5,760	9,022	13,984	22,000	2,180,000	99
Ohio	32,000	45,788	63,124	86,156	122,504	184,000	5,100,000	27.7
Illinois ...	†30,000	42,615	77,250	106,839	145,992	190,000	6,100,000	32.1
Totals..	268,173	350,227	462,328	599,133	790,811	1,076,100	42,043,000	‡39

* Part of year. † Estimated. ‡ Average.

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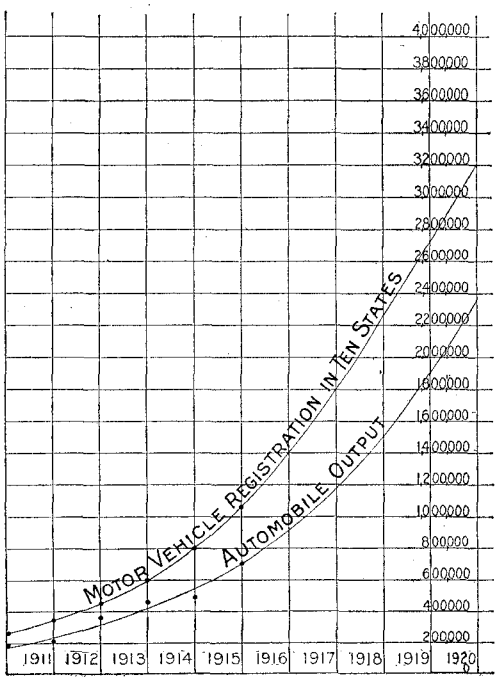
At the date of writing, the figures for 1915 can be closely estimated. The conditions in the States chosen may not to-day be representative of the whole country. In those States, however, where little or no road work has been done registration will take sudden increases, when good roads become available, as shown for Virginia and Illinois.

The ten States named register to-day over 1,000,000 of the 2,000,000 cars usually accepted as the number owned at this time in the country at large. From the curve I estimate for them a possible total automobile registration of 3,300,000 in 1920, and for the country from 6,000,000 to 6,500,000. To check this estimate we may use the figures of automobile output. These, as generally given, will not plot in any fair curve, but the conclusion seems warranted that an output of 2,350,000 may well be attained by 1920. Men well posted in the business estimate that within a short period a market can be made for from 1,640,000 to 3,800,000 cars a year. For our present purpose we must make some allowance for a rapidly growing export trade.



If the average life of a car be three years, it seems possible that by 1920 we shall have on our highways a total of not less than 6,000,000 motor-vehicles, or one for every twenty inhabitants. This is about three times our present registration. In the ten States the increase in five years has been fourfold. Massachusetts registered one motor-vehicle for every 108 persons in 1910 and one for every 37.4 in 1915. In 1910 the population per car in Ohio was 149; to-day it is 27.7.

To care for this traffic we have in the United States about 2,125,000 miles of country roads, not counting streets. What mileage has been "improved" it is impossible to say, for the word has no standard meaning. We are probably safe in assuming that for a satisfactory system not less than 1,250,000 miles of road must still be improved. With the ever-growing traffic and with the consequent demand for better construction, the ultimate cost of this system will not fall short of $10,000,000,000, and its construction will probably cover a period of not less than forty years. These figures do not overstate the case. Many roads have been and will be built too narrow, too crooked, with excessive grades and inadequate pavements. These should be widened, straightened, regraded, and repaved. They will also have to be provided with bridges designed for the increasing weight of vehicles. However this may be, it seems safe to say that we have a big job on our hands, and that if we are to plan for its execution we must do so in a big way.

One would naturally look for experience to Europe. European conditions and customs are so different from ours that data derived from them are of but limited value. We must remember, too, that they are in a much more backward state of motor-vehicle development even if more advanced in road administration.

However much or little we may take from them, we shall also have to consider our problem in the light of what seems to be in store for us.

Let us consider the full extent of the problem—what we are now doing to solve

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it and what is needed to obtain good roads.

Assuming for a moment that in 1920 we shall have 6,000,000 motor-vehicles and 6,000,000 teams using our roads, that the motors will average 200 days at 30 miles and the teams 180 days at 15 miles, we have totals of 36,000,000,000 motor-vehicle miles and 16,200,000,000 team miles. The difference in cost of operation on an improved as against an unimproved road may be safely put at not less than 6 cents per mile for both motor and teams. On this basis we would have 52,200,000,000 vehicle miles at 6 cents, or $3,120,000,000—the total yearly saving.

I need only allude to the other gains due to good roads—the opening up of the country, the development of industries, the improvement of the conditions of agricultural life. These cannot be readily estimated in figures, but the value is certainly not less than the reduction in cost of haulage and probably exceeds it manyfold.

The importance of the interests involved would seem to warrant the expense of scientific and businesslike administration. Such administration we lack; we seem to have formed but a faint idea of our woful state of unpreparedness and of the seriousness of the results. Our present methods of road administration are inadequate.

While most of the States have preserved the common-law doctrine of the king's highway, the treatment accorded to our roads has not matched the dignity of their title. Generally, the roads, except in the case of city streets, are in the hands of some local body or of a turnpike company. The care they have received is such as might have been expected in a community descended from pioneer ancestry. The traditions still survive of the days when each man raised his own food, built his own house, and looked to no policeman to enforce his rights. Any man, in those days, was supposed to be able to build and keep a road, and this belief is by no means dead. It shows itself in the underlying idea of our road administration, the turning over to township committees, selectmen, or by whatever name they may be known, the management of the greater part of our road systems. In most of our States we have placed bridges under the care of somebody other than that in charge of the road.

On this substructure many of the States have built, each in its own way to provide for our increasing highway traffic. The laws passed for this object may be grouped into two general classes, following the lead set by the two States that first took up road improvement as a field for State activity, namely, New Jersey and Massachusetts. The former undertook to aid counties in the building of improved roads, leaving the care of the roads thus built to the county authorities; Massachusetts, on the other hand, set herself to building and maintaining a system of State roads made up of the most important through lines of traffic. Both of these represent correct principles. The State should care for the important through lines. Local bodies should be encouraged to improve roads of secondary importance. Neither of these States, however, undertook to thoroughly provide for the proper care of all of its country roads, nor, as far as I know, has any other State. Nothing less than this will meet the need. Every public road should be insured such intelligent care as to furnish the best service of which it is capable.

My own experience as a road official may be enlightening. A mechanical engineer by training, with scanty knowledge of road-work and even less experience in public office, I was appointed five years ago head of the New Jersey Road Department. The appointment, I believe, was considered a good one.

I expected to find very simple engineering, an ill-organized repair system, and more or less "graft." I found the engineering by no means simple, that proper reorganization of the repair system would require voluntary co-operation and acceptance of State control by the counties, many of which were jealous of each other and of the influence of the department. I found no legal evidence of "graft" and no reason for suspicion against the force under my control. This force had been formed and had worked under department heads not one of whom had any previous engineering experience;

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it was personally well fitted for its work, but hardly large enough for its statutory duties and utterly insufficient for the work necessary to insure thoroughness. There was much duplication of work between the State and county forces and ill-located responsibility. While I cannot complain of any lack of good will, the work has been and is being done under conditions that exclude any high standard of attainment and with the knowledge that no one expects results to measure up to any such standard.

I may be slow-witted. I have had to waste much time in planning how to get the work done under legislation both unreasonably restrictive and often inconsistent and in learning to tie the red tape thereby required into the regulation bow-knots.

Whatever the cause, it has taken me time to "size up" my ever-growing job, to recognize the underlying causes of our shortcomings, and to formulate the principles that must guide any satisfactory reform. I have, in consequence, met with but little success in impressing the needs of the service on the people of the State and on the legislature.

During my term of office almost every one of our neighboring States has changed the head of its road department. This brings us to a most serious defect of our road administration, namely, that the head, whether a commissioner or a board, is a political appointee, usually unskilled in road-work and frequently without any engineering training. Holding office for a term of years, subjected to great political pressure, and intrusted with wide powers, it would, indeed, be wonderful if these men did not frequently yield to considerations other than the best interests of our roads and err by dabbling in engineering matters.

Instead of appreciation of the seriousness and the needs of the situation, one generally finds in our legislatures a faith in the efficacy of certain pet remedies and a leaning to numerous checks, safeguards, and investigations, the outgrowth of lack of confidence in the road administration, fruitful sources of delay, red tape, and waste, and godsends for the muckraker.

I have never seen a palladium, or if I have I did not recognize it. It seems, however, that the particular palladium that holds or guards our liberties is likewise the shrine in which we cherish these methods of insuring inefficiency.

Over our road-work there is too often cast the baleful shadow of politics. The "scientific distribution of patronage," as it was once described to me by a very earnest, upright, and capable politician who believes himself a progressive, plays havoc with efficiency. The only refuge seems to be in the civil service, as generally administered, a somewhat cumbersome and usually inelastic method, but still the best now available. Patronage, however, is not the only line along which politics makes its attacks. Roads have been improved or repaired because certain men with "pulls" lived along the line, because certain contractors had plants in the neighborhood for which they wanted employment, or because some other work of importance could not otherwise get the necessary backing. I am not now alluding to any so-called "graft." This is always hard, generally impossible, to prove. The direct loss therefrom is, I am persuaded, small compared to that due to inefficient administration; indirectly, however, it works immeasurable evil by depriving our road officials of the public confidence they must have if we are to get results. These must be based on personal responsibility enforced by a strict discipline. Responsibility implies power, and power will not be conferred if there be a lack of confidence. This confidence must not be in the individual head only, for he may and will change, but in the organization, and not only in its moral but also in its technical fitness for the work. It must be earned by actual results and cannot be created by legislative enactment. Such enactment, however, is the only means that can create organizations under conditions which will make these results possible. We must look to an awakened public opinion to demand the necessary legislation and a fair chance to "make good" thereunder without unnecessary interference.

I have said that European experience is of but limited value to us in the solution of our problem. The weight given in Europe to the administration of

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their roads is, however, instructive. The French Republic has been the classic example of road administration. It compares with our ten States as follows, the French motor-vehicle figures being for the period before the great war:

	Road mileage	Area	Population	Motor-vehicles
France ...	357,000	207,000	40,000,000	122,000
Ten States	457,000	261,000	42,000,000	1,076,000

In France all national roads and most of the departmental roads are under the care of the celebrated "Ponts et Chaussées" corps. This corps is the best and most thoroughly trained body of civil engineers in the world. Their men are especially trained for the work from boyhood, as are cadets and midshipmen. Their life-work is in the corps. Their instruction covers the engineering, the administrative detail, and the law referring to the subject. The standing of the corps personally and professionally is of the highest.

Contrast for a moment our conditions. There is no legal standard of qualifications for an engineer, least of all a highway engineer. The job is seldom permanent. There is but little confidence in the ability and but too often in the integrity of highway officials. This is hardly to be wondered at when we recall that we are trying to care for a fast-growing motor traffic, to-day sixteen times that of the French Republic, under the leadership of political appointees holding office for limited terms and working under laws that make efficiency impossible.

To avoid any misunderstanding as to our highway engineers, let me, in this connection, bear witness to the devotion and ability of those with whom I have been thrown in contact. There are, of course, lamentable exceptions, but as a whole they are morally and technically of higher class than one would expect under the conditions. There is, however, little organization, no recognized standard of qualifications, and practically no interstate co-operation. Road societies there are, but these are organized to "boost" the cause of roads and only incidentally to afford technical training and interchange of data.

The very evident cure for our present evils and the best provision for the future is such legislation as will establish in each State a highway force that will command respect and confidence in its ability. We must then state our problem, and this, too, will generally require legislation. Even in the smallest and in the sparsely settled States the cost and importance of the work will warrant thorough preparatory study. But little of this has been done. We have tackled the job of improving our roads with an insouciance that would be almost laughable if its results were less ominous. Few, if any, States have any accurate idea of their country-road mileage, much less of its proper and economical development, and, I may add, practically none at all of the ultimate cost nor of the duration of the period of improvement. Yet all these can at least be approximately ascertained, and the public which pays the bill is entitled to the information. We are, however, embarked on a programme involving an unknown expenditure for an unknown period, and we do not know what we shall have at the end. If we are to accomplish anything we must "size up" our job and, remembering Davy Crockett's advice before it is too late, be sure we are right before we go much further.

For this purpose we should lay out a road system for each State. Such a system will include roads of all classes. If national roads become a fact they will form a separate class. There will also be the main lines of intra-State traffic, then roads of secondary importance furnishing the principal feeder lines for the State highways and connecting towns of secondary importance, and, lastly, the lesser roads corresponding to the capillaries in the system of blood circulation. Each of these classes will call for different features of design and for different types of paving. For our greatest roads it would seem that the best will be none too good, for the smallest our means will demand that we adopt the most economical construction. Without thorough preliminary study and planning we shall, beyond doubt, build roads, some insufficient for their loads and others more costly than their traffic will warrant. I

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may here point out that the permanent investment in a road is made up of the cost of the right of way and of grading. Drainage works and foundation courses may be or may not be permanent; the same is true of bridges; but surfaces are never permanent. If, however, we secure enough land and grade it properly at the outset, our investment to that extent is secure. Land can always be had more cheaply before improvement than for subsequent widening and straightening. Regrading disturbs conditions along the road, inflicting at times considerable loss, and disturbs more or less previous work. Hence, it is wasteful and should be avoided by giving location and grading full consideration in the original design. This consideration cannot be given without knowledge as to the importance of the road. Our railroads have found that on main trunk lines it pays to reduce grades and eliminate curves at almost any cost. "Mutatis mutandis," the same is true of the highway.

Our legislation should extend to all country roads. Streets present another problem. Just as physically and commercially all roads in a State form part of one system, so the State must provide that they be administered under uniform laws and in co-ordination. The public has a right to expect and the State should provide that every road be so kept as to give the best service of which it is capable.

There must be a strict, uniform, and scientific system of accounting and audit, including an accurate census of road traffic. The resulting data must be carefully analyzed to enable those in charge not only to make comparisons but also clearly to account for the discharge of the trust imposed on them.

We must, in all cases, have such elasticity in statutory provisions as will cut the red tape down to a minimum.

The importance of the work to be done will justify provisions that will make highway engineering a career that will attract and hold young men of ability and energy. Material of this character can be trained to high efficiency if politics be excluded, if promotion follow on proven fitness and discipline be rigidly enforced. All higher positions must be filled by promotion so as to exclude dilettanti administration and freak engineering and provide an incentive to continued effort. A force organized on these lines and public confidence therein are the important matters. Given these, the rest will follow. But such a force in any adequate number does not exist to-day, and it can only be created by establishing the proper conditions for its development and allowing sufficient time therefor. Even in such a small State as New Jersey, there would be needed for the State-wide oversight of roads more men than are fitted and available for the work. Even if men were available in sufficient numbers, they must be moulded into an organization, a living and growing organism with an "esprit de corps" and traditions.

This will require time. In almost every State that has taken up road-work seriously there is a nucleus around which the force necessary for State-wide administration can be gathered and trained.

Road-work calls for analytical study requiring the combination of experience, common sense, and technical training. It involves also, in the higher grades, difficult administrative work, which cannot be readily separated from the engineering and executive ability of no mean order. This always demands and must receive good pay. A high professional standard for such a force gives the members a pride in their organization and a confidence in its ability to do its work, without which it is useless to expect any full measure of success or of public trust. This latter, I repeat again, is essential to any satisfactory solution of our problem. Without it the public will not insist on the exclusion of politics from road-work, and before they will so insist the people must know that their business is being handled by experts and honest men.

The technical work to be performed by such a body should consist, in addition to the preliminary study needed for the laying out of road systems, of design, construction, and maintenance.

"Safety first," of which we have heard much of late, needed but little consideration in the road design of the ante-automobile age. Any road was safe enough if it was good enough. Guard-rails on high embankments, avoidance of sharp turns

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at the foot of steep grades, and a little care at approaches to bridges were enough to make a road reasonably safe at the speed and weights for which they were designed, say ten miles an hour and about three tons. It is no wonder that they have become "death-traps" when called on to carry traffic at 40 miles with maximum loads of from 12 to 15 tons. The solution of the guard-rail question is yet open. Any obstruction to the view within a distance of from 350 to 400 feet is highly dangerous. Curves on or at the lower end of steep grades, narrowness, excessive crown, unprotected ditches, badly placed trees or poles, and even the pipes often used to carry water across entrances, have become dangers that are taking a heavy toll of human life.

The most apparent dangers on our highways are the crossings over railroad and trolley tracks at grade. The elimination of these death-traps should never be overlooked. The cost of this work will form no small part of our future highway disbursements. Even when elimination is impossible, much may be done to decrease danger at crossings.

As to pavements, for minor roads this will always depend on the relative costs of locally available materials. Gravel, oyster-shells, and macadam will probably always be able to provide for a considerable mileage of the lesser roads. Macadam with a blanket coat of tar or asphalt, well maintained, will carry a considerable traffic, but only at a fairly high maintenance cost. For more important roads Portland cement concrete and bituminous concretes seem the most promising solution. Block pavements, brick, wood, asphalt block, and granite on a concrete base will be required for the heaviest traffic and for such grades on bituminous concrete roads as may be found too steep for that material.

Roads must be designed for the speed and weights that will be used on them. Whether there be a statutory speed limit or not, it is not seriously regarded and will in time probably disappear. Any prudent designer to-day will count on not less than 40 miles. There is little use in providing a surface suited for such a speed without giving the corresponding widths and curvatures. Without knowledge of weights to be carried, bridge design is but guesswork. Pavements and foundation courses must also be suited to the weights to be carried. These should be regulated by legislation uniform in all the States. The paved way for important roads should not be less than 18 feet on tangents; curves should have radii of not less than 1,000 feet with increased widths of paved surface.

Grades are a matter of both economy and safety; with bituminous surfaces anything in excess of 5 per cent becomes too slippery for horses; automobiles will also skid dangerously thereon.

Many of the minor appurtenances of our roads deserve and should receive more thorough study than has generally been given them. Road signs, for example, should be legible from whatever side approached. Running beyond a sign before being able to read it destroys, to a great extent, its usefulness and is a source of actual danger. Dust in excessive quantities is not only a nuisance, but has become a serious danger.

The correct placing of shade-trees and the selection of the species used are matters of importance. Trees must not be placed so near the driveway as to be dangerous. The same is true of telegraph-poles, sign-posts, etc.

The military features of our roads have been all but entirely overlooked. A few years ago a request for the views and advice of the War Department met with a polite but entirely unenlightening answer. Strategically, roads must connect points of military importance. Tactically, they must be designed to carry necessary military traffic. In the light of the experience of the great war, this means that very heavy loads, guns of 6 and 8 inch calibre, heavy motor-trucks, high-speed cars, cavalry and infantry must be accommodated. Less than three lines of traffic will hardly meet the requirements. Nothing less than 30 feet of graded width will do. Bridges must also be strengthened. It may well be that screening will be required.

The designer must also carefully weigh the advantages of any proposed feature of design against its cost. He must bear in mind that the total road cost is divided into three parts: interest on the first cost;

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depreciation and up-keep, including the overhead charges due to administration, use of machinery, and, what is usually called the repair charge, the cost of the actual labor and materials used in repair. What he now has in most cases is the repair charge only and that without traffic data. This charge may be easily kept low by an expensive construction. It may well be that a low-priced road with comparatively high repair charge will be the cheapest solution. Yet, on the other hand, too cheap a construction is sure to prove wasteful. It can easily be imagined that the designer has ample field in which to show his ability.

We have generally built good roads as far as construction work is concerned. We have probably been a little too impatient for results and too easy-going to obtain all the accuracy in following a specification that we find abroad. Our inspection, too, in many cases, may have lacked in intelligence and thoroughness, but on the whole we have not done badly in this respect.

The up-keep of our roads has, on the whole, been disappointing. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions. If we are to have good roads we must provide a system that will make good minute defects as soon as they appear. This cannot be done without constant and competent inspection. The best way to provide this service will vary with roads of different materials and subject to different traffic intensities. Whatever method, however, is adopted, the importance of accurate accounting for all maintenance expenditures will remain undiminished. Such accounting in connection with traffic census furnishes the only test of the economy of road types and will supply indispensable data for scientific design. In the analysis of road accounts we must take account of speed as well as weight. As yet the unit giving the proper weight to each of these elements of wear has not been agreed on. The value of such a unit and of road accounts generally depends, in great measure, on uniformity of method.

Our task is such a huge one that for success we must have team-work. Our federal scheme of government is a hinderance in securing the interstate co-operation that the situation demands. It is not only in the planning of interstate lines of traffic and in securing uniform laws as to classification of vehicles and regulation of traffic that this need exists. We should have standardization of nomenclature so that, for instance, "improved road" will mean the same thing in Indiana and in New Jersey; standard system of road signs, standard methods of accounting, standard units of traffic and wear, and, in general, co-operation and co-ordination between our forty-eight State-road forces and the federal government.

That this co-ordination and the leadership needed for any team-work can be supplied only by the general government is, to my mind, the unanswerable argument for federal aid. The gain by united and concerted effort will be greater than that due to any federal appropriation.

The financial problem involved is by no means the least of the many road questions that we must settle. I have already estimated the job as involving 1,250,000 miles of road to be improved at a cost of about $10,000,000,000, and that it will take forty years to do this work. This is not all we shall have to finance. While building and after having finished the work, we shall have to keep up the roads already built. This will involve a tremendous outlay. The present total road repair charge in this country is unknown, but we do know that much of it is wasted on unintelligent work.

Our data are so insufficient that no satisfactory financial plan can be worked out in detail. Let us, however, try an illustration, using for this purpose the above assumptions as to cost and mileage of construction and distributing the work evenly over the estimated period of construction. Let us also assume that we are to-day spending on the road repairs $150,000,000 and that each new mile of road built will add $400 a year to our expenditure. Our construction will average 31,667 miles a year and will cost about $250,000,000. Our repair charge on present roads is, say, $150,000,000. Our yearly increase in repair charge will be 31,667 × $400, or about $12,500,000. Our first year's outlay would be $400,000,000.

If we build our average mileage each

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year, we would have spent in the forty years about $26,000,000,000.

We must evidently look to our sources of revenue. Benefits are conferred by road improvement on both the landowner and the user of the road. The former pays through the ordinary tax levy. The latter pays a so-called license fee for his automobile only and nothing for his horses. It seems rational to look to the business on the roads for part of the cost of building and maintaining them. Let us look for a moment at these costs.

At the prices now prevalent in the North Atlantic States, a mile of macadam road including a bituminous dressing can be built for about $12,000 where the grading and drainage are not excessive; the latter may increase the cost to $18,000 or more. Such a road can be maintained under an average daily load of 400 vehicles of mixed highway traffic, averaging about 1.7 tons in weight, at a yearly repair charge of about $600 a mile. To this yearly charge should be added about $200 as a depreciation charge to take care of extraordinary repairs which would be needed about once in five years. Add also 4 per cent interest on cost, or, say, $500, and we have a total yearly cost of $1,300 a mile. The yearly ton mileage would be 248,000. The cost divided by the ton mileage gives .524 of a cent per ton mile, or 89 cents per mile of the average vehicle. An automobile, therefore, making an average yearly mileage of 6,000 at an average weight of 3,400 pounds would receive a road service costing about $53.40 and would do approximately $33 worth of damage to roads of this character. For a team which, with its wagon, averages loaded and light about the same weight and does 1,500 miles a year the cost of service and damage done would be one-fourth (¼) of the above. In both cases no allowance is made for speed. Considering speed as a factor, the figures for automobiles would increase and for the horse-drawn traffic would decrease. There is no question that both classes of traffic receive benefits far in excess of the cost of service. The example chosen may represent heavier traffic and a more costly construction than the average. With lighter traffic and cheaper roads the ton-mile cost will tend to increase. Railroad experience leads to the same conclusion.

Now, going back to our very rough estimates as to yearly expenditures and as to increase in motor-vehicles, we should have at the end of five years of our construction a yearly outlay of about $450,000,000. We should also have about 6,000,000 motor-cars. The horse-drawn traffic, as I have said, is unknown. In New Jersey it seems to approximate about 40 per cent of the total. Remembering that New Jersey is pretty well automobilized and that many vehicles use more than one horse, let us assume for our present purposes a total of 6,000,000 teams or say 10,000,000 horses. (In 1914 there were 25,000,000 horses and mules on farms in the United States.) If the average automobile motor rates at 25 H. P. and we tax on H. P. basis at $1.50 a unit, we should raise from motor-vehicles $225,000,000 and from horses $15,000,000, a total of $240,000,000, or almost 55 per cent of our estimated outlay.

Enough has been said to outline roughly, indeed, the many and very serious problems suggested by a forecast of our road-work. The lesson to be drawn therefrom is the need of thorough organization of our road forces and of careful preliminary study. The interests affected are among the most important to the welfare of the nation. The investment will be gigantic in size, but can be made to return a benefit far beyond its cost if we will handle it as a business proposition. If, on the other hand, we rush into work of unparalleled magnitude without adequate preparation, if we continue to intrust its execution to men unskilled in the work, chosen mainly on account of past political services and lacking public confidence, and if we keep changing them as various parties may command popular pluralities, we shall pay the price of our folly.

To those acquainted with the political conditions affecting not only our roads but our whole system of government, the remedy proposed may seem to belong to the land of dreams and ideals. I cannot see why what has been accomplished in removing our schools out of politics and in providing a trained staff and proper

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material cannot also be repeated in the case of our roads. I will cheerfully plead guilty to any charge of being a "bull" on the prospects of these United States and on the ability of my fellow citizens to organize and put through any job from the Panama Canal up. If, however, I am wrong, if in work of such vital importance we cannot rid ourselves of political interference, if we cannot find ways to do the job thoroughly, it would seem that the time has come for us to admit that, however well our democratic system may have been suited to a small community living under the most simple conditions, it cannot provide the necessary government for a highly organized world power. This I, for one, am not ready to admit.

MOTORING THROUGH PORTO RICO

BY A. HYATT VERRILL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PORTO RICO has frequently been called the "Isle of Enchantment" or the "Treasure Isle," but it would be far more appropriate to call it the "Isle of Good Roads." Although but eighty-five miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, this little island can boast of over eight hundred miles of perfect automobile roads, which encircle the island, connect all the important towns, and form a network over which the island's products and imports are carried by bull carts, mule teams, and auto-trucks.

While the Americans have done much to beautify and improve the island, yet we cannot claim the honor of having first paved the way for Porto Rico's wonderful road system. It is true that we have built many roads and have constructed splendid bridges, but the wonderful Military Road—the best and most important highway of the island—is to-day the same famous road constructed by the Spaniards and will ever remain an enduring monument to the engineering skill and far-sightedness of Spanish engineers.

With its splendid roads, its wonderful fertility, its magnificent scenery, and its healthy, pleasant climate, Porto Rico offers an exceptionally attractive field for autoists. It is easily reached by a pleasant four or five day sail on comfortable steamers, and there are no vexatious customs, expensive crating, or other inconveniences attached to transporting an automobile from the United States to our West Indian colony.

The steamships of the New York and Porto Rico line make a specialty of carrying automobiles, and accept them uncrated and ready to run, the only requirement being that the gasolene must be drawn off from the tanks. On some of the ships the machines are run directly into the hold through a side port, while on the smaller ships the machines are hoisted aboard with specially designed slings and placed in the hold beneath the hatches. As machines thus shipped are taken at owner's risk, it is well to insure expensive cars, and, to prevent rust or corrosion by salt air, covers should be placed over the brass or nickel work.

On arrival at Porto Rico an insular license is required before the car is used. This is obtained at the Intendencia Building on the Plaza Principal at San Juan. The fee is five dollars a year for any private machine, but a special transient license may be procured for two dollars per month. The automobile laws are very lenient in Porto Rico, the speed being unlimited in outlying districts, and at each town or village a sign is placed beside the road directing drivers to reduce speed to sixteen kilometres per hour. When leaving a machine in a town a boy or some other person should be left in charge, as

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there is an ordinance forbidding drivers to leave machines unattended on the streets.

Garages, repair-shops, accessory dealers, and automobile agencies are numerous throughout the island, and charges are very reasonable, and the work is as good as in New York. Gasolene costs from twenty-four to fifty cents per gallon, depending upon the locality, most of the coast towns charging the lower rate, while the distant interior towns charge as high as sixty cents. For this reason the autoist in Porto Rico should always carry an extra tank or tin of gasolene when starting on an extended trip, for the climate and the mountain grades eat up fuel very rapidly and a car will seldom give more than two-thirds as much mileage to the gallon as in the United States. A large portion of the traffic and freighting in Porto Rico is carried on by automobile, and a constant stream of pleasure-cars, trucks, and public buses is met wherever one travels. Several regular lines of automobiles are operated on the island and the cars make daily trips over scheduled runs, while others may be rented by the day or hour. Even about San Juan itself the autoist can find much of interest, and the various historical spots, quaint and picturesque parts of the town, and the well-stocked shops and stores may all be reached with less exertion and in greater comfort in an automobile than by any other means.

Every one drives with the top up in Porto Rico, for the sun beats down with true tropical fervor and showers are so frequent and so sudden that some protection is always necessary. The autoist, accustomed to driving his car through our broad American streets and around our ample corners will at first find it quite a task to turn and twist through the busy traffic of Porto Rico's capital, especially as little dependence can be placed upon the gestures and signals of the denim-clad traffic officers. These police mean well, and no doubt in their own minds they know full well what their motions are intended to convey, but they do not speak English, and if slightly excited or hurried they are as likely to use Spanish as English signals, or, worse yet, a mixture of both. If one sees an officer frantically grasping at the air in the direction of an approaching machine it signifies that the way is clear, for the odd motion is the Spanish equivalent for beckoning. On the other hand, a gentle wiggling of the finger-tips does not of necessity mean to proceed, for to the Spanish-American this gesture means to wait. Moreover, in rounding corners do not hug the right-hand curb too closely or swing too far to the opposite side if turning to the left. If you follow out this accustomed procedure you may run down the innocent guardian of the peace, for Porto Rican police have a peculiar habit of stepping to one side or the other of the street as a vehicle turns, instead of maintaining post in the centre of things.

In Porto Rico one may leave a machine on either side of the street or road regardless of the direction in which it is headed, for the law merely requires drivers to place their cars "as near the edge of the highway as possible." In certain sections of the streets in San Juan one-way traffic rules are maintained, and the newcomer should take care not to travel west on a street devoted to easterly traffic, or vice versa. Unfortunately, these streets are not posted at every corner, and the stranger is quite apt to turn into such a thoroughfare in perfect innocence, only to be held up and ordered back by a policeman, and, as turning about in these narrow streets is impossible, the unfortunate driver may be compelled to reverse through several hundred yards of closely packed vehicles or even up some steep and narrow hill—for San Juan's streets are mostly hills, and steep hills at that.

The police, as a rule, however, are very courteous and obliging, and realize that strangers cannot be expected to know all the ins and outs of the local vehicle laws, and arrests for petty or unintentional violations of the law seldom or never occur.

Outside of the town and the urban speed-limit lines there is no trouble, for each traveller uses his or her own best judgment, and the common rules of the road hold good. The native Porto Rican chauffeurs are reckless, daredevil drivers, and should be given a wide berth, especially on curves and near bridges, while the lumbering ox carts and huge autotrucks take plenty of time to get out of the way and cannot be frightened, bullied, or coaxed into prompt response to signal or horn.

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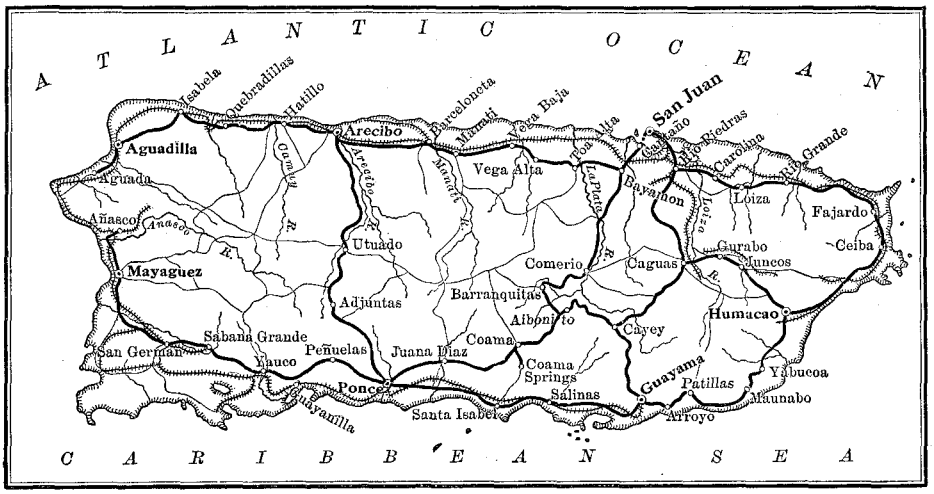
The most important and best-known road in Porto Rico is the famous Military Road, constructed by the Spaniards long before the American occupation, and still the best and most popular overland route from San Juan on the north to Ponce on the southeastern coast.

This splendid macadam highway leads across the very centre or backbone of the island and passes through many interesting interior towns, through rich agricultural districts, and through magnificent passes over this road, for it is the sole and only highway leading from the capital. Great, lumbering bull carts, pannier-laden horses, six-mule army wagons, huge auto-trucks, and two-wheeled, horse-drawn drays are passed by scores, while barefooted natives laden with trays and baskets of vegetables, fruits, eggs, live fowl, and every imaginable native product give a touch of character and local color to the throngs. Queerest of all, however, are the funny little stores on wheels, some



Map of Porto Rico showing motor routes.

mountain scenery. Leaving San Juan, a splendid asphalt boulevard leads past the railway station, the Y. M. C. A. building, and the theatre, passing under the frowning walls of old Fort San Cristobal and to the little outlying suburb of Puerta Tierra. At this point the true Military Road commences, and a mile or so beyond crosses the splendid San Antonio bridge with the quaint fort of San Geronimo to the left and the half-hidden remains of the old walls and moats to the right. Crossing the bridge the island of San Juan is left behind and the mainland of Porto Rico is reached at the pretty residential suburb of Santurce. This comparatively new section is very attractive, with its numerous handsome concrete houses, its fine hotels, and its palm-embowered gardens, while the never-ending procession of people, vehicles, and animals upon the road is most interesting. From all the interior districts the traffic to San Juan made in the forms of miniature houses—chimneys and all—others fashioned in the shape of steamships, others like little trolley-cars, but each and every one filled with bottles of soft drinks, odd cakes, loaves of bread, or other simple commodities, and each of the owners literally doing a "pushing business."

Beyond Santurce the road curves through broad meadows covered with cocoanut groves, over the beautiful Martin Peña bridge, through the outlying barrio of Hato Rey, and at last enters the little town of Rio Piedras.

This town is far more Spanish-American in appearance than San Juan, but possesses all the modern improvements and has many new and handsome buildings, while the Capuchin Monastery, the Municipal Hospital, the Insular Normal School, and the University of Porto Rico are all situated here, as well as the reservoir from which San Juan derives its

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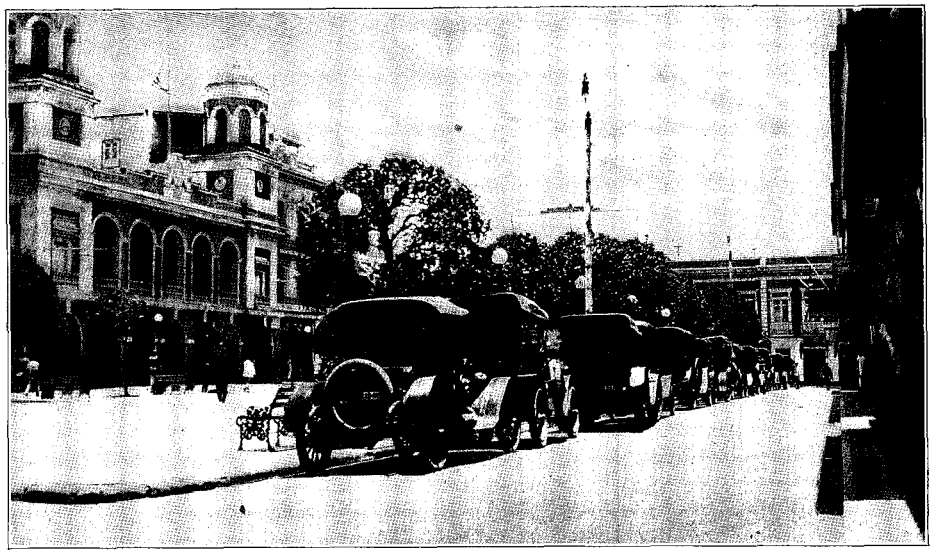

The Plaza Principal at San Juan.

water-supply and the repair-shops of the Caguas Railway and the San Juan trolley-line. The old summer palace of the Spanish governors-general of Porto Rico was formerly at Rio Piedras, but the buildings have been demolished and the grounds converted into a public park and botanical garden. The Military Road continues straight through the town and extends across an almost level plain, while to south and east the foot-hills rise in broken spurs and cone-shaped eminences, gradually rising higher and more rugged to the towering mountains of the Luquilla range, with their cloud-wreathed summits purple and hazy in the distance. Soon the road commences to ascend the hills, winding by graceful curves and easy grades, the road-bed always smooth, always well kept, and in many places with an asphalt surface, and gradually mounting higher and higher, but so gradually that one scarcely realizes there is any grade whatever.

Here and there along the roadside great feathery clumps of bamboo wave and rustle in the breeze, while towering royal palms shade the highway, and through the foliage one glimpses deep valleys and steep hillsides, all clothed in rich green verdure, with picturesque thatched huts nestling half-hidden among the banner-like leaves of plantains and bananas.

Each moment new and more lovely scenery opens to the view, until, swinging about a curve and crossing an ancient Spanish bridge, the half-way house of La Muda is reached, and a little later the last rise is topped and one looks down upon the magnificent Caguas valley, with the little red-roofed town nestling in the midst of broad cane and tobacco fields between the silver ribbons of the Turabo and Caguas Rivers.

Caguas is a thriving town of some twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, situated about twenty-five miles from San Juan, and in the centre of a rich tobacco district. On every hand stretch the broad tobacco-fields, the great thatched drying-sheds standing in their midst, while during growing time the ground appears as if covered with snow, owing to the immense areas of cheese-cloth stretched above the fields. There are a number of large tobacco warehouses and packing-houses at Caguas, and a visit to one of these is well worth while.

Caguas has well-kept streets and shops, two hotels, several restaurants, a pretty plaza, and a picturesque church. One of the finest of the insular schools is in this town, and in addition there are fourteen graded and eleven rural schools, a good library, a hospital, a splendid water system, and electric lights in all the houses and streets. A telephone-line connects the town with the rest of the island, a railway runs to Rio Piedras, and in every

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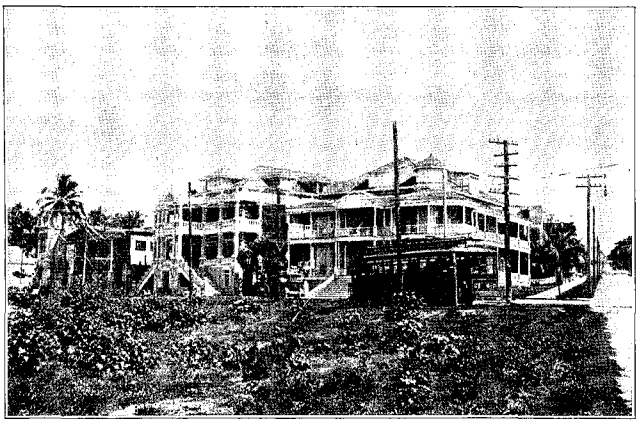
way the people are provided with modern appliances, conveniences, and improvements.

Beyond Caguas the road crosses a fairly level valley, the roadside bordered by glorious, scarlet-flowered Poinciana-



Santurce with its American hotels.

trees, forming an arch of living fire and casting welcome shade across the highway. Beyond the confines of the circular valley the road again ascends the farther foothills, and presently we find ourselves winding round and round the mountainside in sweeping serpentine curves. In a few minutes we rise far above the valley and look down upon silvery rivers, broad green fields, verdure-filled valleys, and palm-clothed hillsides far beneath us. Ever upward climbs the road, crossing deep barrancas on ancient Spanish bridges, swinging around the very brinks of precipices, turning in sharp, hairpin curves around jutting mountain spurs and beetling cliffs—a marvel of engineering skill and as smooth, well-kept, and hard-surfaced as a city boulevard.

While the grade is at no place sharp, yet the ascent of the mountain is accomplished in fifteen miles, and at the crest of the ridge the road has risen two thousand feet above the valley, and one's ears ring and hum with the change of atmospheric pressure.

As the mountain top is approached beautiful tree-ferns appear beside the roadway, while tropic vegetation of innumerable forms—air-plants, orchids, trailing ferns, and gorgeous flowers—greets the traveller at every turn. Once over the summit of the divide the road leads rapidly downward to a smiling green valley, within which lies the little town of Cayey, with the immense military barracks prominent upon a low hilltop in the foreground.

Cayey, founded in 1774, is situated at an elevation of about one thousand three hundred feet above the sea. The town is cool, healthy, and clean, and is devoted to coffee and tobacco growing, and although picturesque and quaint is of little interest to tourists. Leaving behind the rough and uneven streets of this mountain town, the traveller soon commences the ascent of a second range of mountains even loftier than the one over which he has just passed.

Native hut and "pushing store," Bayamon.

At every turn one marvels at the stupendous labor which must have been expended in constructing the road, while the glorious panorama is beyond all description.

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San Juan harbor with the plaza in the foreground.

Creeping around precipitous mountain-sides, skirting cliffs and precipices, stretching across narrow "hogback" ridges, but ever climbing upward, the road stretches, until at an altitude of nearly three thousand feet one looks down upon Aibonito sleeping on a green and rolling plain girt round with lofty mountain peaks. Aibonito, at an altitude of some two thousand feet above the sea, is an important coffee and tobacco town, with hospitals, hotels, many schools, and well-kept streets and stores.

Beyond the town the road again climbs upward through dense groves of coffee, riotous tropical vegetation, and deep, wooded ravines, until at Aibonito Pass, three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, we look upon a scene of marvellous beauty, vast mountain heights, and magnificent distances. On every hand stretch rich green valleys, towering peaks, and verdure-covered hills. In the dim and shadowy depths of cool ravines we catch glimpses of sparkling mountain streams; tiny wattled huts peep from bowers of bananas and palms, or perch on the very brinks of dizzy precipices, and, turning southward, we see the distant Caribbean Sea, a line of shimmering blue beyond the far-off hazy foot-hills.

Insular police.

From this lofty mountain pass the

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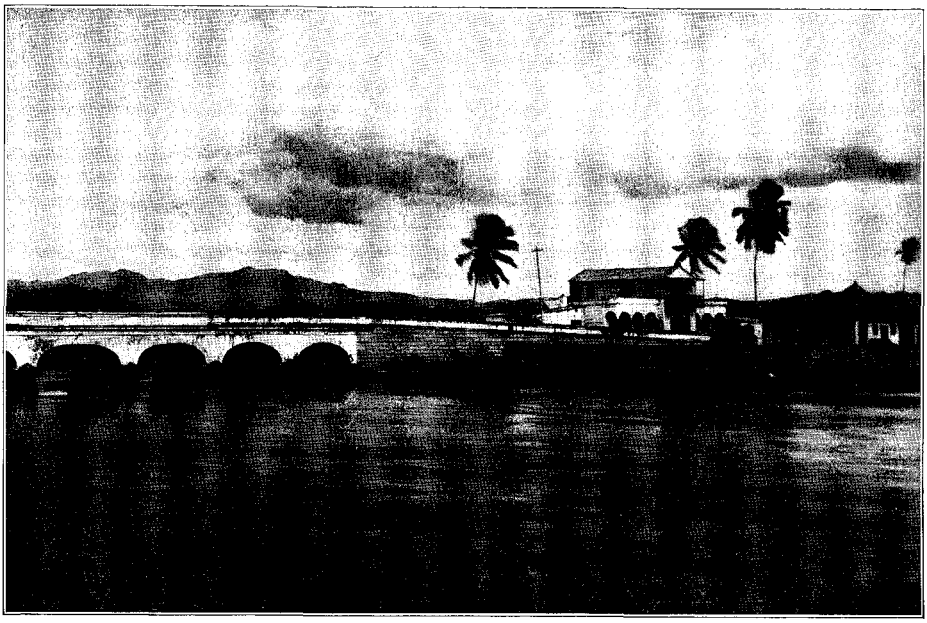

Martin Peña bridge, Rio Piedras.

road dips sharply down in marvellous, sinuous curves, sharp turns, and spiral twists, and within six miles Coamo is reached, a bare five hundred feet above sea-level. Coamo, founded in 1606, has a hospital, many schools, a splendid water system, a pretty plaza, neat houses, and well-kept streets, and produces coffee, sugar, fruits, and vegetables. The traveller in Porto Rico will soon notice that all these smaller interior towns look much alike. There are always the same straight, well-kept main streets, the narrower, rougher cross streets, the bright-tinted stucco and concrete houses, the same red-tiled roofs, and invariably a central open square or plaza with the attendant church. But in one feature each and every town is distinct, for no two of the churches are alike, and any town on the island may be readily identified by its church.

A few miles from Coamo are the famed Coamo Springs, the waters of which are noted for their wonderful medicinal properties. Here there are a large and splendidly equipped hotel, a sanitarium, and baths which are the Mecca of all Porto Ricans afflicted with rheumatic and other ailments.

Old Spanish bridge near La Muda.

The descent from Aibonito Pass to the lowlands of the southern slopes is marked by great changes in the vegetation, and as

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one travels onward toward Ponce moss, ferns, and other tropical growths disappear, and the tourist passes through a scene which reminds one of a New England road through the Berkshires or the Litchfield Hills. Thick, leafy trees have replaced the tree-ferns, palms and bamboo have disappeared, broad-spreading shade-trees border the roadside, and on every hand stretch meadows, plains, and hillsides covered with a dense growth of waving green grass wherein sleek cattle and quiet ponies graze in peace. Soon we pass through the little town of Juana Diaz, and a little later we cross the level coastal plain beneath long arches of glorious Poinciana-trees and speed over the perfect macadam road which leads to the outlying streets of Ponce.

Tobacco-fields under cheese-cloth, Cayey.

Compared with San Juan there is little of interest in Ponce, but it is so distinctive in character and so different from the capital that a day or so may be profitably spent in the town. There are several good hotels in Ponce, the best and most expensive being the Frances, while the Melia and Inglaterra are clean, comfortable, and entirely satisfactory if one cares for Spanish cooking and native dishes.

Ponce is so utterly distinct in appearance from San Juan that it might well be in a different country. San Juan is built on a hillside and there is scarcely a level street in the town, while three, four, or even six story buildings give it a modern appearance. Ponce, on the other hand, is level as a floor and not a hilly street can be seen, while buildings of more than two stories in height are rare. In character Ponce is decidedly more Spanish-American and in many ways is more attractive. The streets are fairly wide and are mainly smooth and well kept, the town is regularly laid out, and the buildings, of Spanish architecture and tinted in bright colors, give the town a tropical, foreign atmosphere that is quite lacking in more Americanized San Juan. The climate, however, is far hotter than in the capital, and little relief from the heat is afforded by the nights, although the sea-breezes prevail throughout the greater portion of the year. The large, shaded plaza forms the central feature of the city, with an ornamental kiosk in which the band plays in the evening, an imposing cathedral, and a fearfully and wonderfully designed and marvellously painted fire-engine house.

This odd structure is perhaps the most

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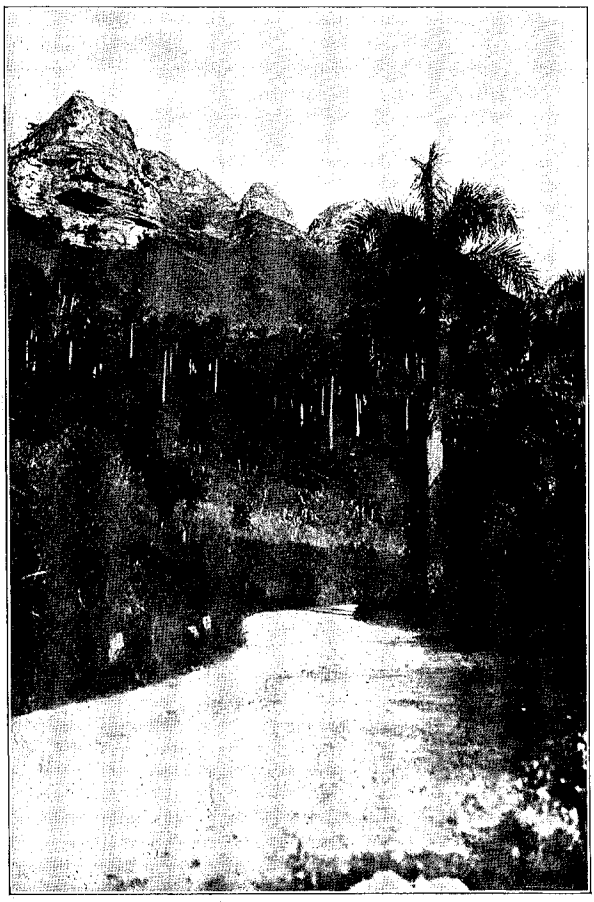

The Arecibo road.

Although Ponce is both industrially and commercially one of the foremost cities on the island and is the shipping port for the principal coffee and sugar districts, the casual visitor sees little of its commerce or business. This is due to the fact that the "playa," or shore, and the docks, or "muelle," are at some two miles from the centre of the town and are reached by trolley or a broad macadam highroad.

Ponce has many magnificent private residences, several hospitals and asylums, numerous clubs, telephone and electric-light systems, an ice factory, cigar and cigarette factories, a hippodrome and baseball ground, and a splendid theatre known as "La Perla." The people are pleasant, sociable, and hospitable, and are passionately fond of flowers. There is scarce a patio, balcony, or garden that is not gorgeous with blooming shrubs and vines, tropical flowers and palms. The climate seems very favorable to vegetation, and the visitor is filled with wonder at seeing the telegraph and telephone wires everywhere covered with a luxuriant growth of orchid-like air-plants which grow in bunches and

striking feature of Ponce. Situated at one corner of the plaza and painted in brilliant red, blue, black, and white, it attracts attention immediately. The fire department consists of hand-engines and hose-carts, and the "bomberos," or firemen, stand about in the palpitating heat clothed in red-flannel shirts, enormous helmets, and jack-boots, expectantly waiting for a fire. As there are sometimes as many as five fires a year, patience must be the prime requisite in securing an appointment to the Ponce fire brigade.

Tree-ferns on the Arecibo road.

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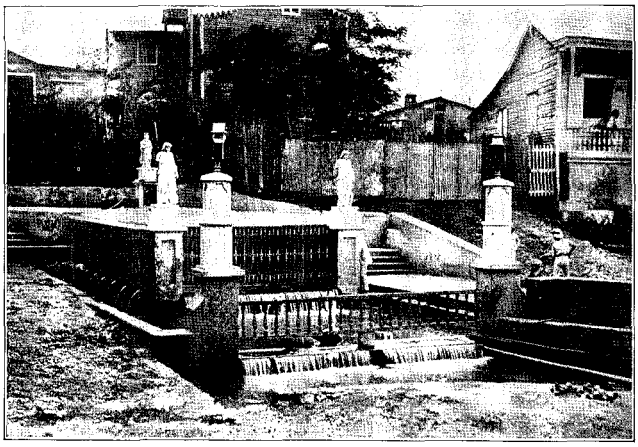
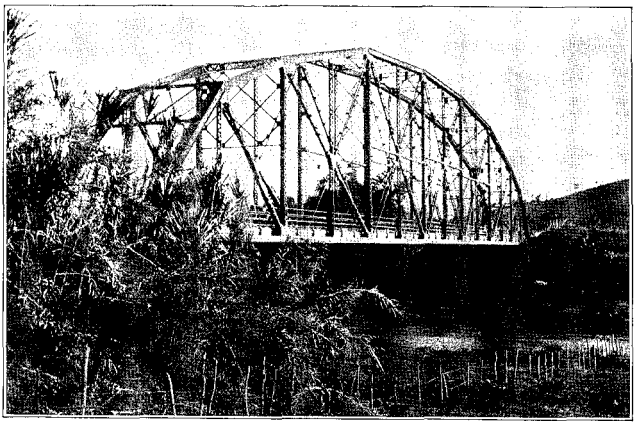
give the wires the appearance of being decorated with innumerable birds' nests.

From Ponce the autoist may select numerous routes to other towns. To the west a road leads through Penuelas, Yauco, Sabana Grande, San German, and other towns to Mayaguez. To the north a splendid highway carries the tourist through Adjuntas and Utuado to Arecibo, while easterly one may travel through the shore towns to Guayama and Humacao and from either of these towns turn inland to Cayey or Caguas. The Mayaguez road is not of the best, and the country through which it passes is rather flat, uninteresting, and monotonous, and if one is limited for time the trip may well be omitted. The Arecibo road is very beautiful and, if possible, the trip should be taken, for it carries one through some of the few remaining patches of virgin forest on the island.

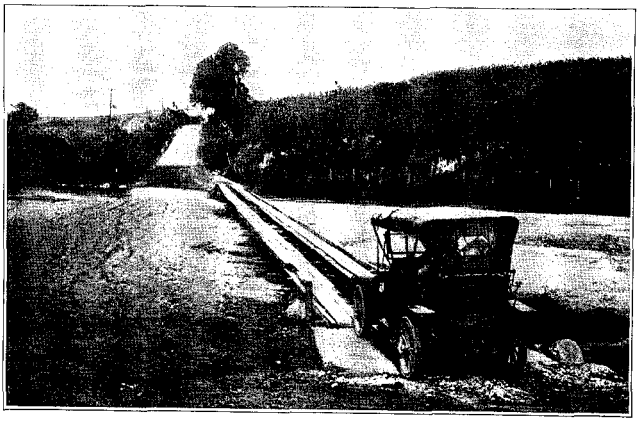
Some twelve miles from Ponce the road passes through Adjuntas, a little mountain town at an elevation of one thousand seven hundred feet above the sea and in the midst of a great coffee district. Adjuntas is located in a charming valley surrounded by lofty mountains some three thousand feet in height, and from some of these the traveller may gaze north upon the Atlantic, and by turning about may



Columbus spring, "Ojo de Agua," Aguadilla.



Rio Plata bridge near Gurabo.



Bridge across the Rio Grande at Juncos.

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look upon the Caribbean to the south, while to east and west and stretching from coast to coast is the whole vast panorama of the island spread like a map beneath one's feet.

From Adjuntas the road climbs steadily upward over even loftier heights to Utuado, a thriving town of thirty thousand inhabitants, lighted by electricity, with a splendid water-supply, hospitals, a library, and fifty-one public schools. In this district the mountain scenery is very grand and rugged, and many naked rocky peaks may be seen projecting far above the masses of verdure, while dashing mountain streams foam in roaring cataracts amid the luxurious tropical vegetation of shadowy ravines.

Between Utuado and Arecibo the scenery is also beautiful, while Arecibo itself is a very old and interesting town and well worth a visit. It was founded in 1537, has a population of about forty-three thousand, and is probably the most typically Spanish-American town on the island. In former years the town was surrounded by extensive swamps which are now being drained and converted into excellent sugar plantations.

From Arecibo the autoist may turn westward to Aguadilla, or eastward and to San Juan through Manati, Vega Baja, and Bayamon. The latter trip traverses a rich tobacco and fruit growing district, but the road is flat and the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. The Aguadilla road is also of little interest, although Aguadilla itself is so intimately associated with Columbus and the early history of Porto Rico that many people find it very interesting. It was here that the great discoverer first landed on the island and from a spring which gushed forth filled his water-casks. The spring, which is known as the "Ojo de Agua," is now covered by an ornate commemorative fountain. Aguadilla is a town of some twenty-two thousand inhabitants and has a delightful climate with a refreshing ocean breeze during the day and cool nights. The surrounding country is very densely populated, and is cultivated in coffee, cane, tobacco, oranges, pineapples, and other fruits.

The Comerio road . . . rises and falls over low, rolling hills.—Page 204.

Another very interesting trip from Ponce is the Guayama-Humacao road, which passes along the southern coast and through Caguas to San Juan. For many miles after leaving Ponce this road runs through a flat plain which is of a very different character from any other part of the island. In many places there are exten-

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Comerio-Barranquitas, near Comerio.

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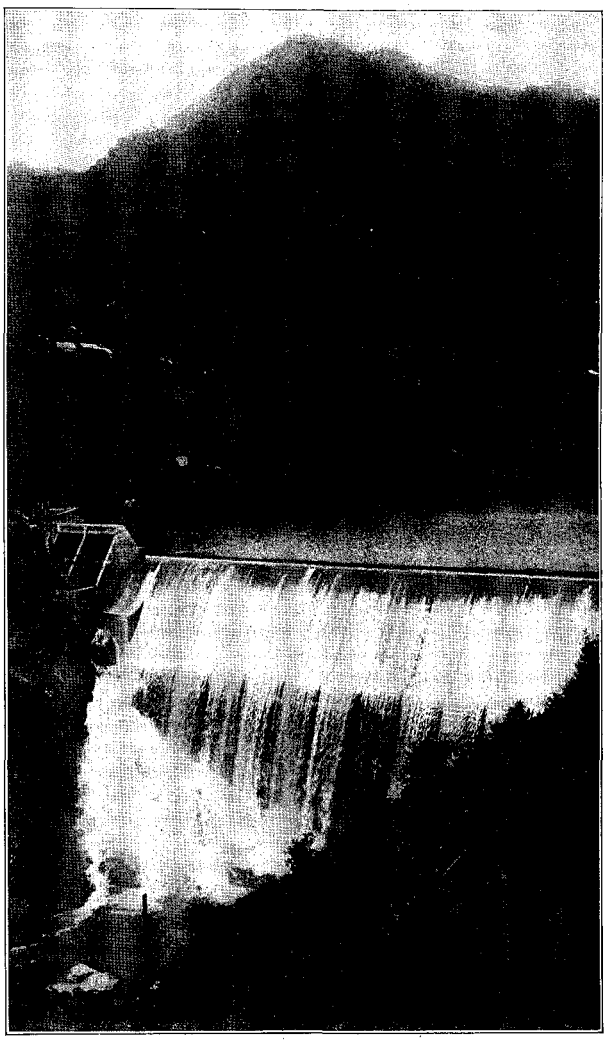
sive salt deserts on which thorny scrub and giant cacti grow in profusion, thus giving the land the appearance of a bit of Arizona or New Mexico rather than of the West Indies. Farther on these sterile lands give way to enormous cane-fields that stretch for miles from the level road to the distant mountains, while here and there huge "centrals," or sugar-mills, rear their great chimneys far above the waving cane. For nearly fifty miles the road lies level and smooth as a floor, following close along the shore, the white beaches shaded by rows of feathery cocoa-palms, with the turquoise sea beyond and the Berberia and Muertos Islands in the distance.

In many places one sees the great irrigation system that was designed to transform these sun-scorched, dry southern lands into fertile cane plantations, and many interesting little towns and villages are passed. Salinas with its neat and attractive school and shaded streets, Santa Isabel with its beautiful, palm-encircled plaza, and thriving, many-tinted Guayama with its great domed church. Here the road branches and the traveller may strike inland over a splendid highway to



Comerio Dam.

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Royal palms on the hillside near Comerio.

Cayey or may continue onward to Humacao and hence to Caguas. The scenery between Guayama and Cayey is very attractive, with glimpses of sea, valley, and mountain, wonderful shadowy gorges and dizzy heights, but the Humacao route has more variety and, in the mind of the writer, is the better road to follow, although several good-sized rivers must be forded.

Leaving Guayama the road passes through Patillas and Arroyo, the latter of interest as having been the first place to employ the telegraph in Porto Rico, a line having been installed by Samuel F. B. Morse while on a visit to members of his family who were interested in a neighboring sugar estate. From Patillas the road gradually ascends the side of a cliff, and for some miles the tourist travels along the brink of a precipice with the white, palm-bordered beach beneath him and the wonderfully blue sea stretching away to the dim and wraith-like form of Culebra Island to the southeast. Rounding the last cliff the road descends to a broad and fertile valley and soon afterward passes through the town of Maunabo. Beyond this little town the highway climbs up the mountains, winding around and about and affording most charming vistas of deep valleys, lofty peaks, and tumbling mountain streams. Beyond the crest of the ridge the road sweeps in great serpentine turns down to the lovely valley of Yabucoa. Here it is necessary to make a détour through the grounds of the "Central Mercedes" and across the private bridge in order to avoid fording the river, which is usually impassable for autos. Beyond Yabucoa the road is splendid to Humacao save for several small rivers which must be forded, but only one of these—in the very outskirts of Humacao—is apt to be at all troublesome.

Humacao is a beautifully situated and rather attractive town and has a very good hotel—the Hotel Maxim—where one may stop without discomfort. From Humacao the road passes through some very attractive mountain scenery to Juncos, where the river is crossed on a remarkable bridge consisting of two parallel planks supported on short posts, and hence to Gurabo over the splendid iron bridge across the Rio Grande, with its lush meadows and bamboo groves, and hence to Caguas.

There are so many splendid roads and such a wealth of beautiful scenery in Porto Rico that it is difficult to say which route is the most attractive. If you can

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make but a single trip, by all means take the San Juan-Ponce road across the island and return via Guayama, but for a short one-day trip none is more desirable than the so-called Comerio road. Leaving San Juan by the ferry, which sails hourly from the slip near the new Federal Building, we cross the bay and land at Cantaño, a typical West Indian hamlet surrounded by extensive mangrove swamps. From Cantaño the road crosses the swamps on a high and broad causeway and leads to the town of Bayamon. This town is noteworthy as having been founded in 1509 by Ponce de Leon, and, moreover, is close to the site of the first settlement in Porto Rico—the "Villa de Caparra," which later became the capital of the island and was known as the "City of Puerto Rico." In 1521 the site was abandoned and the settlers moved across the bay and founded the present city of San Juan. The country surrounding Bayamon is mainly devoted to fruit culture and is being rapidly developed by American planters who ship large quantities of grapefruit, oranges, and pineapples. Bayamon itself is prosperous and progressive, with an ice-plant, brick and match factories, electric lights, and an immense cigar factory which employs over one thousand people and turns out millions of cigars monthly.

At Bayamon the road forks, the right-hand road leading along the coast to Arecibo, while the left-hand branch, or Comerio road, turns inland and for several miles rises and falls over low, rolling hills until the Rio Plata bridge is crossed. Here the highway commences its upward climb over the mountains, following the valley, and with the gleaming Rio Plata tumbling seaward in its rock bed between the emerald mountainsides. Gradually the road mounts higher and higher above the river until the stream seems but a mere silver thread deep within its gorge. Presently one comes within sight of the great dam of the Porto Rico Lighting and Power Company, which furnishes the power for the trolley-lines and electric lights in many of the towns and cities of the island.

Entrance to Ponce.

Over the lofty dam an immense volume of water roars to the rocky bed far below, while above the vast artificial lake lies placid and calm between the towering mountains that surround it on every side.

A few miles above this beautiful lake Comerio is reached—a mountain town of some twelve thousand inhabitants for-

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merly known as "Sabana del Palma," or Palm Meadow, owing to the numerous groves of royal palms on the neighboring hillsides. From Comerio the road winds about the precipitous mountainsides, rounding jutting promontories, clinging like a twining vine to the cliffs and by wonderful curves and marvellous feats of engineering surmounting the mountains, while at every turn the traveller gazes into vast gorges on one side and looks upward to cloud-topped peaks on the other.

When at last the devious windings, hair-pin turns, and innumerable loops come to an end and the traveller emerges upon the wind-swept mountain-top he feels well repaid for the trip by the glorious panorama stretching away in every direction—a view unequalled in any other portion of the island: a marvellous array of rugged, towering peaks, deep valleys, broad plateaus, and terrific gorges of a thousand tints of green; golden in the sunshine, indigo beneath the shadows of passing clouds, and opalescent, purple, mauve, and lavender in the distance. From this highest point the road swings in broad curves through groves of coffee, tangled jungles of tropical plants, and immense groves of royal palms to Barranquitas, known as the coolest town on the island and the centre of the coffee district. Here in the evening overcoats and blankets are in order and even at midday the air is deliciously cool. From Barranquitas the road descends somewhat, passes through deep shady groves of coffee and tangled tropical vegetation, and emerges on the main military road a mile or two above Aibonito.

To describe in detail every automobile road on the island or even to attempt to convey an adequate idea of the charm and novelty of touring Porto Rico by auto is impossible. It is not alone the natural scenery that attracts nor the splendid roads nor even the balmy air and tropic vegetation, but in addition a wonderfully fascinating and indefinable sensation of being in some remote corner of the world or on another planet. It is hard indeed to realize that one is still on American soil and scarcely farther from New York than Des Moines, Ia. Moreover, there is a charm in the incongruity one meets at every turn. We speed in high-powered automobiles over roads and bridges built by Spanish slaves three hundred years ago, the grim old battle-scarred walls of Christobal and Morro echo to the clang of trolley-cars and shriek of locomotive-whistle, thundering auto-trucks crowd ancient, lumbering bull-carts to one side, while barefooted peons till their land with crooked sticks across the road from huge steam-ploughs. On every hand the old rubs elbows with the new, there is no intermediate state, there has been no transition period. The space of four centuries has been bridged almost in a night. Between the ancient and the modern, Porto Rico is being ground as between two millstones, to emerge—let us hope—with a new civilization, a new prosperity, and the brilliant future which she so justly deserves.

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AMERICAN MOTORS AND THE WAR

BY CHARLES A. SELDEN

EVEN the epigrams have failed to stand the test of the world's greatest war. Napoleon's remark that an army travels on its stomach must be revised to read that an army travels on its gasolene.

The gasolene makes better and surer provision for the army's stomach than it ever had before. The troops have suffered many new horrors that soldiers of previous generations never dreamed of (asphyxiation, for example), but the familiar old story of scant food or bad food has no place in the present-day reports from the front, from any of the fronts, thanks to the unfailing supply made possible by the motor-truck convoys. Thanks also to the same new but perfected method of transportation, there is no shortage of the figurative food for cannon in an emergency calling for the quick shift of a body of men from one point in the line to another. And with them goes the literal food of the cannon in the shape of adequate stores of ammunition.

Again, to enumerate at the outset all of the four chief things to be credited to the motor-truck, thousands of lives, otherwise lost, have been saved by the ever-ready ambulances which have wrought as wonderful an advance in the humane work of warfare as in its capacity for destruction.

Geese may or may not have saved Rome, but the honking taxicabs and motor-buses of Paris saved the capital of France, for without them the armies of General Joffre could not have been strengthened to the winning-point for the great test of the battle of the Marne.

Whether or no it was the result of that wonderful demonstration of the efficiency in war of power-driven vehicles, it was about that time that orders from England, France, and Russia began to pour in for American-made motor-trucks. And thereby hangs the story of a new export trade for this country, created overnight, a trade already representing many millions of dollars and with the end, not even the peak, in sight; in fact, a trade that may permanently survive the war, that surely is destined to continue in great volume through Europe's period of reconstruction after peace is declared.

Figures are significant. In the course of the first complete year following the war, that is, the twelve months beginning August 1, 1914, there were 16,415 motor-trucks, valued at $45,835,283, exported from this country, practically all of them for the Allies. In the preceding year only 1,009 American-made motor-trucks, valued at $1,686,807, were sent abroad. Anybody who loves arithmetic can figure out percentages of increase, the daily average output, and various other things, but any sum you can do with those export figures will yield an impressive answer.

In the month preceding the war fifty trucks were exported. In the first month of hostilities sixty-six went over. By that time the foreign governments realized that the home supplies, including all the subsidized and commandeered trucks, would not be a drop in the bucket, and the buying in America began. In September the August figure of shipments was doubled. In October it was more than ten times as great as in August, and by December the motor-truck export business had got into its war stride and passed well beyond the thousand mark. The record month of that first war year, that is, from August 1, 1914, to August 1, 1915, was June, 1915, when 2,990 trucks, valued at $8,578,802, were exported by the American manufacturers. Then came a slight decline, but it by no means meant the beginning of the end of war orders. Late in the fall there was an order for 3,000 trucks in New York which had not even been parcelled out among the fac-

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tories, and the various makers have running contracts for so many cars a month that will extend well into the spring of 1916.

In those same first twelve months of war the exports of American-made passenger automobiles were 26,733 vehicles, valued at $23,805,881, but that was a gain of something less than a thousand cars and a falling off of about a million dollars in value from the record of the previous year. Many of these passenger cars were also for war purposes. At least six thousand of these high-powered touring-vehicles have been for the use of the officers in the armies of the Allies. General Joffre himself has made many of his famous visits to the trenches and firing-lines in an American car. As a rule, the passenger machines receive rougher treatment than the trucks because of the speed at which they are driven. Time is a more important factor with an officer rushing to take command of a brigade or division than with the driver of a load of provisions or wounded men.

In addition to the trucks and cars, American manufacturers have also supplied several thousand motorcycles for the scouts. Five hundred of these machines went in one shipment for Russia.

On this side of the Atlantic the shipping departments of the export concerns, not the truck-makers themselves, have had many difficulties to meet. There have been railroad strikes, ship strikes, and dock strikes in the course of the year and a half of the war business, and at times there has been a shortage of vessels available for the work. Only one manufacturing company, the Locomobile at Bridgeport, has sent its trucks to New York under their own power. The other concerns, most of them in the Middle West, have shipped the trucks, boxed or unboxed, to the water's edge on freight-cars, which has involved an immense amount of extra handling at the port of departure, and made towing of dead cars from railroad terminals to piers necessary. The shipping man for one export firm tried to save time by towing two or three cars at a time, and was promptly arrested by a New York policeman for violating a city traffic ordinance which limits towing operations within the city to one dead vehicle. After that experience the shipper conformed to the ordinance, and found that by working day and night he could get less than a hundred trucks from the railroad terminal to the dock within the twenty-four hours. There are sometimes more than three hundred trucks in one ship-load. All cars for the British army go unboxed; those for Russia must be boxed; while the trucks for France are either boxed or unboxed according to whether they are shipped to Havre or Marseilles, another detail that adds much to the troubles of the exporter.

But nothing that has happened on the American side of the sea has equalled the delays in getting rid of cargo and freeing ships to come back for more which have been experienced at Archangel. One vessel, the *Joseph W. Fordney*, with a cargo of three hundred and thirty-nine automobiles and other war-supplies, was held at that port forty-one days before it could finish the job of unloading. The skipper explained that the work was done by a company of Russian soldiers without an officer to boss them, and that they divided their time between working and loafing, according to their own whim. Furthermore, there are no derrick facilities at this port, and every ship has to carry its own apparatus for getting out cargo. But Archangel was, nevertheless, greatly improved for the second winter of the war by the installation of three ice-crushers in place of the one that had failed to keep the port open in the winter of 1914–15.

Inside this story of the exports is another of the vitalizing of an industry that was in such a very bad way in the United States that some of the concerns engaged in it were on the verge of failure in 1914. But they are now working with doubled forces to keep up with their foreign-war orders; and also, much more significant of the future health and stability of the industry, to keep up with the gradually increasing domestic demand for motor-trucks for normal commercial purposes.

The war has advertised the motor-truck as it was never advertised before. Manufacturers, farmers, the delivery and traffic heads of industrial and commercial concerns who had been immune to the lures of the annual commercial vehicle ex-

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hibits and demonstrations, who had continued to pin their faith to oats rather than gasolene, despite the progressive example of a few neighbors, have been convinced—at least greatly interested—by the spectacular test and demonstration of war. The little, isolated foreign despatches about the remarkable performances of two and three and five ton trucks, tucked away in the newspapers to fill chinks between the long stories of battle and diplomacy, have worn away prejudice and broken through indifference to such a degree that some of the domestic orders for trucks from entirely new sources are about as insistent on immediate delivery as were the almost frantic demands from the foreign governments in the first autumn and winter of the war.

Manufacturers assume that this domestic demand will steadily increase, subject, of course, to the usual periods of depression in industry; and they find one of the chief reasons for their optimism in the terrific wastage of horses and mules, American horses and mules, which the European war has caused. At the risk of detracting something from the impressiveness of the truck-export statistics already given, it may be relevant to show the figures for animal exports. They are very much to the point so far as the domestic use of motor-trucks in the United States is concerned. So, in the first year of the war this country exported 335,793 horses, valued at $73,780,514, and 84,598 mules, valued at $15,526,616, or a total of 420,391 working animals taken away from the fields and business-traffic service of the country. The exports of such animals in the year before the war were less than 35,000 head. The country cannot stand any such depletion as that, say the truck-makers, without driving a good many horse-users to gasolene. It would certainly seem so. Furthermore, it takes as many years to bring a draft-horse to working age as it takes months to convert raw material into a motor-truck.

Those earliest calls from abroad certainly were emphatic. They were for trucks and trucks, and then more trucks, regardless of make, and with little or nothing in the way of hard-and-fast specifications as to details of construction. Speed in getting the trucks to the front was the chief and, at first, the only consideration.

For example, the first contract for the delivery of Packard trucks did not cover more than half a sheet of note-paper. It said in substance: "Rush us all the trucks you've got, and you'll get your money before the machines leave the American port." Later, after the buyers abroad and the makers at home had caught their breath, the matter became more formal, and the half sheet lengthened out into many sheets of foolscap filled with minute specifications as to material, design of body, construction of chassis, and what-not. But the cars themselves sent in response to the later orders were substantially the same as those of the first rush shipments. In other words, the American manufacturers of trucks have made no changes in their product, save in one or two very minor details, to meet abnormal conditions of war use. Among the trivial exceptions to the rule were the placing of towing-hooks at both ends of all trucks, the attaching of sprags on the rear ends of some of them as a precaution against their sliding backward on steep grades. A wider seat has been placed on the cars made by the Locomobile Company for England, and in some of these vehicles the tubular has been substituted for the honeycomb radiator. There have been no motor changes, no alterations of working parts, no adding to the clearance, no important modification of bodies. Such changes have not been necessary because, since the inevitable weeding-out process, soon after the rush began, all makes of American trucks that survived the weeding have stood up under the test of the armies.

Then why the lengthening of the half-sheet I.O.U. sort of a document into many sheets of specifications? That increase certainly was not necessary to assure the presence of towing-hooks and sprags.

"No," replied the Packard man. "But the specifications seem to please the foreign buyers. They are astonished to discover what they never realized before, that the United States can produce motor-vehicles as good as those of the continent of Europe and England. Such discovery may hurt professional or national pride a bit, and there is perhaps some balm in laying down a long and exacting list of details as imperative, although they know they will get them anyway."

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It detracts nothing from the splendid showing of the American-made cars to make further passing reference, for the sake of complete frankness, to the early elimination of some trucks that did not have the stuff and power in them for war, regardless of their qualifications for the work for which they had been built. There were several such in the first rush. A few of them got to the front and failed in action. Others failed before they reached the front because of the severe tryout tests imposed in England. At one such trial in November, 1914, under the direction of British army officers, fifteen trucks of American make were entered in competition. The requirement was to go seventy-five miles, each car loaded to its full capacity, over perfectly smooth, hard roads but with terrific grades. More than half the cars failed. One had a broken axle, another a broken crank-shaft, one or two sheared off gears, others had motor troubles, and so on through the long list of mishaps that may come to motor-trucks under strain when they are not all that they should be. Some of the machines could not climb the hills, and never got back to the starting-point at Woolwich arsenal. English buying since that day has been based on the result of that test.

France and Russia had their weeding out too, principally by tests and examinations at the factories and on the roads in this country. Then the truck-export business settled down with the war orders practically limited to the following makes: Packard, Locomobile, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, White, Saurer, Kelley-Springfield, and Jeffery. And to this list should be added the Ford light trucks, many of which are rendering first-class service as field ambulances.

For the most part the trucks are used simply as trucks, running in convoys of ten, twenty, sometimes thirty cars each, with railroad schedule regularity, from the bases of supplies to the several fronts with munitions and food-supplies, returning with the sick and wounded men. Occasionally they are used as transports for the quick shifting of infantry, and, of course, they have become indispensable in artillery operations; for without gasolene the astonishing use of big guns which has characterized this war would be out of the question. Many cars are used as fighting-machines themselves, carrying their own armament, and entire convoys of the Pierce-Arrow truck have been equipped with up-shooting guns to fight aeroplanes. Then, too, there are the machine-shops and kitchens, and little emergency field-hospitals, all on wheels, and motor-driven.

Perhaps no more interesting truck news has come from the front than that contained in the private letters of Richard Norton, the organizer and commander of the American Motor Ambulance Corps, which has sixty American-made auto-trucks in constant service in France. In fact, the French Government has turned over the entire ambulance work of its Eleventh Army Corps to this group of Americans and their cars made in the United States. In the first year of the work this group of cars alone removed twenty-eight thousand wounded men from the field, and in the battle of Champagne it handled six thousand cases.

Concerning that battle Mr. Norton wrote to his brother:

> When we were sent forward, our base became the village of La Croix, where two large hospitals had been erected. Seven of the ambulances were stationed here, two others at Somme Tourbe, five at La Salle, and finally two groups were sent to the woods, where we camped out in tents and dugouts, and carried the wounded of the twenty-first and twenty-second divisions from trenches Nos. 7 and 5, which had been dug for the purpose of bringing them out of the firing-line.
>
> The whole countryside had been most carefully prepared. One main road had been cut from St. Jean over the rolling chalk hills to the villages of Herlus and Mesnil, which were between the French batteries and the front trenches, and from which other roads ran further north. Besides this main road there were many tracks and trails over the chalk desert, and these as the days passed became more and more clearly marked. But the instant the rain began to fall, which it did the first day of the battle, and continued off and on for many days, they became as near impassable as could be. It was not only the enormous amount of traffic which made driving difficult, but the slightest rain turns this chalky soil into a mixture so slippery that a car standing quiet on the crown of the road would not infrequently slide gently but surely into the gutter, which was, of course, deep in mud. At night we had to drive without lights, which increased our difficulty. Besides the making of the road mentioned, narrow-gauge railways had been laid to carry munitions and other supplies to the fighting line, and for miles the land was scored with deep-dug trenches.
>
> One of the incidents which stands out clearly in my mind is of a nightmare drive to Herlus. I received orders late one evening to take two cars

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to this village at 1 A. M. Not being able to find the divisional doctor to tell him that I considered it impossible to take ambulances by night, without lights, in the pouring rain over the shell-holed road which led to the village, I had to try it. Mr. Joseph Whitwell with his car and chauffeur accompanied me. On my car I had George Tate, a most capable man. As he is a better driver than I am, he held the wheel while I (as so it seems now) spent my whole time wading through knee-deep mud trying, by the faint light of an electric lamp, to find the way round shell-holes and bogs or pushing the car out of the gutter. It shows how difficult the journey was that to cover the six kilometres there and back took us two hours and a half. We had the satisfaction of getting the wounded safely to the hospitals, and perhaps it was not entirely low-minded of us to be pleased next morning when we heard that some French cars had refused to make the same journey.

Some of the American concerns are selling to England, France, and Russia. All of them are selling to at least two of those countries. It is customary for the orders to come for so many vehicles, to be supplied by different concerns according to their ability to give quick deliveries, with tentative preferences for this or that make named in the order. The bulk of the business has been through the munitions-buying department of J. P. Morgan & Company and the export concern of Gaston, Williams, & Wigmore, which was born with the war for war business, so that the responsibility of the manufacturers has ended with the delivery of the trucks at the steamship piers on this side of the Atlantic. Some contracts have been direct between foreign governments and the makers, but all the truck factories are wide open to the accredited representatives of the various war departments for daily and hourly inspection of every part of every car, regardless of the agency by which the selling transaction is accomplished.

"We have a British army captain here all the time," said the head of one concern to the writer. "And he is not only welcome but we look upon his vigilance as an added safeguard against any accidental deviation from the standards we set for ourselves for every part of every car sent out, whether it be for foreign or domestic use. He roams at will about the factory and has the right to take a piece of metal out of a workman's hands at any moment to subject it to test."

Here, as abroad, the French and Russian inspectors are much less rigid. They do not spend much time in the factories. A French officer will occasionally show up and ask for a ride on a heavily loaded truck over a difficult stretch of road. The Russian is much more perfunctory than that. His factory calls are brief and infrequent. He generally looks at a truck or two. Sometimes he pokes the body of one gently with his cane. If he is in a very severe mood some day he asks that a truck be run around the block, and he will even wait to see it come back. His chief concern is not with the trucks at all but with the big passenger automobiles which the Russian Government is buying in large quantities for the use of officers, and as to them his only care is that they shall be painted the exact shade of olive-green which the Russian war office has decreed.

Fortunately for Russia, she is buying only the same reliable makes that are going to her allies. That they do not serve her as well or last as long is due to the country's undeveloped mechanical genius. At the outbreak of the war there was only one automobile factory in all Russia, and that was merely the Petrograd branch of a foreign concern. One of the earliest American shipments of trucks to Russia was a lot of sixty Packards. So eager was the representative of the government to get the lot to Archangel before ice closed the port that the cars were literally dumped into the hold of the vessel, and then the spaces between were filled with coal to keep them from banging about too much. The requirements for repairs on that consignment were greater even than for a lot of forty trucks that were shipped as deck-load on a vessel bound for Havre early in the war, and which were badly smashed in a series of storms. But the Frenchmen at Havre could repair those cars, which was more than the Russians could do. Needless to say in which army the truck wastage is the greatest because of the lack of skill and experience on the part of chauffeurs and the helplessness of the mechanicians when anything beyond the simplest repairs are needed.

"All the armies are putting the American trucks to the severest tests," said one manufacturer, "but they are fair. For illustration, our trucks are governed to run

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twelve miles an hour. They could throw off those governors and get fifteen and eighteen miles an hour, but they don't do it. The French and the English don't do it because their mechanical sense tells them that it would not be the best thing for the machines in the long run. The Russians don't do it because they would not know where to look for the governors. They are children in mechanics and engineering, but they are a coming people. When this war is over they will take a big jump forward, and the American-made motor-truck is going to be a big factor in their material progress."

Italy has not been in the market because in the nine months that she stayed out of the war she did not neglect the making of her own motor-trucks in the general work of preparation. Italy, by the way, had had previous experience in Tripoli with motor-vehicles in war, and knew just what she wanted. None of the Balkan states has been a truck-buyer in this country, and only Roumania has sent an agent over here to talk about the matter and get prices.

Germany and Austria, of course, have not been purchasers in the American truck-market because the goods could not be delivered, but that does not mean that the Teutonic troops have not had a good many American cars. Russia bought them, and then Germany took them away from her in the campaigns in Galicia. That fact gives a new twist and puts the laugh in another place in a good story that has been going the rounds since just before the war.

"Why," asked the German officer of the Russian officer, "are you buying so many auto-trucks? Your roads are not suitable for them."

"No, but yours are," replied the Russian.

There is another motor story made in Germany worth telling, although it has no direct bearing on the question of the American motor in the European war. There were practically no armored cars in Germany up to the very outbreak of hostilities. Then, presto, the country seemed to be filled with them. Where did they come from? Well, several weeks, perhaps months, preceding August 1, 1914, the Mercedes Company announced that it had devised something in the way of an improved attachment to its car, and asked all owners of Mercedes automobiles to turn them in at the factories and various repair shops of the concern to have the new device put on. The response was general, hundreds of cars were turned in to the makers and then restored to the owners within a day or two, apparently no different except for the addition of some triviality to the mechanism. But certain small holes had been bored in the hidden frames of every one of those cars, and when the machines were placed at the disposal of the government, automatically, at the beginning of war, there were armor plates all made for them with fastenings that just fitted those holes so that the conversion of each automobile into a war-machine was a matter of minutes.

To return to the American truck. As the machine sold abroad has been the same in design as that for the domestic purchaser, so have prices been the same. The foreign governments have been able to buy at the regular catalogue prices with the customary discounts allowed on large lots. No attempt has been made in this country to take advantage of the desperate straits of the customers to jack up prices or to charge extra for quick delivery. But, on the contrary, because of the emergency character of the business the manufacturers have been confronted with a material increase in the cost of production due to overtime pay for labor. One concern has been turning out thirty cars a day for months, twenty of them for the filling of war orders, ten for domestic trade. This company employed five thousand men before the war, and had a capacity for fourteen trucks a day. Now it employs nine thousand men, and the plant is running overtime.

"Does that mean," the president of this particular company was asked, "that you would find yourself with too much money invested in plant equipment if the war orders should suddenly stop?"

"No," he replied. "An output of thirty trucks a day means an abnormal strain, a constant crowding of the plant and the organization to their utmost capacity. We would be very comfortably and profitably busy with an output of twenty-five or even twenty a day. I expect to have a demand for that number after the war is

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over. The present domestic demand is a big improvement over that of a year ago. I believe it will go much higher with continued improvement of business in this country. And the export business for American motor-truck manufacturers which practically began with the war will not end with it. It will not materially decrease in the first year or two of peace and reconstruction. Continental Europe has got to rebuild, and England will have to help. Roads and bridges are destroyed. Buildings by the townful are gone. The motor-truck is going to be as important a factor in the period of rehabilitation as it has been in the business of destruction. It is all one to a truck. There will be no horses and no mules. There will not be enough whole men for a long time to come to enable the foreign countries to build their own motor-vehicles as rapidly as they will need them. And the answer to all that is the truck made in America.

"We are not worrying about the second-hand trucks that will survive the war, though no doubt there will be some. There are trucks still in service that were shipped from America at the very outset of the war, but not many. The life of a car is increasing as the army chauffeurs are learning better to care for them. The decrease in the call for extra parts indicates that. We don't know what the life of a car in warfare is. They don't know over there. It has been put at two weeks. Two months would be as good a guess, probably a much better one. The life of a horse at the front is estimated at nine days, but that is guesswork, too.

"Neither is the manufacturer in this country borrowing trouble about future tariffs against him. Such a policy of attempted exclusion of American trucks will not be tolerated by the foreign publics, because they will need the goods and know that they need them to make their countries livable once more.

"The war has taught the manufacturer in the United States very little that is technical; that is, about the construction of the truck itself. Although, put a footnote right there as to the four-wheel-drive car. I believe there is something being written on the wall for all of us to think about concerning the truck with power carried to all four wheels, and we are watching the Jeffery trucks of that type in the war with great interest. There is some work, especially that of the farm, that a four-wheel drive can do better than the other kind. Because of the showing made by this still unusual type of car in Europe it has been adopted already to drag ore from a mine in the West which had been abandoned because of the difficult road. Now the mine is being worked at a profit.

"More obviously we have learned a good deal about the selling end of our business, and factory organization. We have derived a great lesson from the war business as to the importance of knowing accurately the plant-product capacity. And we have got the export habit."

GOOD TO WALK THE WORLD WITH

By Carroll Aikins

Good to walk the world with,
Such a mate!
Good to love and live with,
Soon and late.

Good to take God's sending,
Though it be
But a by-path wending
To the sea.

Good to walk the path with,
Such a friend!
Good to sail the sea with,
At the end.

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TARPON-FISHING AT BOCA GRANDE

By John Fox, Jr.

THE ride down was very dusty. The second morning from New York we awakened on a bridge with the waters of Boca Grande underneath us. The air was still cool. The sun was rising and red rays, reflected in the water, swayed lazily with its swell. A house-boat was at anchor a few hundred yards away. A little ride in a corn-popping motor and we climbed the gangway to a commodious deck with every comfort and luxury above and below. Breakfast at once and then we were away to the fishing-grounds, every man in his own motor-boat with his own guide; comfortably seated in a swivel chair in the stern, protected from the sun with a white helmet underlined with green, and a huge umbrella with a like color scheme. The bait was white strips of split mullet, six inches long and fish-shaped. Each boat raced for the grounds far out in the narrow pass. The waters of this pass connect with Charlotte Harbor and the great fish go in and out with the tide to feed.

I had thought tarpon-fishing a long, patient job before the strike, and a long, wearisome job after it—landing him; but already I saw a commotion in the water far ahead.

"What's that?"

"Tarpon!"

Nonsense! there weren't that many tarpon in the sea. But there were. In twos, threes, dozens, they were flashing and sporting everywhere. The pass was filled with them—hundreds, thousands, curving their flexible bodies with exquisite grace in flashing parabolas out of the water and in again, with never head and tail at the same time visible.

Within a few minutes the host of the house-boat struck and a shining mass of silver sprang writhing into the air, and with an angry toss of head and tail splashed back and started away—the fisherman's stout rod bending like a willow. Another motor-boat was coming athwart the line, the guide in that boat busy with his engine and the fisherman with his face to the stern—neither able to hear the frantic cries of warning. Afoul the line that boat went, snapping it, and then Boca Grande shook with mighty oaths, for there were bets among the fishermen on the first fish caught.

A yell had burst from the throat of every man in every boat and, taken up, had been carried across and up and down the pass—such is the comradeship of the sport—and the host's fish was on and off again before the cries had ceased.

We were all fairly close together now, riding the low swells. All around us schools of tarpon were playing with indescribable grace and swiftness—close around us, within a few yards—it was incredible. The Englishman got a strike, jerked, missed, and went over backward to the bottom of his boat. Another of the party struck. Every guide began rowing away from the boat of the lucky man.

"What are they doing that for?"

"To git out o' the way of the damn thing," said my guide. "He might come up under this boat, and then where'd we be?"

So everybody pulls away to give sea-room, to get out of danger, and everybody yells:

"Stick to him—y-e-e-epp!"

And the very air thrills. Twice, thrice, the gleaming monster sprang into the air and dropped back into a bed of spray and sparkling water drops—a jewelled bed of his own making. Then I saw the fisherman, with the butt of his pole in a socket in the bottom of his chair, lean back with all his weight and, as he pulled the fish a few feet toward him, wind in rapidly. Again he pulled and wound, and he kept on pulling and winding, the boatman rowing as hard as he could toward the shore. Gently then the boatman started his motor—chug—chug-chug—chug-chug-chug! They had him going now, and the fisherman, with both thumbs on the leathern guard of his reel, sat tight, and toward the

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white beach they went towing the fish shoreward. We saw the fisherman spring out of his boat on the sand, there was a short fight, the gaff in the guide's hands rose and fell, and a triumphant yell told that the tarpon was landed. So that was the way it was done. Where was the titanic struggle, lasting for hours, of which I had heard tales? It looked easy. A few minutes later we saw the man to whom luck had come first, streaking across the water for the house-boat, towing his prize thither—one tarpon and the first was enough for him that morning. We followed soon, for it was after twelve o'clock, and we saw the only prize of the day hanging like a solid column of silver to the stern of the boat. For we caught nothing more that day—the fish had mysteriously disappeared and the surface of the pass lay unbroken.

Early the next day we were at it again. Fishing for tarpon at Boca Grande is done only when the tide is running in or out. The boatman would chug seaward and row against the tide, or *vice versa*, thus letting the mullet drag slowly along behind the stern, while he would regulate the length of the line for the fisherman, according to the depth which each guide seemed to know at every point in the pass. The sun was hot, but always, so far, there was a breeze; so that, with the huge umbrella as a shade, it was cool, drowsy work rocking on the swells, and lazy work, too, for there was no need to watch your line. It was only necessary to be on guard, when the strike came, to see that the rod was not jerked out of your hands and you possibly with it. Being a beginner, I held my rod clinched in both hands, with the butt of it always in the socket, and always, at first, I was looking to see that the butt was in the socket and that my thumb was not overlapping that leathern guard on the reel to be badly burned if the line were spun out suddenly. So that in an hour or two, my hands were numb and I was tired out with rigidity and watchfulness. And then I noticed that the Big Chief had his legs crossed, his reel in his lap, and his rod lying easily over one knee, but it was two days before I dared do that. I saw one man even reading a book. Meanwhile, the Big Chief was ever talking of "Ole Bill," whom he was after—no little tarpon for him. Old Bill was the mythical big one that had hitherto defied man—the biggest the sea had ever given forth; so that with every strike, every man expected Big Bill to flash a silver-mine into the air. The Big Chief struck.

"Big Bill!" he grunted. "Come to papa!" And he lay back with his six-feet four and two hundred pounds—reeling swiftly. The tarpon rose, shattering the sunlight, and he was big, but not Old Bill. The Big Chief was an expert. He gave that tarpon no chance at all. In two minutes, it seemed to me, he had the fish reeled in, his motor started, and he was sweeping by me grinning and saying affectionately:

"Come to papa!" And like a wilful, struggling child that tarpon went with papa swiftly shoreward.

Then I turned to watch my own line. Suddenly the water was convulsed within ten feet of the stern of my boat, a huge head appeared, with a huge, wide-open mouth, looked at me with a pair of great goggle eyes, and with a hissing hoot at me disappeared, making the water boil. I was almost paralyzed.

"Good God, what was that?"

The guide was shaking with laughter.

"Nothin' but a turtle."

Later I saw a picture of some such turtle walking up the beach with four men on his back. Just then I caught my hook in the State of Florida. It was very firm at first and immovable—the State of Florida. Then an earthquake started, and Florida seemed to have started suddenly for the Gulf of Mexico. My line whizzed. Before my amazed eyes a column of polished silver was catapulted from the water—straight and solid it seemed. Then with a kind of grunt it came to a life of writhing terrific energy, and with a sidelong, shaking leap fell back whence it came, and once more the Palmetto State sped from beneath me. Surely that was Old Bill! I heard the yells that I had given to others given now to me. I had both brakes on the reel and both thumbs on that leather guard, but my Old Bill sped on.

"Reel him in!"

"Reel him in!"

One after another each idiot of the fishing fleet shouted that. Reel him in, in-

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deed! I wonder what they thought I was trying to do. It was like trying to stop a motor by putting your foot on a tire—like stopping a hurricane with a handful of feathers. By and by that tarpon leaped into the air a hundred yards away, it seemed. Then I began to lie back on that rod and reel as the fish was dragged a little bit toward me; to lie back and heave and reel like the Big Chief, who in size and strength would have made one and a half of me. But, panting, I got him close enough for the boatman to start very gingerly his motor. Hooray! The brakes and guard held and the tarpon was being towed. Then he started again and the boat had to stop. This time the fish himself was making for the shore in a wide curve and toward a little pier in front of the life-saving station, on which stood a woman and a bare-legged guard watching me.

"He's going around that pier," I shouted. The guide shook his head.

"No tarpon has ever gone around that pier," he said. Because no one had, no one ever would, was his argument.

"Well, this one is," I shouted back, but the boatman went on shaking his head obstinately and I saw that his face looked puzzled.

"Reel him in!" shouted that bare-legged guard, and I made up my mind if another idiot shouted that again he would have trouble. On went that tarpon and toward that pier. Of course the line would be broken and I would lose him. And he did go around that pier and stopped. The guard got a pole and punched in the water and actually scared the tarpon outside the piles again. I reeled in as fast as my numbed hands would allow, but again he started for the middle of the pass, turned suddenly, and ran straight again for the *shore*. That tarpon was crazy, but the guide sprang to his feet.

"There's a shark after him," he shouted.

The tarpon came to the top and there was a terrible convulsion just under the surface of the water.

"He got him," shouted the guide. "No, he didn't."

Again that tarpon appeared on the surface—surely within twenty feet of the shore. Then there was another frightful, convulsive struggle. The tarpon disappeared and at the spot the water turned red with blood—a circle of blood six feet in diameter—and my line went seaward steadily, irresistibly, and snapped. With and within that shark, my tarpon was gone. That was enough for me that day and I put for the house-boat.

Life on that house-boat was mighty hard. There were ice and mineral waters and things to go with them a-plenty. There were lounging-chairs on deck, and a card-table. There was a cabin as big as an ordinary drawing-room, and in it there were a piano, a graphophone, and books and magazines. Below were quite commodious staterooms, a dining-room, and a bathroom. And, incidentally, there was a most excellent cook. There were no mosquitoes and there was always a breeze. Birds were always flying around the boat—gulls, men-of-war, pelicans—and when we weren't fishing we were potting at them with a Winchester *22*. The Big Chief was a wizard with a rifle, and even skimming swallows were none too swift or small for his Deadeye Dick precision of aim. After cutting down a sailing man-of-war two hundred yards above the water and surely three hundred yards away, he formed a man-of-war's club. Anybody who killed one flying was entitled to membership. The Big Chief was president, secretary, board of directors, and sole member, until one day at lunch the Englishman suddenly left the table, went out on deck, and a moment later came back and sat down without a word. I was told later by one of the crew that he cut down a man-of-war from mid-air, but the Englishman never mentioned the fact.

Next day, the guides said the tide would not be right until an hour or so before midnight. So we went out as the moon was going down, and a more eerie, beautiful, and thrilling sport I never knew than fishing for tarpon was in the black darkness of that night. It was dangerous, too, but that element naturally gave only more of a thrill to the game. The tide was running in swiftly. The wind was against it and the water was rougher than it had ever been. It was full of phosphorescence that trailed like a jewelled scarf behind each boat. One by one we

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chugged seaward to the mouth of the pass and drifted in with the tide. As each one went out, the others were drifting in, so for a while each was out there on the tossing waves alone in the dark—with red lights winking far away. Gradually we would drift toward one another, and sometimes we would be quite close. Then came the fun and whatever danger there was. There would be a yell, a spouting geyser, and everybody would look to see where the tarpon was going and where he might come up again. If he came up under somebody's boat—good-by to the boat. If one leaps into a boat (which happens sometimes), then it is etiquette for fisherman and boatman to give the fish the boat and take to his water. Again that night I struck the same State of Florida, and as I peered over the stern to see where in the darkness the tarpon would make his transfiguring ascension, there was a grunt in the air behind me and a white mass of muscle and steel whizzed like a torpedo past my left ear, and plunged into the blackness right where I was staring. My bait had drifted past the prow of the boat, the tarpon had struck it back there, had leaped and whizzed past the whole length of the craft. A few minutes later another tarpon leaped completely over another boat, going between the heads of the fisherman and guide. The fisherman heard something hurtling through the air and felt the wind of the fish's flight on the back of his neck. Had it struck him, it would have knocked him senseless and might, indeed, have killed him, for the tarpon's mouth feels to the fingers like rough armor-plate.

Now and then a red light would streak shoreward, and when it stopped moving we would know that some one was landing a fish. At all hours that night we straggled back to the house-boat—all of us but the Englishman, who stayed on alone. He slept until late in the next afternoon, and when I asked him how many he had caught his answer was quite casual.

"Eleven," he said.

And that was his first experience tarpon-fishing. They had struck after we left, he said, as fast as he could throw his bait out.

A few hundred yards away from the house-boat a yacht lay at anchor with four indefatigable anglers aboard—an elderly couple who went out every day, a young woman, presumably their daughter, and a young man, presumably her husband, or a man who presumably wanted to be. She was bronzed with wind and sun, and so was he. Once the next day I found myself not far from their boat. She fished casually enough, Heaven knows, but he stood up in the boat with a very light-looking tackle as though he were angling for trout.

"Can he take a tarpon with that tackle?" I asked.

The guide laughed.

"I reckon he can, and so can that girl."

Evidently there was some skill about this business that I had not attained. Ten minutes later I was sure of it. Again I struck what was Old Bill enough for me. Again that tarpon ran out my line, and I couldn't stop him with both brakes and both thumbs. This time he had the tide in his favor. Three times he got two hundred feet away from me, and each time when I had him checked the boatman rowed toward the shore. Finally, I heard him start his motor, and nothing—not even the choiring of angels—could have been happier music for me, nothing but the grating melody of the prow crunching the boat's nose into the sand. My right hand was absolutely numb—so numb that while I could lie back with my weight and with my weight pull the fish toward me, I could hardly turn the reel.

A few minutes before the guide had said encouragingly:

"He's tired out—you've got him."

I saw one of his silver sides slowly flash on the surface. I thought the guide was right, and as I drew him toward the stern and slewed him around toward the sand, the boatman leaped out with the gaff and struck at his gills. He missed, and again that tarpon started for the middle of the pass. I turned sad eyes on that guide, and I didn't know which I wanted to do most, murder that guide or lie down in the bottom of the boat and weep. Behind me I heard a voice of encouragement—it was the man who had caught the first fish coming along the shore to cheer me in the weary, weary fight. Again I stopped the tarpon—again I reeled him in, again the guide struck, and this time, thank Heaven, he didn't miss. The tarpon was six feet long, said the guide, and would weigh one

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hundred and fifty pounds. I neither weighed nor measured him, but I could see he was far from being Old Bill. It had taken me one hour and fifteen minutes to land him, and it was a question during the last quarter of an hour which one of us would die first, and, as a matter of fact, during that time I didn't much care.

Next morning I caught two more tarpon—neither quite as large and neither taking half an hour. And as I chugged past the Big Chief with the second tarpon he gave me fraternal greeting:

"You handled him pretty well."

That day, however, I heard that the young man on the yacht had killed a tarpon, a big one, in exactly sixteen minutes with his light tackle, and without taking him to the beach. Not yet had I learned it all.

SONNETS

By G. E. Woodberry

EDITH CAVELL

THE world hath its own dead; great motions start
  In human breasts, and make for them a place
  In that hushed sanctuary of the race
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
  A name to pray on, and to all a face
  Of household consecration; such His grace
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
  And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
  Thy country now is all humanity!
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
  In the harsh scything of the German sword,
  And beautifies the world that saw it die!

PICQUART

PICQUART, no brighter name on times to be
  Thy country raises, nor all Europe vaunts,
  Thou star of honor on the breast of France,
Soldier of justice; all men honor thee
Who to false honor would'st not bow the knee,
  Nor parley with the time's intolerance;
  Thou art of those to whom the whole world grants
The meed of universal memory.

Loyal to more than to thy sabre vows,
  Kissed on the sword and hallowed oft with blood;
True to thy land's ideal of equal laws;
  Champion of human rights; about thy brows,
Thy battles done, how fair thy laurels bud,
  Thou lying dead, a victor in man's cause!

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HIS MITHER'S HAIRT

By L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

THERE was no sound in the clean little kitchen save the thump of Jessie's rolling-pin as she rolled out the dough of her scones, pressed them into neat rounds with the cutter, and set them with a slap on the girdle.

But there was a most delicious smell in that kitchen: the smell of baking scones, scones made with buttermilk: a smell, individual, pungent, charged with agreeable anticipation—and only to be savored in the Land o' Cakes itself.

Jessie worked with the absorbed concentration of the artist, but her fresh, wholesome face was too grave for her twenty years, and her dress, almost completely covered by the large, coarse apron, was black.

An almost solemn hush seemed to pervade the cottage, and the atmosphere of the trim kitchen was permeated with sorrow. And this, in spite of the fact that the fire under the big iron "girdle" was clear and hot, and the kitchen—with its well-kept furniture, shining tins, and a dresser stacked with neatly arranged cups and plates—a most cheerful place, with gay chintz curtains drawn across the box bed in the wall, and a big, comfortable armchair covered with horsehair and adorned by a crochet "antimacassar" at the side of the fire.

As she stood by the hearth, poking her scones with a meditative forefinger, she heard a feeble, faltering step pass the window, and turned her head just as the door was opened and a little, frail, old woman came into the room carrying a newspaper in her hand. Jessie ran to meet her and led her tenderly to the chair by the fire, saying:

"Ye're sune back—ye didna' gae far, Mistress Macintosh."

The little old woman sat down heavily.

"No, Jess, I wasna' able tae gae the hale lenth wi' my brither; my auld legs wadna' carry my heavy hairt."

She untied her bonnet-strings and leaned back in the chair, white-faced and spent.

"I tell't ye I thocht ye was no fit to gae," Jess murmured reproachfully. "Hoo far did ye get?"

"Just tae the post-office. Adam bocht some snuff frae Mistress Guthrie, an' I bocht a paper—here 'tis."

Jess was back at the fire again, turning her scones with a slap. "I haena' the time tae look at it the noo," she said, "an' the best thing *you* can dae is to tak a bit rest on yer bed up the stair till I get the tea. Ye can tak a read at the same time. Wait till I wash my hands and I'll hap ye up."

The old woman rose hastily and moved toward the door, saying almost querulously: "Ye'll dae naething o' the kind, Jess. I can gae fine my ain sel'. Ye just wait on me hand and foot—and what'll I dae when ye gang back tae yer place? Noo Jamie's awa' I hae naebody, an' I maun just thole't. *He* was aye ready to carry me up the stair in his airms if I was tired—he was awfu' strong, the laddie."

Jess swallowed hastily and kept her back turned to Mrs. Macintosh as she remarked almost grumpily: "Ye'll always hae me for the askin'; tho' I'm no yer daughter I *might* hae been."

Mrs. Macintosh paused at the door to say solemnly: "Ah, they Germans has a lot tae answer for."

As the old woman shut the staircase door Jess hastily wiped her eyes with her apron, calling out, "Hap yersel' up noo," and lifted the scones that were baked onto an upturned sieve, ranging them neatly round the edge so that they got the air all round.

Just then there came a smart rap at the door leading to the street.

"Come ben, wha'ever ye are," Jess called, "I canna leave ma bakin'."

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An elderly woman, brisk, rather youthfully dressed, stout, and important, came in, carefully shutting the door behind her. She crossed the room on tiptoe with an ostentatious air of mystery, as Jess said: "Oh, it's just you, Mistress Guthrie. Take a seat an' I'll attend to ye the noo. This is the last o' the batch and we'll can hae a crack."

Mrs. Guthrie, still radiating some untold secret of highest import, moved majestically to the fire beside Jess and poked at the scones herself with an inquisitive forefinger.

"Ye're getting a lighter hand, Jess," she remarked patronizingly. "These is no sae sad as yer last."

"I'm sorry my scones is no to yer likin', Mistress Guthrie," Jess remarked, ruffled by this reflection on her baking, "but ye're no compelled tae eat them."

"Hoots, lassie," Mrs. Guthrie said cheerfully, "I didna' come here tae comment upon yer scones. I've ither and far larger fish to fry nor yon, *I* can tell ye."

As she spoke she drew a letter from her hand-bag. "Whaur's Mistress Macintosh?"

"She's up the stair, takin' a bit rest, and I'll no disturb her for ony pairson," said Jess, by no means appeased. "The doctor said she was to be spared excitement of ony kind, so if yer letter's for her it can just wait till she comes down again. She's gey and frail, puir auld buddy—an' no even tae ken whaur Jamie's laid preys on her mind . . . folks mean well writing, but every letter just brings it all back."

"Just catch a hold o' this, Jess, and I'm thinkin' you'll sing a different chune," said Mrs. Guthrie in a penetrating stage whisper. "Of course, by rights it ought not to be delivered till the evening wi' the gerrl—but I brocht it mysel' oot o' hoors—though guid kens if I'm committing a felony so to do."

Jess took the letter, and opened her mouth when Mrs. Guthrie clapped her hand over it, exclaiming: "Dinna skirl noo, lassie! For yer life dinna skirl!"

Jess knocked away Mrs. Guthrie's hand, and stuffed her own apron into her mouth. Then she seized her visitor by the shoulder, exclaiming in a loud whisper: "It's Jamie's hand! Wumman, *what* dae ye ken?"

"The letter's no all," Mrs. Guthrie responded excitedly. "I'm thinking ye didna' see wha' cam off the steamer: did ye no gae doon wi' Mr. Adam?"

"Speak, wumman," cried Jess, shaking her vigorously. "Dinna keep me in suspense. *What dae* ye ken?"

"I canna—speak—wi' you shakin' the life out o' me," Mrs. Guthrie gasped.

Jess let go and gazed at the letter hungrily.

"It cows a' that he didn't come face to face wi' his Uncle Adam."

"*Who* come face to face?" Jess cried, wringing her hands. "Oh, speak out, wumman, or I'll gae dementit."

"Listen, Jess," Mrs. Guthrie said impressively. "Jamie's nae mair deid nor you an' me. He's in my east room this instant, wi' his airm in a sling an' twa splints, waiting for me tae come here helter-skelter to break the news tae his mither."

Jess dropped into a chair by the kitchen table, leaned her head on her arms, and sobbed softly.

"Dinna greet, Jess. He'll no *lose* his airm, it's daein' fine, an' he'll hae the ither roond *your* waist afore ye're much older. He's rampin' round my east room like a caged lion an' foot-marks everywhere, for he's daft tae get beside his mither. He was aye one tae think a heap o' his mither."

"He was that," Jess agreed tearfully. "An' he was swiert tae leave the auld buddy for a' he was sae eident to get at they Germans, an' him just a peaceful' mason."

Mrs. Guthrie went and patted Jess on the shoulder. "Dinna greet, Jess, dinna greet. He speired for you very first thing."

"I ken fine he'd speir for me," Jess said proudly.

"Mercy! they scones is scorching!" cried Mrs. Guthrie, rushing to the fire. "Will I lift them, or you?"

Jess pushed her aside and lifted the girdle off the fire. "Pity but what I'd kent he'd be here to his tea this day. I'd hae pit sultanas in them, an' a wee piece lemon-peel."

As she spoke she turned down her

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sleeves and took off her coarse apron, deftly removing all traces of her baking from the little table by the fire.

"It's well ye didna' ken, then," Mrs. Guthrie said severely. "The best sultanas is ninepence a poond the noo. But awa' wi' ye, lassie, up the stair, an' mind ye're no like Jeanie Latta at the level-crossing——"

"What did she dae?" asked Jess, but without much interest.

"When her man got his foot crushed—it was that bad the doctor had to ampytate it—and he said tae Jeanie: 'Be sure ye break it to him gentle when he comes roond frae the chloroform. . . .' "

"Ah, puir buddy!" cried Jess. "What did she dae?"

"She waited," said Mrs. Guthrie, and paused impressively, "till he kenn't her; an' then she said, 'Jim, yer fit's aff'—and he fented."

"Mercy, what a like thing to say," Jess exclaimed. "But I'm no for tellin' Mistress Macintosh aboot Jamie—you'd better tell her yersel'. Her hairt goes louper-scamper at the least thing, an' the doctor said we maun be unco' canny. Auld age never comes its lane."

Jess was standing by the table facing the window, and at that moment somebody passed who caused Jess to rush to Mrs. Guthrie and hold on to her as though for support as she whispered, "If thon's no Jamie Macintosh it's his ghaist," and even as she spoke there came a very gentle tap at the street door.

Jess flew to open it, and was thereupon seized and loudly kissed by a tall young man in a khaki kilt, with his right arm in a sling.

As Mrs. Guthrie had foretold, the other arm was round Jess in no time, and they came into the centre of the little kitchen together.

"Be quate now," Mrs. Guthrie admonished them. "Remember *her*, you two! Bussin's an awfu' penetrating soond, and yer mither, Jamie, has lugs like a leveret."

"Jess," said Jamie, holding her at arm's length that he might look at her, "ye're wearin' yer blacks . . . for me?"

Half-laughing, half-sobbing, she nodded, and he clasped her again, then drew her over beside the fire. "Eh, but they scones has an awfu' guid smell," he said, and seized one, taking a big bite. "There's fine food in they hospitals," he went on, munching between his words, "but no the like o' these."

With a sigh of satisfaction he dropped into the big armchair and stretched his legs to the fire. Jess, on her knees beside him, devoured him with adoring eyes.

"Comfort's a grand thing," Jamie continued. "And whaur's my mither?"

"Whisht noo, Jamie!" Mrs. Guthrie whispered reprovingly. "Man, yer voice is like a pen-gun. I'm aye tellin' ye yer puir mither thinks ye're deid, an' missin', and wounded, and in your grave these six weeks . . . an' she wi' a wammly hairt."

"An' *I* tell't ye to break it tae her," Jamie whispered back reproachfully. "I canna' *stay* deid because her hairt's wammly, puir buddy."

"Ye'll just *hae* to stay deid while we think what's tae be done," Jess said decidedly. "Whit way did ye no let us ken sooner, Jamie?"

"First I was wounded," said Jamie, still munching scones, "and a prisoner; then I escaped and was wounded again; and for a whiley I was deeved-like in a hospital wi' bits o' shrapnel all over me—an' I couldna' write wi' ma left hand . . . and I'm no the only James Macintosh in the British army. . . . Oh, it's a long, long story. . . ."

"Which ye certainly canna tell the noo," interrupted Mrs. Guthrie. "Man, I hear yer mither moving overhead. . . . Mercy goodness! What'll we dae wi' him?" She and Jess looked round wildly for some hiding-place in which to bestow Jamie. "He mauna' be seen, or the shock may kill her."

Jamie rose to his feet, looking much alarmed. There was no article of furniture large enough to hide behind.

Jess came to the rescue. "Quick, the box bed!" she cried, and hustled Jamie into it, drawing the curtains so that he was successfully concealed. "Losh behairs, I hear her on the stair. Don't make a soond, man, an' we'll break it to her gradual."

The two women withdrew to the fireplace, trying to look natural and unconcerned as they listened to slow footsteps descending the steep stair.

An awful thought struck Jess, and she

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was fain to whisper to Mrs. Guthrie: "His Uncle Adam slept there last nicht, and he's much addicted to the snuff."

"Jamie must just thole't," Mrs. Guthrie whispered back. "There's naething else tae be done. My certy, but *my* hairt's wammly onny wye."

She sat down in the armchair while Jess went to the stair-foot to receive Mrs. Macintosh. The old lady had removed her bonnet and dolman, and donned her widow's cap with weepers and stitched muslin collar and cuffs; but to the scandalized amazement of Jess and Mrs. Guthrie she wore a scarlet knitted shawl over her shoulders. She crossed the room quite briskly, and Jess noted that she still held in her hand the newspaper she had taken up with her.

"Ye'll always hae me for the askin'; tho' I'm no yer daughter I *might* hae been."—Page 218.

"Come away, Mistress Macintosh," Jess said, with a somewhat labored air of cheerful ease. "Here's Mistress Guthrie come roond to hae a crack wi' you. Ye've no ta'en much o' a rest, but I daursay ye haird her voice."

"I hope we didna' disturb ye wi' our

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clash," said Mrs. Guthrie, getting up to give the older woman the armchair. "Did ye hear us, Mistress Macintosh?"

"Oo ay, I haird ye," Mrs. Macintosh replied tranquilly as she seated herself. "Neither you nor Jess is the ones to let the unruly member rust for lack o' use, . . . but I wasna' sleepin'. Sit ye doon, Mistress Guthrie."

Mrs. Guthrie drew up a Windsor chair to the other side of the fire and sat down, at the same time keeping a keen eye upon the box bed, which was directly behind her hostess.

The old lady most certainly appeared much the better for her rest. There was about her an indefinable poise and serenity wholly lacking in the frail, sad-faced little mourner of half an hour ago. The change was so marked that Jess was puzzled, and asked suspiciously: "Did ye take a bit read o' the paper?"

"I might hae ta'en a glance at it."

"I did that mysel' soon after ye got it at the post-office, but there didna' seem to be onny vera startlin' news frae the war, though I was too flustered to read it carefu'," said Mrs. Guthrie.

"An' what flustered ye?" Mrs. Macintosh inquired. "There didna' seem much business daein' when I looked in."

"No, indeed!" groaned Mrs. Guthrie. "It's an awfu' thing this war. It's a mercy fightin's no for women-folk."

"It is that," Mrs. Macintosh agreed. "Ye might get the cups oot, Jess, and gie us our teas."

Obediently Jess went to the dresser, took down cups and plates, and somewhat absent-mindedly laid four places. The old mother watched her with eyes that missed no crease in the table-cloth, but she made no comment.

"And yet, ye ken," Mrs. Guthrie remarked in a detached, impersonal sort of way, "there's sometimes surprises."

Mrs. Macintosh suddenly drew her spectacles from their case hanging at her waist, placed them firmly on her nose, and regarded Mrs. Guthrie with keen scrutiny.

"Ower monny for maist o' us," she said dryly, "though they dinna come on yon printed post-cards frae the Front."

"But I wasna' meaning yon kind," Mrs. Guthrie explained. "There's wonderfu' pleasant surprises for some."

"Mebbe," Mrs. Macintosh agreed.

"Just lately I've haird the most astonishing things mysel'."

Jess moved the kettle noisily, and frowned at Mrs. Guthrie to hurry up her explanation, and at the same moment Jamie thrust his head through the curtains of the box bed, making faces to a similar effect.

"Yon War Office makes mistakes like ony ither buddy, whiles," Jess threw in to help things on.

"I think the gentlemen does their best," Mrs. Macintosh said tolerantly. "Their letter to me aboot my poor Jamie was maist considerate. They said . . ."

"I've no doubt it was," Mrs. Guthrie interrupted. "I've seen faur too many o' they letters—but sometimes, ye ken, they're what they ca' premachoor."

"Some folks," said Jess, with her eyes fixed on the red shawl, "has bocht their blacks a' for naething."

At that moment there sounded a smothered but quite audible sneeze from the box bed. Jess wrung her hands, while Mrs. Guthrie coughed loudly to drown it.

Mrs. Macintosh, plainly startled, exclaimed: "Mercy goodness! what's yon?"

"Did Jess no tell you?" Mrs. Guthrie said hastily. "Your brother, Mister Adam, lost the steamer, an,' feelin' tired-like, he thocht he'd take a bit snooze till the next yin."

"If he snoozes till then he'll be well rested. There's no anither till the morn's morn."

The old lady spoke with an air of quiet triumph.

"Dear me, dear me!" Mrs. Guthrie muttered, much confused. "To think o' me forgettin' that. My memory's no what it was—an' me a post-mistress."

"Ye was sayin'," Jess remarked, "that ye'd haird some surprisin' things, Mistress Guthrie?"

Before Mrs. Guthrie could retail them there was another loud sneeze from the bed.

"Like ourselves," Mrs. Macintosh said quietly—referring to the sneeze. "I'm afraid Adam's taken a bad cold . . . perhaps that accounts for his step."

"His step?" the bewildered Mrs. Guthrie repeated.

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"He cam walkin' down the street sae saft and carefu'. If I hadna' been through the watery days I hae . . ." her voice broke . . . "I could ha' declared it was my Jamie's step."

"Steps, like nebs, rins in families," Mrs. Guthrie said sententiously.

"This yin didna' rin—it came jimpey and wee, and"—raising her voice—"it was the very wey Jamie used to come back frae the 'Canty Wife' on a Saturday night . . . when he was late and hoped I wadna' hear him. . . . A mason's is a dry trade."

"The mannie was vexed he lost the boat," Mrs. Guthrie continued; "that would make him walk saft. But, as I was sayin', steps rins in families. . . . I mind . . ."

But what extraordinary similarity in footsteps it was that Mrs. Guthrie remembered we shall never know, for her voice was drowned by another loud sneeze from the bed.

This time Mrs. Macintosh did not start; she merely said: "Jess, ye maun gae to the chemist for some eucalyptus. But I doubt

"Remember *her*, you two! Bussin's an awfu' penetrating soond, and yer *mither*, Jamie, has lugs like a leveret."—Page 220.

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Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"My hairt wad hae tell't me."—Page 225.

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it'll be a matter of time before ye'll get Adam to take it!"

"It's mebbe the difference in the snuff," Jess suggested. "Ye said he bocht some on the way tae the pier."

"The snuff was never mulled wad gar my brither Adam sneeze like yon," Mrs. Macintosh cried scornfully; and, to the horror of the other two women, she burst into peals of hysterical laughter.

They ran one to each side of her, patting her shoulders and rubbing her hands, but she continued to laugh, ejaculating breathlessly: "An' it a' in the paper, an' they thinkin' tae hoodwink me wi' their steps, an' noses, and sneechin'!"

"Dae ye think her mind's giving way?" Jess whispered anxiously to Mrs. Guthrie. "Did ye obsairve the red shawl?"

"I did that," Mrs. Guthrie replied impressively. "Goodness!"—as another tornado of sneezes broke from the box bed—"auld Adam must hae fair poothered yon pillow in snuff! Pity but what we'd made him pit his feet whaur his neb is." And to her horror she saw that Jamie, overcome by this last paroxysm, had thrust his feet into view where they waved wildly.

At this critical moment his old mother seemed suddenly imbued with new strength, for she shook off the soothing hands, rose to her feet, and turned right round to view the signalling feet.

"What kin' o' buits is them Adam's gotten?" she asked in a tone of polite interest. "Yon's never *his* buits, and him a wee smitch o' a man takkin' sixes!"

"He'll just hae got a lend of them frae some bigger buddy takin' tens, mebbe," Mrs. Guthrie suggested hastily. "Likely as not his ain was weet an' him wi' such a hoast . . ."

"Of a' the haverin' weemen," Mrs. Macintosh murmured impatiently—then, very loudly and distinctly: "James Macintosh, come oot frae yon bed. Ye didna' decht yer feet as ye came ben."

And Jamie, very tousled about the head, tumbled out of the bed, and before the startled women could do more than clutch each other his little old mother had her arms round his neck and he was kissing her for all he was worth.

"Hoo did ye ken it was him?" Jess asked in a frightened whisper, when things had quieted down a bit. "An' us just terrified to tell ye, because of yer hairt."

"My hairt wad hae tell't me that wi'oot the newspaper, an' it the very first thing I read. It's a deef mither doesna' ken her ain son's sneech."

WINTER

By David Morton

THIS is the woods we walked through in that summer,
Finding a dream's worth in this hallowed place;
This is the stillness that had held your laughter,
And held the flowery vision of your face.

Here were you more to me than all swift summers,
More than the promise of their glow and gleam;
Here did the dusk lay strange, dim hands upon us,
And still us with the magic of the dream.

This is the woods—but no warm winds come hither,
Nor bud nor bloom nor little dream at dusk;
Winter in woods—and in my heart the winter,
Blown blossoms and a dream's too bitter husk.

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A VILLAGE IN THE WAR ZONE

MAREUIL SUR OURCQ (OISE) 1914-1915

By Mary King Waddington

MAREUIL, *Thursday*, November 5th, 1914.

I AM writing in my own room, in one corner of our house which has been disinfected and thoroughly cleaned. The servants have made it as comfortable as they could with the chairs and tables the boches have left me. I have an excellent lamp which I brought down with me, and a bright, crackling woodfire, with pieces of wood about as big as matches which come from the sawmill opposite. The little girl brings them in her apron. It is the first time I have fully realized what the German occupation meant, and how much can be taken *out* of a house and how much dirt left *in* in eight days.

Mareuil is a peaceful, sleepy little village of about five hundred inhabitants, in the heart of the great farming country of France. It is directly on the high-road between Meaux and Soissons, about twenty miles from each. It is surrounded by big farms and woods. The fields stretch away to the horizon on one side; on the other, to the great forest of Villers-Cotterets. There are no local industries, no factories; the men work in the fields and woods. The women do nothing but look after their houses and children.

About the end of September we heard through a friend who had been there, that our house was completely sacked, the four walls standing, but everything taken out of it.

We had gone to the country, to a quiet little village in the Sarthe for three weeks, but as soon as I got back to Paris I determined to come down here. It wasn't easy—impossible by rail, as the bridges were blown up, and no private conveyances were allowed on the road. I applied to Ambassador Herrick, who, as usual, did all he could to help me, and gave me one of his automobiles, with a young American officer as escort, Lt. G.

Meaux looked just the same; the beautiful old cathedral untouched and the old mills on the river intact. I was afraid they had gone. They are so picturesque, built on a bridge. Every one goes to see them; they are quite a feature of Meaux. The other bridges were destroyed.

About half-way between Meaux and Mareuil, we began to see signs of fighting; all the big trees down, their branches blown off, lying on the road—roofless houses, holes and gaps in stone walls, fields cut up and trampled over, barricades across the roads, trenches and mounds in the fields, a few dead horses. Soldiers everywhere, the whole road guarded.

We were stopped once or twice, but the officer's pass and the embassy carriage were all-powerful, and we came straight to our gates. From the outside, one saw nothing changed. The four walls were intact, the iron gates standing, but inside——

We had not been able to send word to the concierge, neither telegraph nor telephone worked (don't yet for civilians), and the post was most irregular. She heard the auto and came to the gates, not knowing who it was. The poor woman looked twenty years older. She and her son, a boy of eighteen, had gone away with all the village.

We began our "tournée d'inspection" at once. In the garage, Jean Sallandrouze's auto had been taken, ours left, but smashed. It seemed they could not make it go at once, so they broke it. They had also left a light trotting-wagon.

The inside of the house was a desolation. It had been cleaned—four women working hard. Mme. G. said the dirt and smells were something awful. The bedding was in a filthy state. For twenty-four hours after they had begun to clean they couldn't eat anything. "Si madame

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avait vu la saleté, jamais plus madame n'aurait mis pied à la maison!"

Perhaps it is just as well that madame didn't see all, as the actual state was bad enough.

She had sent me by a messenger a first statement of what was missing. Everything in the kitchen (except the range, which they couldn't move), twenty-nine lamps, china, silver, forks, spoons, and a tea-pot that were forgotten in the hurry of moving, glass, sheets and blankets, coverlids, pillows, rugs, pictures, old English engravings, family miniatures, linen—all my son's and daughter's clothes; and what they did not take, they spoiled. A satin dress and lace dress of C.'s on the floor with great cuts in them.

Mme. G. had left two rooms, C.'s boudoir and Francis's dressing-room, just as she found them when she came back after her ten days' wandering. The floors were covered up to our ankles with papers and books. In some of the books pages were torn out in the middle—such useless, wanton destruction.

I had no time to look into everything, but of course I went all over the house. Some of the hiding-places had not been discovered. We found the silver and some old china just where C. had hidden it. It seems the officers slept in the house, the men on straw in the garage. The names Schneider, Reisnach, etc., were written on the doors of the bedrooms and on the shutters of the drawing-room in German writing. "Geschäftszimmer"—with the names and number of the regiment. In another part, "zwanzig Männer." I told Mme. G. to leave the writing so that when Francis comes back—if he comes back—he can see in what state the Germans left his house.

After we had been through the house, Mme. G. weeping alongside of me and telling me all she had gone through, we went into the garden, which was too awful. They had kept their horses there. Lawns and flower-beds all trampled over and destroyed, a few climbing roses left on the walls.

It was a beautiful day, a clear blue sky, yet all the time we heard the rumbling of thunder. I said to the young officer: "How extraordinary to hear thunder with that cloudless summer sky!" "Don't you know what it is, madame, cannon—about twenty miles away."

I had visits from the curé, the mayor, and one of the conseillers municipaux—all full of their exodus and the weary days and nights of tramping along the road.

No other house in the village seems to have been treated like mine—except the poor peasants' where they stole and broke everything. When a French peasant marries his first investment is a large wooden bedstead and "armoire" which is the pride of his heart. These the boches couldn't carry away, but they broke them up for fire-wood, and carried off every poor little pot and pan they possessed.

The mayor was very blue, and I don't know how we shall get through the winter with all these women and children with no work nor money and no clothes.

I promised to come down again as soon as possible, but I could not manage it until to-day. I could not come alone; was obliged to wait until I could find someone willing to go into the "war zone," and was not sure if the railway would accept the quantity of luggage I would have. Everything had to be brought from Paris. I couldn't come by our usual line, the *Est*, as the bridges are not yet mended, and the journey was much longer by the *Nord*. I went to the Gare du Nord and had some difficulty in getting the necessary information.

We started this morning—Maggie, the boy's English nurse, who is now nursing at the American Ambulance, and an Englishman, one of our humble friends, out of place for the moment and very glad to do any odd job. He speaks French well, having lived many years in Paris. We had two cabs—Barling in one with piles of bundles and cases around him, as we had to take down everything—among others, a large case of Quaker oats which Dr. Watson sent me, a basket of china, another of groceries, two big bundles of blankets and linen, a trunk of clothes which friends had sent me, also one from my ouvroir. Maggie and I in another with a bundle of clothes Mrs. Watson had sent me from her ouvroir, cartons with lamps and shades, a basket of vegetables,

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another of sauce-pans and kitchen things, a valise of knives and forks and spoons, and a hold-all full of things sent at the last moment—bandages, woollen socks, etc.

Mareuil is "occupé militairement"—soldiers at the gare and a poste on the highroad, just at the entrance of the village. They stopped me and wanted to know where I was going and who I was—but the brigadier de gendarmerie who was lodged at our house, and had seen me at the station, hurried up and explained.

Mme. G. had not received my letter, and was much flustered at the arrival of three people.

The dining-room and fumoir were fairly comfortable though very bare; still there were chairs and tables. I dined alone and am finishing my evening in my own room. The stillness and darkness are oppressive. There is not a light in the village or station—no trains passing—not a sound on the road. I am haunted by the thought of those brutes in our house.

Friday, Novr. 6th.

It has been a beautiful, bright, mild day—extraordinarily clear, hardly any mist on the hills and woods. One sees a great distance. I have had a procession of visitors—first the curé with a list of the most miserable people, and all day the women and children. It is a pitiable sight. They have no clothes but what they stand in, as they went away at very short notice, and could only take a very few things tied up in bundles (which some threw away en route, as they could not carry them).

There is nothing left of their cottages but the four walls. The village houses are all stone, not easy to burn. But the Germans took all they could carry off and destroyed what they couldn't take—broke furniture, chairs, tables, all the beds. The women sleep on straw and club together to make their soup in a marmite, like the soldiers. They have no clothes. When the woman washes her chemise she lies in bed (on the straw) until it dries.

All the afternoon we spent going over the house and seeing what was left. They seem to have made a clean sweep of all the small things that accumulate in a house—pens, pencils, scissors, frames, pincushions, fancy boxes and bags. Some of the trunks in the garret are untouched. They were locked, but of course could easily have been forced open. All the silver things that had not been hidden have gone: inkstands, frames, vases.

The concierge has lost everything, even her wedding wreath carefully preserved under a glass.

We still hear the cannon, but more faintly. I don't feel now as if ever I could be gay or happy again in the place, but perhaps that feeling will pass when the war is over and "the troops are marching home again with gay and gallant tread"—but when?

Saturday, Novr. 7th, '14.

It was foggy but not cold this morning. I walked about the village a little after breakfast; always the same story of pillage and misery. Most of the women and children have no clothes left and no money to buy any. Everybody was very sad, as a funeral service was going on for one of the village boys, twenty years old, a little shepherd, "tué à l'ennemi." Of course we all think of our own at the front, and hardly dare to pray that they may come back.

The curé has made me a first list of one hundred children ranging from one year old to twelve, boys and girls, all wanting warm clothes. I found some flannel in the village which will make shirts and petticoats; that will give the women something to do; they will be glad to earn a little more, and it will be easier for me than buying the things in Paris, particularly as they don't send anything yet by rail.

The curé came to dinner, and he sat afterward for about an hour in the fumoir, and he told me of their hurried flight from Mareuil, and the fatigues of the journey, the whole party sleeping in the fields, under haystacks, with very little to eat or drink, hardly daring to stop at night for five or six hours to rest for fear of being caught by the Germans. In some of the villages the Germans forced the fugitives they met on the road to go back to work for them. One poor old

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man in our village was not quick enough, nor strong enough to carry some wood. They pricked him with the bayonet, telling him he wouldn't die yet; he would live long enough to become a German.

The villagers were away for thirteen days wandering along the roads, delighted when they could get a bundle of straw in a barn to sleep on.

Sunday, November 8th.

I didn't go to church as the service was early, eight o'clock, but I walked about the village and found more flannel and cotton which I can leave here. The women can make chemises and petticoats for themselves. The poor people look dreadfully depressed without work or money. It is very difficult to know how to help them. However, I promised to come down about Christmas and bring some warm clothes. I would like to start a knitting class but the curé tells me so few people knit.

MAREUIL, *Friday*, December 18, 1914.

I am writing at night. Although it is only ten o'clock the whole household is wrapped in slumber as we have had a tiring day. We left Paris, Charlotte, her boys, the maid and I, at 9:30, still with a fair amount of packages, provisions generally, as Mme. Gaillard wrote us we could not get anything at Mareuil but bread, butter and apples.

The curé came to tea, and we plunged instantly into lists: warm clothes, blankets, etc. He had two hundred and odd children on his list (he had been to every cottage in the village to make sure that no child was left out); also about sixteen or eighteen young mothers with babies in their arms, girls and boys up to eighteen, all the old people. It seemed rather an undertaking to clothe so many people, but our bundles and trunks held a great deal.

We decided to make our distribution Sunday, as we really needed all day Saturday to sort out the things; besides I had promised to go to Laferté in the afternoon to see the Abbé Debignes and take some wool to the sisters. The house was cold, though there were fires everywhere—but such fires! Still no coal, only little blocks and ends of wood we got from the sawmill, and it has naturally an empty, uncomfortable look.

We put all the rugs and blankets we possessed on the beds. There weren't many, as the Germans had carried everything off.

Saturday, December 19th, '14.

It has been again a lovely day, the sun shining in at all the windows, showing us more distinctly even than yesterday all that has been taken. Still we are comfortable enough in our corner, and I suppose ought to be thankful that we have anything left.

We had people all the morning asking for warm clothes and looking, I must say, utterly wretched, half starved and frozen. Our village was not so perfectly miserable, but some of the refugees from the environs of Soissons and Reims were in a pitiable condition, weary and cold and terror-stricken. They had been chased out of their villages, their cottages burned, all the old people, grandfathers and grandmothers, left to die probably on the roadside. Even in our village some people have never come back. No one knows what has become of them. The children had a frightened look in their eyes, which was heart-rending to see. The mothers didn't complain; were very grateful for anything we gave them, but all had a hopeless expression on their faces; a quiet, half-dazed acceptance of the ruin which had come upon them.

Sunday, 20th.

We have made our distribution, and I think have not only given pleasure but encouraged the people. We went to church this morning, and the curé announced from the pulpit that there would be a distribution of warm clothes at the château . . . to which every child in Mareuil was bidden, also the girls and young men still in the village. He hoped they would all assemble quietly and punctually in the court-yard at a quarter to three, directly after vespers.

First came the schoolboys, marshalled by the curé (the schoolmaster is mobilized, but a youth of nineteen comes every day from a village near and takes the class). The boys were rather shy and awkward; didn't say much, but I think

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they were pleased. Every one got a pair of trousers or warm cape with a hood like what they all wear here. The little ones got a suit, and all got two cakes and a big piece of chocolate. Then came the schoolgirls, led by the schoolmistress and her "adjointe"—about one hundred. They, too, got each one a dress, cloak or warm petticoat. Then they trooped out, and another hundred arrived—boys and girls mixed—mostly little waifs and strays—not school children; and at the same time, young mothers with babies in their arms. Then there was a fine pandemonium. The women talked, the babies cried. Various children whose names were on the list didn't appear, and there were several quite unknown children, refugees, or from the neighboring hamlets, who had heard of the distribution. They were in rags, sorely needed clothes, and all got something.

Then came boys and girls from twelve to seventeen. Some of the boys looked like men, so tall and broad. C. said she felt quite shy offering them chocolate and cakes, but they all took them.

It was after five when the distribution was over.

The children had all remained in the court-yard, and there was a fine noise of clattering sabots and shrill little voices.

Monday, 21st.

Charlotte had her "tricoteuses" this morning early—about twenty. Of course we supplied the needles and wool, which was carefully weighed, each woman receiving the same quantity. Some of the older ones knew how to knit socks, but the younger ones were a little unwilling—could make "cache-nez," but that we absolutely refused. Charlotte was very severe with them; told them she didn't know either how to knit stockings until the war, but she had learned, and now made all her husband's socks.

The Abbé Debignes, curé de Laferté, came to breakfast, and was most interesting. He is a very clever, cultivated man, a good earnest priest, devoted to his church, but very large-minded, understanding beliefs he doesn't share, and never intolerant. He behaved splendidly all through the German occupation. They had Germans for ten days at Laferté. Almost all the official people—conseil municipal, percepteur—went away. The mayor was arrested at once, kept in prison, and the curé and one conseiller municipal had all the responsibility. He said on the whole they behaved well; but their revolvers were always pointed at one, if there was the slightest discussion or delay.

They began by asking a ransom of twenty thousand francs, which the little town couldn't possibly pay. The curé asked for a little patience; said he would do what he could, and, escorted by four German soldiers with fixed bayonets, made the round of the town, knocking at every door. He got seven thousand francs, with which they were satisfied. He had soldiers at the Presbytère, and in his churches; there are two fine old churches at Laferté which he asked them to respect, and they did; remained at the bottom of the church, didn't go up to the high altar. He thought once or twice his last hour had come, when some of the officers either didn't understand all he said (though he said most of them spoke French well), or were not satisfied. Instantly the revolver was pointed at him, and a curt order given to the men. He waited calmly and bravely, merely thinking that if he was to be shot, he would ask to be shot on the Calvaire, the cross near the woods—which we all know well—have often sat, and rested on the steps after a walk in the woods—until he heard the welcome words: "Vous êtes libre, monsieur le curé."

The last day, while the soldiers were getting ready to start, a young officer came in whom he hadn't seen before. He saw at once that he was a "personnage." The men seemed petrified. He gave a few instructions, then turned to the curé, drew up an armchair, and sat down, saying, "Causons un peu, monsieur le curé." (Let us talk a little); and instantly plunged into a discussion on the war. "What do you think of the war, M. le curé?" "Monsieur, what do you expect a priest to say; a war is a wicked thing." "Yes, but war is *war*, and you would have it—we didn't want the war." Then turning to his men: "That is true, isn't it, my men? We Germans didn't want the war; it was forced upon us." There was growl of assent from the men. He

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then continued: "War always brings horrors, and misery. Have you any complaints to make of my men?" "None whatever; they respected my church, didn't molest the women and children." "I am glad to hear you say that, M. le curé." Then he got up, and put out his hand, saying: "Au revoir"; but that was too much for the abbé: "That, madame, I could not do, give my hand to a German. I stood up, looked him full in the face, and made the 'salut militaire.' He stepped back, hesitated a moment, and then gave the military salute, very stiffly, saying: 'Je vous comprends, monsieur l'abbé,' turned on his heel, and left the room."

He heard afterward that it was Prince Eitel Fritz, whom he had never seen—the first time in his life, probably, that any one had refused his hand.

The boys, of course, sat speechless, their eyes fixed on the abbé. He told us hundreds of details too long to write; but said there were no atrocities nor violence of any kind at Laferté, though in some of the farms and villages near awful things had been done, but he personally hadn't seen any acts of cruelty. He has certainly made a fine record. When the war is over, all his friends will try to have some public recognition of what he has done for Laferté.

The curé came in after dinner, and we made all our arrangements for the women's work, sewing and knitting. He says the village is very pleased with our coming down—not only the material help, but the encouragement. One old woman, the widow of a carpenter, who had done much work for us, came to say that she would cut out the shirts. Her father had been a "chemisier" in the rue de la Paix, and she knew all about it; would also look over the women's work and see that it was well done. She wanted no pay (at our Paris ouvroir, we give a tailor five sous for cutting out a shirt), was very happy to do that for the soldiers. We leave to-morrow, early.

MAREUIL, *Saturday*, Febry. 13, 1915.

We got down yesterday at 2:30. The boys had a holiday for Mardi Gras, and of course wanted to come to Mareuil. It was a cold, boring journey. We had the same long wait at Ormoy, but we did not mind it so much this time as the station was crowded with soldiers. Two military trains with dragoons and cuirassiers arrived just after us; all of them, officers, men, and horses, looked very well and cheerful.

The country looked still very desolate, and the work of repairing goes very slowly; but there was a little more movement—some women in the fields, one with a plough and a donkey, trying to turn up the ground a little. Soldiers, of course, everywhere. Even the little country line from Ormoy to Mareuil is strictly guarded, particularly at all bridges and tunnels. I think they must be afraid of spies still, for no troops pass on that line.

We have very few Belgians in the village, though we are so near the frontier, and they are all very quiet and grateful for whatever is done for them. In Paris we heard complaints. At one big Belgian ouvroir the refugees declined the clothes that were given to them, wanted to go to the "vestiaire" and choose for themselves.

Sunday, February 14, '15.

It was lovely to-day—a bright sun. It was so cold in the church; we had to change our seats and even then could hardly stay. A large pane of glass is out in the window just over our pew, and there is no glass in the country and no workman to put it in if there was any.

We took a long walk after breakfast through the big quarries on the Laferté road, coming out on the Montigny hill. We had the fields to ourselves. Not a soul to be seen. The quarries are enormous, stretching far into the woods, and one can understand perfectly how strongly the Germans are intrenched in the Soissons quarries which we stupidly and thoughtlessly put at the disposal of a delightful German "en civil"—(some people say it was General Von Kluck, who settled some time in Soissons. He took a house there, made himself charming to all the inhabitants, rode all over the country, and finally obtained permission to grow mushrooms in the quarries.) Of

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course, as one looks back now, our naiveté seems "colossal," to use the German's pet word.

They have carried off many French women and children, who live with them in the quarries, cook for them and go into Soissons to buy food, the Germans threatening them with terrible reprisals if they don't come back, keeping their children as hostages.

It was warm walking, and the sunset lovely. The curé came to dinner and told us more details of their wanderings, which seem already ancient history—events have gone so quickly since. He told us that for nights after their return to Mareuil he couldn't sleep; all night he heard the trample of cattle and the roll of heavy cart wagons on the hard roads. He said the women were wonderful. Many of the farmers' wives led their caravan of women, children and beasts. The village travelled for days alongside of one large, well-known farm. The "fermière" led the procession in a cabriolet with an old horse the Germans didn't think worth taking; beside her, an equally old "contre-maître" (foreman); oxen, cows, sheep and geese directly behind. Then a train of farm wagons filled with women and children. When they came to a "carrefour" (a square place where several roads meet), she made signs to her "troupeau" (flock) with a red parasol over the top of her cabriolet. They halted at night—all drawn up on one side of the road, and she and her contre-maître went off to see if they could find food or shelter in a hamlet or farm—happy if they could be taken in in a barn or a wood-shed. My poor women slept two nights in a field under the haystacks.

Monday, Febry. 15th.

It was an awful morning, hail and frozen snow and an icy wind in the house. We all shivered even with our coats on, and an expedition to Laferté seemed impossible; but it cleared up bright and mild at twelve o'clock, and we started directly after breakfast—always in bourgeois' "tapissière"—the only available vehicle.

We went to see one of our friends, Mr. C., and rang a loud peal at the door-bell, not noticing—as the door was wide open—that a notice was posted up: "Etat Major." There were one or two soldiers in the court-yard, and two officers came running up to ask what we wanted. We explained that we wanted to pay a visit to Mr. C. They said he was not there, and that the staff were occupying his house, but wouldn't we come in and pay them a visit, and what could they do for us? That we declined but talked to them a little while and asked them if there was any news. We met them again as we were talking to some of the lorry drivers, who told us the lorries were all American, marvellously light and easily managed, turned so well in the narrow streets. They were evidently very curious to know who we were, suddenly appearing in Laferté, where certainly no "femmes du monde" were to be seen in these days.

We went into all the shops, buying what we could and hearing each one's experience during the German occupation. They really didn't suffer very much. They had time to hide money and valuables of every kind, as the British passed through twenty-four hours before the Germans and told them they were coming. It was more the dread of what might happen. Some of the people left, and their houses were sacked, but nothing was done to those who remained.

We left about 4:30. It was curious to hear such a noise and racket of military life in the quiet little town—a continual rumbling of heavy munition and provision autos, small detachments of cavalry, every now and then a military auto filled with officers dashing full speed through the narrow street, men carrying large marmites of soup and baskets of bread, and girls standing at the doors, laughing and talking with the soldiers. I rather tremble for the morals of Laferté with so many good-looking young soldiers about, but it is difficult to do anything: "On ne peut rien refuser au soldat!" is the phrase on everybody's lips.

Mardi Gras, Febry. 16th.

It has been a bright, beautiful day. One could hardly believe it after the cold rain and hail of yesterday. We walked about the garden in the morning—if garden it can be called. All the lawns and

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flower-beds have been dug up. The house stands in the middle of ploughed fields. We are debating what we shall plant—potatoes and beans I think, so that we can have our vegetables in winter as well as improve the earth. They say potatoes purify the soil, and perhaps next year, if the war is over, we can have new lawns, but we shan't do anything to the house and garden until the Germans are out of France—when?

After breakfast, we walked up the Montigny hill. The boys wanted to see what was left of a German aeroplane which had caught fire and burned on the hillside. The sun was really too hot on our backs. We had to take our coats off. As we were passing a field where a very old man, with a very old horse, was ploughing, he called out to us. We couldn't hear what he said, thought he wanted something, and told the boys to run across the field and see what he wanted. They raced off as fast as they could, talked to him for a few moments, then dashed up the hill across the ploughed field. We saw them poking at something with their sticks; then they came galloping back with red cheeks and eyes shining with excitement, calling out to us, "Mother, Danny, come and see, there is a dead boche up there; they have just turned him up with the plough." We were silent for a moment, declining their proposal to go and see; and then Charlotte said: "Ah, think boys, perhaps somewhere in Germany, far away, a mother and her two boys are walking along the road, just like us to-day, talking of the father whom they may never see again." The boys were not in the least moved—rather surprised: "Why, mother, it is only a boche"—as if it was a rat. I suppose all the ugly sights they have seen, bridges and houses blown up, and the quantities of miserable, half-starved, half-clothed children, have hardened their childish hearts. I wonder if all this will have an effect upon the mentality of the young generation. Will they grow up hard and cruel?

There are many Germans buried in the fields around us, quite close to the surface. Sometimes one sees a rustic cross made of sticks, sometimes a stick standing straight up, just to mark the spot. There will be thousands of those lonely soldier graves all over France.

We found the wreck of the aeroplane on the top of the hill. There wasn't much left—some linen and bits of steel which the boys carried away as a souvenir.

It was lovely sitting on the hillside; the sun through the trees making little patterns of light on the white roads, and the beautiful valley of the Ourcq stretching away into the blue distance; it should have been a peaceful, happy scene, but the country is quite deserted; no passing, no workers in the fields, nor children playing about while their mothers worked. A cloud of sadness hovers over everything, and we always hear the dull, steady growl of the cannon, which means mourning and anguish for so many of us.

It seems centuries since I galloped over those hills with W., listening to his recollections of '70, and the first time we saw a "pickel-haube" (German helmet) appearing in the twilight of the window of his library at Bourneville—a disagreeable moment.

Ash Wednesday, Febry. 17th.

We have had a cold, raw day, which we didn't expect after the beautiful summer day of yesterday. The night, too, was beautiful, bright starlight. I love a starlight night in the country; the stars always seem so much nearer than in town.

It didn't rain, so we turned the boys loose in the garden and made a depressing and exhausting tour of the up-stairs rooms, missing something at every turn. The wardrobe where we keep our reserve of poor clothes had been opened and everything taken. We both of us feel so strongly that our house has been soiled, can never be the same to us again. I hope the feeling will pass. We have been so fond of our quiet country home, have had so many happy hours there. Perhaps when the war is over and Francis comes home it will be different.

We decided to move the best furniture and trunks, boxes, etc., into two of the rooms and lock them. I don't think we shall have any more Germans. We are not on their way home; but perhaps British and French. One must be prepared for any surprises.

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The Abbé Debigne came to breakfast. It seemed almost the old times to see his little cart coming to the gate. He was, as usual, most interesting. He was amusing over a "belle dame de la Croix Rouge" who came down to Laferté to take charge of an ambulance established in the Ecole Maternelle. She looked very nice in her infirmière dress, and gave a great many orders, and didn't find any of the arrangements satisfactory; but she wouldn't touch a wounded soldier, neither wash him nor dress his wounds, nor take off his rags—for clothes they could hardly be called—when the poor fellows were just out of the trenches, or had been lying for days on straw in a shed, waiting to be taken to a hospital. Whenever there was a badly wounded man or a fever patient she wanted him sent to the Hôtel Dieu, where the poor sisters had more than they could attend to; when the abbé and the mayor remonstrated, the lady's husband appeared on the scene, saying: "Ma femme n'est pas habituée à retirer les chaussettes des pieds sales d'un soldat, ne de leur laver les pieds!" Then their patience gave out. They had the sick and wounded men wrapped up in blankets and carried them off to the Hôtel Dieu, where the sisters gave up their réfectoire and lingerie, and then the authorities closed the hospital.

We gave him some warm shirts and drawers, and said we would go and see them the next time he came down.

The Croix Rouge has done, and is doing such splendid work, that one is sorry such disagreeable incidents occur; but of course in all large societies, there must be all kinds, and alongside of some of the volunteer nurses who have given their time and their strength, and sometimes their *lives*, there are women who only want the notoriety and right to wear the nurse's dress, which is becoming. The poor abbé was quite put out.

While we were at breakfast, they brought us the news that Mr. Profit, a young farmer of the village, was wounded; they said "grièvement blessé." It will be a great loss if he is killed, as he is one of the best men in Mareuil, has had a very good education, and has travelled a little.

We went to see Mme. Profit after the abbé went. She was very agitated, but brave and helpful, was going off at once. We went afterward to see the miller's wife, also one of our friends. They had had Germans in their house, but they hadn't done much harm; drank up all the wine they could find (they had hidden their best), and carried off blankets and coverlids.

Our curé came to dinner as we are leaving to-morrow morning early, and we spent all our evening making lists and prices of the work to be done. We had brought down several pieces of stuff which we left with Mme. Gaillard to be cut out and given to the women, also weighed the wool so that each woman might have the same amount for her stockings.

We leave to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and by the Est this time.

MAREUIL, *Thursday*, June 3rd.

We came down yesterday. For the last week we have been getting letters from the curé, from Mme. Gaillard, telling us the house was always full of French soldiers who behaved very badly, the officer ordering all the rooms opened, established himself in my bedroom, and wished to put his orderly in one of the good "chambers d'ami" next to him. They wanted extra blankets, and lamps, and Mme. G. to do their cooking. At last the poor woman came up to Paris, saying she couldn't take such a responsibility and face the situation alone. Her son has just been "mobilisé." She is alone with one young maid in the house. That morning's mail had brought me a letter from an officer saying my servants were very impolite, etc., so we thought we had better go down.

I wrote to the officer and the mayor, saying what rooms I would give and, above all, what rooms I *wouldn't;* and agreed to go down as soon as I could. I also gave Mme. G. a letter that she could show to the officer, telling her what rooms to give, and that we were coming down as soon as I could get away from my work in Paris—and here we are.

We took the 5:30 train in the afternoon and got down a little before eight. Though we are no longer in the military zone, we still had soldiers at the station and had to show our "sauf-conduits." Our first surprise was seeing Mme. G. at

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the station with a rather smart-looking ordonnance and her wheelbarrow—the well-known wheelbarrow which we always use for carrying the small parcels backward and forward.

The court-yard of the station was full of big American lorries and auto-buses. It seems the "Corps de Ravitaillement" is stationed here and our "militaires" are the gentlemen chauffeurs of the autos. We walked to the house, rather wondering what we should find, and were met just inside the gate by a young officer in uniform, who introduced himself as Lieutenant D. (the gentleman with whom I had corresponded). He asked me if he could do anything for us. He had wanted to send his automobile to the station, but Mme. G. told him we always walked, that his ordonnance had gone. He thanked us for our hospitality; said he and his comrades would give us as little trouble as possible, and retired by the garden entrance. It was too dark to see his face, but he had a gentleman's voice and manner. All the same, it seemed funny to be welcomed in our own court-yard by a perfect stranger, and to see the garage and kitchen lighted, and silhouettes of soldiers everywhere.

We went into the house to see what arrangements we could make. The table was laid for us in the dining-room, and Mme. G. told us the gentlemen hoped we would allow them to send us some "filet de bœuf and asperges" for our dinner; also a bottle of good wine. I wanted some soap and went into the office to see if my bag was there; a very good-looking young soldier, tall, fair, rather like an Englishman, was standing there lighting a lamp. He came forward introducing himself—had a good easy manner. "What could he do for me? Would I allow him to send me some soap?" I said I had some in my bag. He went to look for it. Through the half-open door I saw soldiers in the kitchen, and there seemed to be about seven or eight dining in the small court-yard just outside the office.

We made the best arrangements we could for the night, and when we went down to dinner found the boys in a wild state of delight. They had made acquaintance with all the seven soldiers who were dining. My eldest grandson, aged ten, said: "They were all very polite, Danny, got up when we came into the court, and Mme. Gaillard told them we were 'les jeunes maîtres de maison,' and the lieutenant introduced all of them to us."

After dinner Charlotte and I went out to speak to them. They are a nice-looking set of young fellows. We asked them all to dine with us to-morrow. We are comfortable in the old house. I sleep in the nursery, which is my old room and is still full of the boys' toys and books.

The house is very still; we don't hear a sound; would never imagine it was full of men.

Thursday, June 3rd.

It has been a lovely warm day. It was delicious to be waked up in the morning by the smell of roses climbing into the windows. The roses are lovely,—quantities of them, and all the trees and bushes grown enormously,—but the lawns planted with potatoes, beans, and peas look too awful, but there was nothing else to do; they had been so cut up and trampled upon with horses picketed on them that the only hope of ever having decent lawns again was to dig them all up and plant potatoes.

By seven o'clock, the boys were in the garden, playing about with some of the young men. They sent us their chauffeur to help move some of our heavy furniture. We shall settle ourselves for the present in the old house, as we shall always be liable to have French troops or British, so long as the war lasts.

We have put up a curtain at the end of the corridor, in the wing, so we are quite shut off, and none of the men ever come up the big staircase or into our part. The lieutenant uses Francis's "fumoir" as his bureau, and they take all their meals outside on the children's lawn or playground, the only one which has not been cut up, under the big pear-tree.

We invited all the gentlemen to dine to-night. We had brought down chickens and ham, vegetables and fruit from Paris, and they accepted with pleasure, sending us word by Mme. G. that they had a "filet de bœuf" which they begged we would accept. We asked them all seven, and the two little maids were rather

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nervous as to how they could serve so many people. We would be eleven, and we were rather nervous, too, as to knives and forks and spoons, as we have not replaced what the Germans had taken—bringing down merely what we wanted ourselves. But about four o'clock, the lieutenant sent us word there would only be four of them, the others were "de service." (The maids told us they were too shy to come.)

The dinner went very well. The chauffeur helped in the office. The lieutenant was the only regular officer. He had been wounded at Charleroi, left rather delicate and a little deaf, and had been given this place for a rest. The other men were sons of rich "industriels," two from Lille (which is now occupied by the Germans; they have had no news of their family for months)—one, a nice young fellow, Pinto D'Arringo, son of a Brazilian naturalized Frenchman with an English grandmother. They had all seen a little service. One broad-shouldered, nice young man had been in the fighting all around us at Vareddes-Barcy. They were a little shy at first, but the boys helped us. They asked so many questions and were so intensely interested in everything the young men said that it put them at their ease.

Saturday, June 5th.

We had a most strenuous and interesting day yesterday. With much difficulty we got "sauf-conduits" to go to Villers-Cotterets, about fourteen miles from us. We heroically decided to take again the grocer's "tapissière,"—that most uncomfortable, narrow, springless four-wheeled cart, but he had a good horse, and we thought we were quite safe with our "sauf-conduits,"—but the grocer hadn't any! We hadn't thought of him. We consulted our lieutenant, suggesting that he might perhaps take us in *his* auto. But he was overwhelmed at the mere idea. He couldn't take any *civil* in his car, and above all, no woman—not even his own wife if she were there, or a Red Cross nurse. However, he did what he could; said he was going into Villers-Cotterets on duty, Saturday morning, and would come back as soon as he could; but not before 10:30. So we gave him rendezvous at the bottom of the Bourneville hill, where the poste des gendarmes is stationed, and started at ten in our most ramshackle vehicle.

Our lieutenant appeared very punctually at 10:30 with the grocer's "sauf-conduit," and we started. It was very hot creeping up the long hill just out of Laferté, but once in the forest it was delightful. The big trees made a perfect thick shade. It was very still, not a sign of life or culture. We met nothing but military autos and trains of lorries and auto-buses, which made long trails of dust and filled the air with the smell of petroleum. We were certainly the only *civils* on the road. At the entrance of the town, just before we crossed the railroad, two mitrailleuses, most sinister-looking objects, were stationed. Villers was bristling with soldiers, as it is the headquarters of the 6me armée.

We started off to see if we could find an officer of the Etat Major and get a permission to go nearer the front behind the last line of trenches and distribute some clothes and food to the poor people. Many of the peasants went back to their ruined villages, once the Germans were out of them, and were encamped there in absolute misery, living in wagons or sheds—any sort of shelter they had been able to find. We wanted very much to get to them, but the officer whom we interviewed wouldn't hear of it. He was much surprised at seeing us at Villers-Cotterets, and thought that we should not have been given a "sauf-conduit." "It was no place for *civils*, nor women and children. Had we come from Paris?" "No, by road from Mareuil." That surprised him still more. "Did we meet any *civils* on the road?" "No, not one." He again repeated that it was no place for women, and advised us to get back at once before nightfall; said there was no possibility of getting any nearer the front these days, with fighting going on all around us.

We meant to go to the hospital to see what they wanted there. We had already sent several boxes of bandages and hospital shirts from the ouvroir, but were advised not to, as there were several cases of typhus, and it was very hot. We loitered a little in the town (hearing the cannon much nearer and louder than at Ma-

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reuil. The people say they are accustomed to it now; don't mind it. What they don't like are the shells.) We talked to some of the shop people, and bought pens and briquets made by the soldiers in the trenches out of pieces of German shells. As a rule the people did not complain of the Germans; said they behaved well when people remained in their houses; but it was a reign of terror; all the mothers terrified to have their boys playing about, as they made short work with boys if they got in their way or didn't instantly guide them to any place they wanted to go to or answer their questions. They shot so many in Belgium—boys of eight and ten years old—who certainly did them no harm.

The drive home was lovely. The country looks beautiful, but one felt so strongly the tragic stillness and absence of life and movement. We stopped at Laferté and had tea with the abbé in his garden, which was green and quiet and peaceful; such a contrast to the street, quite choked up with lorries and heavy carts and wagons and all the paraphernalia of war.

Our curé came to dinner—a most frugal meal. We sat until ten o'clock in the garden and our "militaires" came and talked to us. They were interesting, telling their experiences and the horrors they had seen. One young man, son of a rich bourgeois, was much impressed by the war; said he could never forget the first dead he saw after the battle of the Marne in a village near us; fifty Germans lying dead in the fields—and that was nothing to what he felt when he came a little later upon forty or fifty Frenchmen lying in heaps, some with such expressions of suffering on their faces. He said he could hardly get past the bodies. As he turned into a court-yard of an old château he suddenly came upon a German soldier who was terror-stricken, unarmed, throwing up his hands, begging for life. "I couldn't kill him, madame, there in cold blood, a perfectly helpless unarmed man—though I suppose I should have done it with the bodies of my comrades lying so near. But I couldn't. I took him prisoner and handed him over to the authorities."

They all said what we often do, that no one who had been through this war could ever be the same again; the entire mentality must change.

The boys listened with rapt attention, and later, when he was going to bed, the eldest one, Willy, said to me: "Why didn't he kill the wicked German, Danny, who had killed so many Frenchmen?"

This morning we hear the cannon distinctly, about twenty miles away, the "militaires" say. They went off early at four this morning to take food to the men in the trenches, near Soissons, and said it was infernal—the sky a blaze of fire, and the steady roar of the big guns. And here it is the Fête Dieu. The children came early to the garden and carried off as many roses as they could find, and one or two "reposoirs," dressed with flowers, have been arranged on the road on the route of the procession; and the girls in their white frocks will scatter roses before the sacrament "Le Bon Dieu qui passe," as they say in the country, and all ought to be peaceful and smiling.

During the mass, every time there was a silence in the church we heard the long, steady growl of the cannon, and we wonder who will be missing at the roll-call.

We are taking the last train this evening for Paris. It would be impossible to travel in the daytime in this heat.

I am writing in my room, leaving *written* instructions to Mme. G. and the mayor as to what rooms I will give. I hear voices and laughter in the garden, and see the boys having a fine game of ball with Pinto, and Charlotte being photographed under the little "pergola C" by one of the young men. It has been curious and interesting living there three or four days with the army. It has brought us into such direct contact with the soldiers. We have thought and talked of nothing but the war. The autos and motor-cycles came in and out of the court-yard all day, and we always heard the rumble of the big auto-buses as they went backward and forward.

We sent our letters off by the military autos. They passed twice a day and took our letters, if we left them at the "poste." The postal service is very irregular, the telephone cut entirely, and the telegraph reserved for the army. It was Mareuil under a very different aspect.

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Our soldiers told us they expected and hoped to remain still ten days or a fortnight at Mareuil, and they would certainly take care of the property. We begged them to use the dining-room when we had gone. As long as we were there they dined outside in the court-yard under the office windows; but it didn't disturb us at all, as they dined much earlier than we did. Mme. G. and the chauffeur did their cooking; and I imagine the chauffeur did ours too. They were all on the best of terms.

I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring, and when and how we shall see MAREUIL again!

THE MAD LADY

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

CERTAINLY there was a house there, half-way up Great Hill, a mansion of pale cream-colored stone, built with pillared porch and wings, vines growing over some parts of it, a sward like velvet surrounding it; the sun was flashing back from the windows—but— Why? Why had none of the Godsdale people seen that house before? Could the work of building have gone on sheltered by the thick wood in front, the laborers and the materials coming up the other side of the hill? It would not be visible now if, overnight, vistas had not been cut in the wood.

The Godsdale people seldom climbed the hill; there were rumors of ill-doing there in long past days, there were perhaps rattlesnakes, it was difficult except from the other side, there was nothing to see when you arrived, and few ever wandered that way. Why any one should wish to build there was a mystery. As the villagers stared at the place they saw, or thought they saw, swarthy turbaned servitors moving about, but so far off as to be indistinct. In fact, it was all very indistinct; so much so that Parson Solewise even declared there was no house there at all. But when Mr. Dunceby, the schoolmaster, opened his spy-glass and saw a lady—who, he said, was tall, was dark, was beautiful, with flowing draperies about her of black and filmy stuff—come down the terrace-steps and enter a waiting automobile that speedily passed round the scarp of the hill and went down the other side, the thing was proved. Mr. Ditton, the village lawyer, also saw it without having recourse to the spy-glass; but as Mr. Ditton had but lately had what he called a nip, and indeed several of them, he was in that happy state of sweet good nature which agrees with the last speaker.

Every day for several days, even weeks, the lady was seen to enter the automobile, and be taken round the side of the hill and down to the plain intersected by many roads and ending in a marsh bounded by the great river. The car would go some distance, and then, apparently at an order given through the long speaking-tube, would turn about and take a different course, only to be as quickly reversed and sent to another road on the right or on the left. Sometimes it would seem to certain of the adventurous youth coming and going on the great plain that the chauffeur remonstrated, but evidently the more she insisted, and the car went on swiftly in the new direction, wrecklessly plunging and rocking over deep-rutted places as if both driver and passenger were mad. Indeed, they came to call the woman the Mad Lady. She seemed to be on a wild search for something that lay she knew not where, or for the right road to it in all the tangle of roads. One day, it was Mr. Dunceby and Mr. Ditton who, coming from a fishing-trip—Mr. Ditton's flask quite empty—saw a ride which they

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averred was the wildest piece of daredeviltry ever known, or would have been but for the black tragedy at its end.

The car was speeding down Springwood way, as if running a race with the wind, when suddenly it swerved, backed, and turned about, going diagonally opposite into Blueberry lane, crossed over from that by a short cut to Commoners, only to reverse again—the lady inside, as well as they could see, giving contradictory and excited orders—and after one or two more turns and returns and zigzags, the car shot forward with incredible swiftness, as if the right way were found at last, straight down the long dike or causeway over which the farmers hauled their salt hay from the marsh in winter—the marsh now swollen to a morass by the high tides and recent rains. And then, as if in the accelerating speed the chauffeur found himself helpless, they saw the car bound into the air—at least Mr. Ditton did—the lady fling the door open, crying: "It is here! It is here!" pitching forward at the words and tossed out like a leaf, the chauffeur thrown off as violently, and all plunged into the morass, sucked down by the quicksand, and seen no more.

When a deputation of the Godsdale people, the constable, the parson, the schoolmaster, Mr. Ditton, and some others, climbed the path to Great Hill top, they found the house there quite empty, no living soul to be seen, and without furnishing of any kind. Was it possible that every one had absconded during the time in which the people had exclaimed and discussed and delayed, and that they had taken rugs and hangings and paintings and statuary with them? Or, as Parson Solewise conjectured, had there never been anything of the sort there? Yet there were others who, on returning to the village, vowed that the rich rugs, the soft draperies, the wonderful pictures they had seen were something not known by them to exist before, and that turbaned slaves were packing them away with celerity.

One thing certainly was strange: a wing of the house had vanished, the porch and the eastern wing were there, but there was no west wing; if there ever had been the grass was growing over it. The schoolmaster said it was due to the perspective; they would see it when down in the village again. And so they did. Mr. Ditton, however, went back to review the case; but, on the spot again, there was no western wing to that strange building.

The automobile was raised by some friendly hands, chiefly boys, cleansed, and taken up Great Hill and left in its place. After that, for some years the good people of Godsdale talked of the mansion, and marvelled, and borrowed the schoolmaster's spy-glass to look at it. But at last it was as an old story, and half forgotten at that; and then one and another had died; and no one came to claim the place; and other things filled the mind.

It so chanced that Mary Solewise, the old parson's daughter, one afternoon in her rambles with her lover, came out on the half-forgotten house and, stepping across the terrace, looked in at one of the windows that at a little distance had seemed to stare at them. Her lover was the young poet who had come to Godsdale for the sake of its quiet, that he might finish his epic to the resonance of no other noise than the tune in his thought. The epic is quite unknown now; but we all know and sing his songs, which are pieces of perfection. But he himself said Mary Solewise was the best poem he had found.

With a little money, some talent, and plenty of time, he was content till this song of Mary began to sing in his heart; and then when he found she was his for this life and all life to come, he found also that his small income needed to be trebled; it was too narrow a mantle to stretch over himself and Mary too. He could, after a fashion, make the little money sufficient, perhaps his verses would bring in something—verse had made more poets than Tennyson rich—but there was no roof to shelter her. And so in the midst of his happiness he was wretched. He could not enjoy the sunshine for fear of a weather-breeder. Of course if he chose to go back, if he chose to submit—but that sacrifice of honor was not to be dreamed. He lived in the hope that his epic would bring immediate fame and fortune, but, alas, his life and thought were so taken up by Mary that he could

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not work on the epic at all. They went off and sat down on the edge of the terrace. The great house, in the flickering afternoon sunshine through the shadows of leaves, seemed to tremble. One felt it might melt away. There was to the poet something really appealing about it. "This forsaken place has a personality," he said. "It seems as if it were asking some one to come and companion it, to save it from itself and the doom of forsaken things."

It was very evidently, indeed, by way of falling to pieces: bricks had toppled from the chimney-stacks, spiders had spun their webs everywhere, and one might expect to find a brother to dragons in the great halls. "To live in it?" asked Mary. "Why, the very thing! Let the creepers cover all the main part and hold it up with their strong ropes if need be. But there in the east wing the rooms are reasonable. You have such a knack with carpentry and machines and things, you could turn that long window into a door, we could bolt off the main part—and—and there we are!"

"It is God-given!" said the lover. "But would you not be afraid of ghosts? This is a place to be known of these shadowy people."

"I would give anything to see one!" she exclaimed, and then began to shiver as if fearing to be taken at her word. Her hair had fallen down in her struggles with bushes and boughs and briers on the way up; she was braiding it in a shining rope of gold.

"It will grow and shroud you in gold in your grave," he said, passing a tress of it across his lips.

The color mounted in her cheeks, exquisite as that on a rose-petal; nothing could be more the opposite of ghostliness than she, the very picture of vital strength.

All at once it seemed to the poet that here was a way to put fresh being into this dead place, to suspend its decay, till it gathered force and new meaning and became instead of a suspected apparition a thing glowing with life. He went to the window and looked in; it gave way under his hand, and he stepped across. "This shall be the door," he said.

"And this the living-room," she replied. And they went through the wing.

"It is quite ample enough," he exclaimed.

"More than enough," she said.

"It will do very well," he continued. "I will come up with old Will and brooms and pails, and clear out the dust and cobwebs and litter, and mop and scour. I can do it."

"And I can help. Oh, how I can help!"

"Here will be your sewing-room. Here will be my writing-room—only you will sit there, too. Here is our own room. How fine a great fire roaring up this chimney will be! Here can be pantry and kitchen. See—there is water running from some spring higher up the hill. It is really quite perfect. Why did we never think of it before? No one claims it. We shall be married now the moment it is ready to receive a bride. A fine place, those great halls, for children to romp in. I hear them now with their piping silver voices!"

"And I will have a garden on this side, with rows of lilies, with rows of roses, with white sweet-william against blue larkspur, with gillyflowers and pansies—oh, why *didn't* we think of this before!"

"We will need some furnishing——"

"Not a great deal. Mother and father will give us things they don't use. And we can make tables and dressers—you can."

"And I shall be paid for my verses the *Magazine of Light* accepted, some time."

"And there is the old automobile—though I don't know if I would like to ride in that, even if I could."

"I think I can furbish it up. I'll take a look at it. I always had a way with tools. Oh, yes, you will like to ride in it. It won't be quite—the same—may need some new parts."

"But—the poor Mad Lady—won't we be afraid?"

"Of what? She wouldn't hurt us if she could, and she couldn't if she would. She will be glad to have her limousine give pleasure to a young wife and her adoring man-at-arms. Oh, Mary, we have a home! But it's too good to be true. Come, let us hurry down before the whole thing fades like a dream!"

The parson and the schoolmaster and Mr. Ditton all went up the next day to look over the possibilities, and they all

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agreed that the plan was feasible. "The main building," said the schoolmaster, "could be used for a boarding-school,"

"A place for much revelry unseen by the curious. I wonder it has not been utilized," said Mr. Ditton. And then

The schoolmaster saw a lady with flowing draperies about her come down the terrace-steps.—Page 238.

and he pictured himself a delighted headmaster there in no time.

"A fine place for one of those retreats where people invite heaven into their souls," said the parson.

they all did their kind best to help the poet and his sweetheart.

It was the prettiest wedding under the sun. All the village took note, and part

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of the people followed the pleasant procession up the hill. They had turned out in a body two or three weeks before and made the path up the hill wide and smooth; and all the furnishings and belongings had been taken up some days ago. The bridegroom, dark and straight, prouder that morning than if the Iliad had been his achievement, walked with his wife who, a little pale, found some strength in leaning on his arm, her veil flowing about her, half veil, half scarf, the rose in her hair the beginning of a long garland of roses that the schoolchildren had braided for her, that fell on her shoulder and trailed to her feet. A group of the children followed, marshalled by the schoolmaster, all prettily demure, but full of the suspended spirit of gambol and outcry. Then came the glad young friends and companions, and next them the parson and his wife, solemn as if they were ascending the mount of sacrifice, which indeed they were doing in giving their child to an almost unknown man. After these came all who wished them well sufficiently to climb the steep; while the music of a flute-blower went all the way along from the sheltering wood.

A passing cloud obscured the main building, but the sun lay full on the east wing, which seemed to give a smiling welcome. On the terrace was a fine banquet spread, and a wedding-cake for the bride to cut; and after the dainties had been enjoyed and Billy Biggs's pockets stuffed as full as his stomach, and the flute-blower had come out of the wood, they all swarmed through the east wing and over the great house; and the schoolmaster formed a class there and told them in his own way the story of a wedding where one of the guests, a person of deific quality, had turned jars of water into wine. "That," said he, "is what marriage does. It gives to those who have drunk only water the wine of life." It is to be doubted if the little people understood him, but the poet did.

After this came dancing; and presently sunset was casting ruby fires over all the world. And the old parson went to the new husband and wife, and blessed them as if all power were given him to bless, and he kissed them both, and led the way home.

Then Mary went inside and divested herself of her lovely finery, and made the tea, and they supped together, and then sat on the door-stone and watched the moon come up and silver the great morass in the distance; and at last they went inside, and the husband locked the door. "Oh," said Mary, "when I heard you turn the key I knew that we had left the world outside!"

"And that you and I are one!" said her husband.

The poet did not do much with his epic, after all, that year; but he gave us that charming masque of "Mornings in Arcady" that haunts its lovers as remembered strains of music do. And he made the beginnings of his wife's garden, and he wrought with his carpentry tools, and did some repairing on the motor-car; sooth to say, it needed a good deal of renewing, and it took all the amount of the check for his poem to replace the useless parts, and from other verses, too.

And by and by came the little child, as if a small angel had wandered out of heaven. And Mary began to have a strange foreboding about the main building, as of some baleful influence there that might harm the child. So her husband took the child with her and went all over the main building, and showed her there was nothing there but emptiness, not even gloom; for how could gloom live in a place flooded with sunshine through all its many windows? After the twin babies came, Mary had the clothes hung there to dry.

Sometimes now they had the flute-blower come up, and all their friends from the village, to make merry in the spacious places of the main building, which seemed to put on a brighter face in welcome. And again, when there was rumor of war the women gathered there to scrape lint and roll bandages, while their children played about. Sometimes in summer the Sunday-school received their lessons there and sang their hymns, and had their festa. And the poet had his wish of seeing his children at play there. Once in a while the visiting village children found themselves storm-bound there, staying for days together, and the wide rooms rang with their glad voices. The place was full of life.

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"This shall be the door," he said.—Page 240.

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One day when her mother was there, the poet came to his wife, heralded by a great puffing and blowing, sliding to the door in the motor-car. "It is quite regenerated," he said. "I have run it down the road and back to make assurance doubly sure. Now mother will keep the babies, and we will follow the poor Mad Lady's way. Oh, I have had motors before. I could have them again if I chose to accept the conditions."

"Oh, I shall be afraid!" she said.

"Of what?" he asked, as he had asked before. "The machine is all right. Shabby, but can go like blazes. A pity I had not attended to it when we first set up our gods here. What a thing it is to have a wife!" as she obediently took her seat.

"What a thing it is to have a limousine," she answered, "and a chauffeur!"

As the car slid along Mary idly took up the speaking-tube through which one gives orders to the man outside. It seemed to her that she heard murmurs in it like a voice. At first faint, then the murmurs swelled till they were not only distinct but startling. Mary dropped the tube, but caught it up again, and put it to her ear. It was a woman's voice evidently. "Down this way," it seemed to say. "No, no, try the first turn to the left. Oh, did I say the left? I mean the right. Don't go by it! Now straight ahead. Oh, stop, stop, let me think—this is not right! The Springwood way, the Commoners, now the third from the forks. Why should it be so difficult to reach the road where they bring in the hay? Oh, shall we never arrive? Shall we never find it? It might be lost! It might be water-soaked! It is at the roots of the big tree that leans over the marsh. Oh, here, here! Put on more speed! Hurry, hurry, faster! It is precious, it is priceless, lives depend upon it!"

It was Mary's turn to try to say "Stop!" But she could not bring herself to use that speaking-tube. She flung herself against the glass between herself and her husband. He turned and saw her terror, and stopped instantly. "What is it, what is it?" he cried. "Oh, Mary, what is the matter?"

"The car is haunted! By the Mad Lady's voice!" she exclaimed. "I hear it in the tube there! Oh, it is dreadful!"

"Nonsense, my darlingest! It is the wind you hear. Let me try it. I hear nothing. You see we are not moving now."

"Then move!" cried Mary, "and put your ear where you would hear me if I used it. I will go and sit with you."

She did so, and he reseated himself, and the car moved on, and the poet listened. "By George, it is saying something," he exclaimed presently. "'The third from the forks.' Why, that is just where we are. 'It is such a small thing it might be lost.' By George, Mary, what does this mean? There it goes again, 'Speed, hurry, hurry, it is precious, it is priceless, lives depend—' This is the weirdest thing I ever came across," he said, as he wiped his forehead. "Look here, suppose we obey the directions, go where she says and see what will happen?"

Mary was trembling in every limb; her teeth chattered, but she tried not to have it seen. They began to go forward, turning the corner, coming out on the straight road to the marsh.

It was a season of low tides, and except for a short but terrific thunder-storm there had been no rain for weeks, so that the marsh had visibly shrunk. "There's no danger, we won't go out on the marsh, of course. That chauffeur, the Mad Lady's, must have lost control, he was going at such a horrific rate, they say."

"There is the big tree on the edge!" cried Mary, still in a tremor, her very voice shaking.

"Let us look. We will find some sticks and turn up the earth," said her husband.

"Oh, it is the most awful thing!" murmured Mary. "I feel as if we were meddling in some terrible conspiracy, as if—as if——"

"As if the Prince of the Powers of the Air had it in for you. Never fear, sweetheart, I'm here."

He worked out the foot-rest of the car and began to break with it the soil about the roots of the tree. And then he saw that the earth had been torn up by a thunderbolt fallen there not long since, stripping the bark off the tree, too, but making his work more easy.

"There's nothing there at all!" cried Mary. "It's all our imagination."

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"There's nothing like effort," he replied. "Aha, what is this?" And there resounded a slight metallic clang, and he wrenched out and brought to light a small japanned box covered with rust and mould.

"It may contain a fortune in precious stones," he said.

"She said it was priceless," Mary answered. But they had nothing with which to open it; and he turned the car and they went home, feeling as if they had a weight of lead with them.

The parson had come up for his wife, and was as interested as Mary and the poet. It took only a few minutes with a chisel to open the box. Inside was a fast-locked ebony casket. "It is too bad to break it," said Mary.

"There is nothing else to do," he said, prying it open. They found then a lock of curling hair, a slender gold ring, and a piece of thin parchment on which was written something illegible, neither name nor place being decipherable, but yet which had an air of marriage lines.

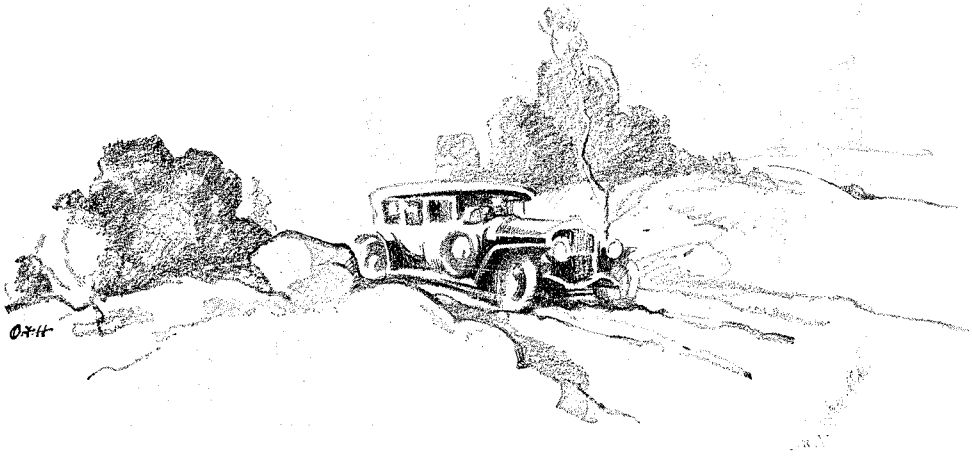
"Now what does this mean?" asked the poet. "A house takes shape out of the air apparently, a woman lives in it, and drives round wildly in search of this box that has perhaps been stolen from her, whose contents were needed to prove innocence, descent, rights to property, and what-not, and loses her life searching for it. We must get out of this, Mary! The whole thing is a baseless fabric and will melt away, and for all I know melt us with it."

The schoolmaster and Mr. Ditton coming up on their afternoon stroll in which they usually discussed points of the cabala, had heard the poet's words. "You are doubting the stability of the house?" said the schoolmaster. "You need not. It is written in the Zohar that thought is the source of all that is, and searching the Sephiroth we find that matter is only a form of thought. In fact the soul builds the body——"

"Many a castle in the air has been made solid by putting in the underpinning," said Mr. Ditton.

"My children," said the parson, "if the Mad Lady was able to project herself and her palace to this spot, for reasons of her own, you have projected into it yourselves. Your innocent and happy lives have filled it with vitality, and have fixed a dream into a home. It is as strong as the foundations of the earth. Stay here in safety, the house and the home are permanent. The poor Mad Lady! Come, wife."

But Mary was still trembling a little.



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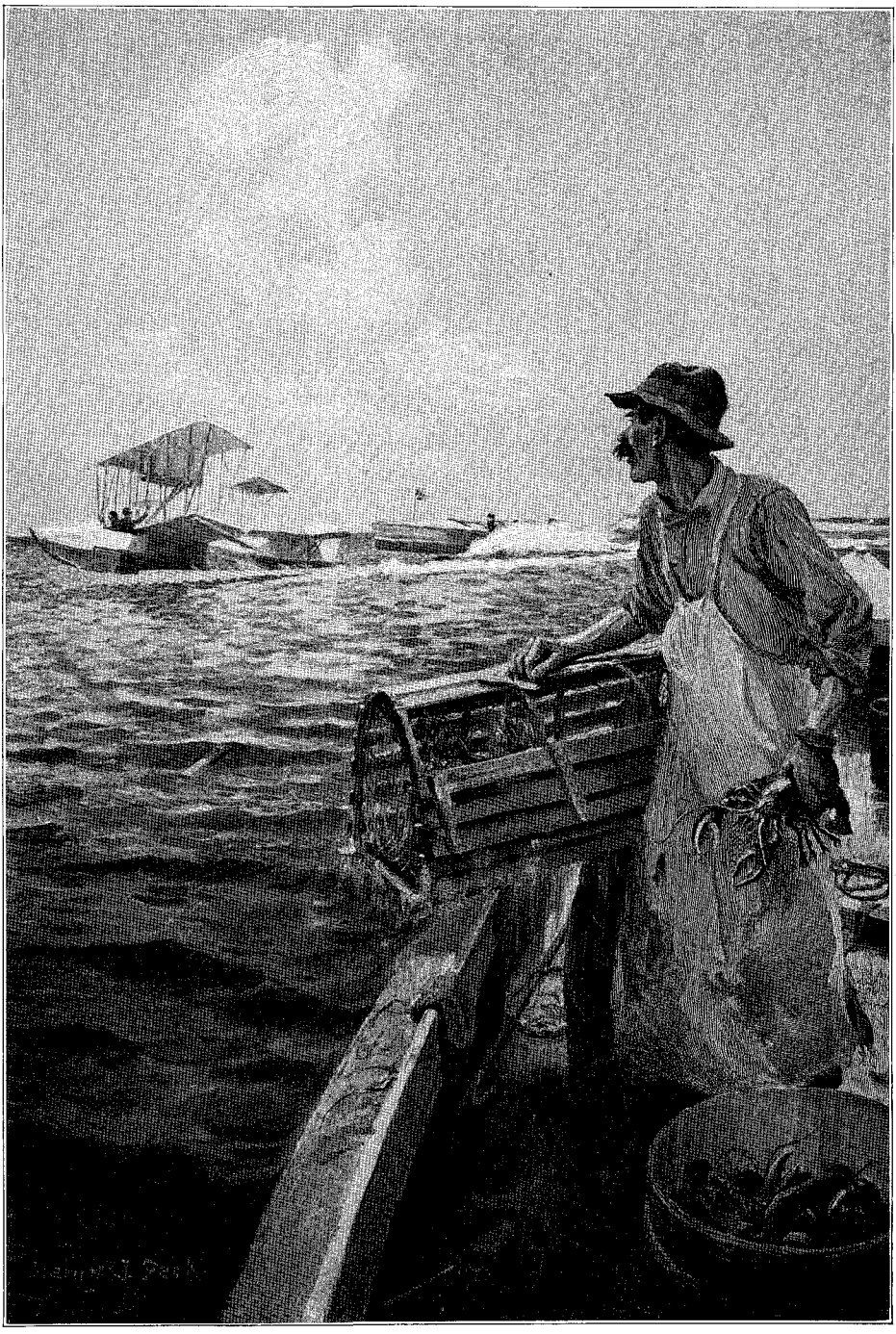

Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

The Race.

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REMATING TIME

II

THE HAPPY DIVORCE. SHOWING HOW TRUE MATES WHO HAD BEEN MISMATED WERE AT LAST REMATED

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

ORDINARILY even the kindest husband is unsympathetic when his wife announces her engagement to be married, but when Mary led her fiancé, the blushing Bill, to her husband, and shyly told him that she had found great happiness, Leonard beamed upon the attractive pair and gave them his blessing. For he, too, yearned for sympathy and approbation. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I understand just how you feel about it. I also have pleasant news," and turning he bowed gallantly to Bill's wife, who had modestly remained in the background.

Evadne lowered her beautiful eyelashes. "Yes, duckie," she murmured in sweet confusion to her present husband as she clung to the arm of her future husband, "we wanted you two dear people to be the first to know of it."

"Well, well!" cried Bill, turning to his own betrothed; "Mary, I always thought that you were wonderful—now I am sure of it!" For she had predicted this very coincidence.

Yes, to all of them it was, as it were, a beautiful dream coming true. They looked at one another as if still in a strange vision of unreality. Then they looked away again. No one knew just what to say next; until Mary suddenly remembered that it was her turn and Bill's to offer congratulations to Leonard and Evadne, which they now did right heartily. "Be good to her, my boy," said Bill, a conventional fellow; "be good to her!"

The poet intimated to Bill with manly earnestness that so long as he had breath in his body it would be the one object of his existence to prove himself worthy of Bill's wife. And so with mutual felicitations and friendly banter they all wended their way homeward together through the sheltering woods in the fragrant fading twilight to dress for dinner.

Engaged couples are all alike in wanting their friends to go and do likewise, but in this instance, in addition to the ordinary gratification each felt at seeing his or her nearest and dearest friend happy—and well fixed—there was also a double sense of relief, for each pair had naturally dreaded telling the other. Not that either had anything to be ashamed of; all four of these mismated persons had been honorable and upright. They still were. They meant to remain so. But being also kind and considerate, they did not like to cause each other pain by getting engaged. For had they not caused each other enough already? Yes, by getting married.

But, as in the case of so many of life's anticipated ordeals, the obstacles to remarriage had magically vanished for the time being, and all the beautiful world now seemed so full to the brim with their great happiness that there was no room left for the ugly little passion of jealousy. And yet the unkind world's dishonest attitude toward getting unmarried always makes honesty and kindness so difficult—as they were to discover later. But, like all true lovers in the first rosy glow of gladness, they liked even the unworthy world and thought it a suitable place to live in.

II

"ISN'T love wonderful!" sighed Leonard ecstatically as he hooked his wife's dress.

"And what a blessing," returned Mary as she buttoned his collar for him, "what a blessing in disguise that you and I never

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really loved each other! Raise your chin a little higher, dear."

"Precisely," agreed her husband, raising his chin a little higher. "That would somehow make this wrong. As it is, it makes it right! The only wrong we ever committed was marriage. Do you know, Mary, I never really understood the difference between right and wrong until this very day. Evadne showed me. Thanks, I can fix the tie."

Mary nodded understandingly. "Billy has taught her much," she said. "Oh, Leonard, isn't he splendid? So stalwart, so strong!"

"Yes," said Leonard, adding, "yes, indeed," and putting the finishing touches on his tie—"he certainly is."

Mary, having a true woman's tact, hastily added, "Evadne is such a dear, she has had such a softening influence on him. He used to be hard and domineering."

"I see," said Leonard.

There was a little pause.

"Mary, are you quite sure you never really loved me?"

"I am—now," she whispered, a wonderful new light in her ardent eyes, "quite, quite sure."

He had always admired her eyes, and turning he brushed his hair vigorously.

But, if he felt the polygamous pang, he had gained character enough through monogamy to control it—the triumph of civilization.

"Mary," asked Leonard, having finished brushing his hair, "why did you ever marry me?"

"For the same reason that you married me," answered Mary, picking out a handkerchief; "I did not marry my mate, the man I really loved, so I married the man I told myself I loved."

Leonard nodded sympathetically. It was the simple truth. Many marriages are made in that way, but very few married people are free to tell the truth about it. This happy pair could actually be honest without being unkind. They looked at each other with new eyes, opened and unashamed. A strange peace fell upon them, the peace of perfect understanding.

"And have I really a right," asked Leonard in a low, vibrant voice, "to say, 'I do not love you'?"

"No one has a better right," murmured Mary, giving him a look of complete trust.

That was true, too. And yet it all seemed too good to be true.

"Mary," said Leonard, opening the door for her, "I feel as if we had begun to know each other for the first time. I shall miss you dreadfully, dear."

"You must write often," said Mary, lingering at the threshold.

"I hope you will be very, very happy in your new life, Mary."

"I shall follow your career with deepest interest, Leonard"; she held out her hand. He pressed it to his lips. She started down the stairs.

"But, Mary, wait!" said Leonard. She stopped. They faced each other. "Aren't we to see each other sometimes? Don't put me out of your life entirely."

"Never fear," whispered his wife over her shoulder; "we shall never drift apart entirely. We still have much in common—the dear children, Leonard."

Mutual understanding, common interest, full sympathy, and complete respect—very few husbands and wives were in more perfect accord than this pair about to be divorced—for the benefit not only of those immediately concerned but of society, which is still more concerned.

And so, with the peace of conscience which comes only of consecration to duty, husband and wife descended the broad staircase arm in arm to the mellow, tapestry-hung hall where, by a crackling fire, the other honest couple were waiting to give them a glad welcome.

III

Now this was all very beautiful and idyllic, but it was not divorce. The time had come for action.

It goes without saying that all four of these high-minded persons wanted nothing unpleasant about their respective and respectable divorces. But the laws of the land were not made for high-minded people but for low-minded people.

"After all it's a practical world," as was well said by Bill, the business man, now seated at the head of the congenial dinner-table.

"Yes, and this is a practical proposi-

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

"Be good to her, my boy," said Bill; "be good to her!"—Page 247.

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tion," said Leonard, looking as business-like as he could.

"So let's get right down to business," said Bill incisively. He was a man of action and had great executive ability. No wonder Mary admired him.

"Where there's a will there's a way," murmured Mary, as she returned the pressure of his hand under the table.

"Love will find a way," whispered Evadne to Leonard, as her dainty slipper sought his instep, engaged couples being all alike.

"Well, there's no time like the present," said Bill, taking the bull by the horns; "on what grounds shall we be divorced? What do you say, Leonard?"

"It seems to me," said the poet gallantly, "that we might better refer the question to the ladies."

The two wives looked at each other, then at their husbands, and finally at their future husbands. It was a hard question.

"What would you say to cruelty?" said Mary to Evadne.

Silvery laughter (which thrilled Leonard) was the answer. "That would be too absurd! My husband is the kindest fellow in the world," she said.

"So's mine!" retaliated Mary, "but, as your husband says, this is a practical world."

"But we have the best grounds in the world for separating," cried impractical Evadne. "We don't love our husbands; they don't love us."

"That shows how little you know the world," returned her husband; "that's the one thing we can't get divorced for."

"I have it!" cried the poet enthusiastically; "non-support! My wife, at least, can honestly say I don't support her."

"Humph!" said Bill, "so can mine! As a matter of fact, you always supported your wife until recently, whereas I never supported mine at all. But it isn't a question of being honest, but of being lawful. We have never sought to avoid our legal responsibilities, we have never treated our wives badly in any way. If we had blackened their eyes, or if they had played us false, we should have an easy time of it. As it is now, our cases would be indignantly thrown out of court. So non-support won't go either."

That gave them pause. The future looked bad because their past had been good. This matter of getting divorced was not the simple detail it seemed only that afternoon during love's young dream.

"I'm afraid it is necessary to do something," said Mary courageously. "Would desertion be agreeable to the rest of you?"

"Fine!" shouted Bill, "that's practical."

"Wonderful!" cried Leonard; "I knew my wife would find a way."

"Desertion would be agreeable to all of us, I'm sure," put in Evadne, not to be outdone.

"The question now arises," said Bill, for in the stress and strain of this crisis he became the natural leader, "shall you girls desert us, or shall we desert you?" He addressed this question to his wife, as seemed proper under the circumstances, but as it happened she was oblivious of her husband for the moment, gazing with a wonderful look in her eyes at Bill's future wife's husband, Leonard. "Evadne, wake up," said Bill, rapping on the table, "do you want to get divorced or not?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear; what were you saying?"

No wonder she drove him to drink at times. So vague, so maddening, so lacking in Mary's good plain common sense. But, like Leonard, like Evadne herself, like all of them, he had learned patience. So, very gently, he repeated his question: "Do you want to desert me, Baby, or shall I desert you?"

"Just as you say, little Billee," she replied amiably, and turned her attention to the poet again, confident that her divorce was in good hands, for her efficient husband always attended to practical details, like checking baggage and changing cars. She did not like practical details. He loved them.

"If I may suggest," said Mary to Bill, and now leaving the hopelessly impractical pair out of the discussion entirely, "there are no two sides to this question. You and Leonard will, of course, desert Evadne and me."

But Leonard overheard. "I beg your pardon!" he cried, springing to his feet,

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"Isn't love wonderful!" sighed Leonard ecstatically as he hooked his wife's dress.—Page 247.

instincts of chivalry outraged, "we shall do nothing of the sort!"

"Wait a moment, wait a moment!" put in Mary, for she knew how to fix him. "Leonard, I'm sure you would do even that for our sakes. You see, if we deserted you, you would have to bring suit against us, and that would not be gallant. Sit down, dear, and leave it all to Bill and me."

Leonard sat down. "Oh, I see," he said; "you are right, Mary; you are always right."

"Isn't your wife wonderful!" whispered Evadne.

"Ah, but so is your husband," said Leonard. "They were just made for each other."

Bill rapped for order again. "So that's all settled," he announced like a

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"I beg your pardon!" he cried, springing to his feet, "we shall do nothing of the sort."—Page 250.

man of action. "Leonard and I will do the deserting and our wives will do the suing."

It seemed a proper division of labor.

Thus a difficult situation was bravely met, frankly discussed, and finally solved.

"Now for the minor details," Bill resumed. "There is no time like the present. The girls had better leave for Nevada to-morrow. Understand, Baby?"

"No, I don't at all," Evadne replied, her soft brow puckered; "you just said that you boys were going to desert *us*."

"We are, we are," said her husband patiently. "So do just as I say and have your trunks all packed up by luncheon to-morrow."

"But if we are to be deserted," said Evadne, toying with her coffee-cup, "why should we pack up and leave? Why

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don't you go?" She was a true woman and loved her home.

"Because—don't you see?" cried Bill, controlling himself with difficulty, "then you could not sue us for desertion!"

"But why not, if you desert us?"

"Because desertion is not grounds for divorce in this State. Therefore, to sue us for desertion *you* must desert, and we must stay at home."

This made it clear to her, and it was so decided. For they were determined to respect the law. The law is the bulwark of civilization, and is opposed to honesty in such matters just as much as to decency. As there was no decent way to be divorced in their State, they had to be dishonest in order to remain decent.

The next day there was a touching scene at parting. It seemed a pity to be parted, but they were philosophical and made the best of it, to wit: the two suing wives were to share not only their sorrows but a house together out west, which businesslike Bill secured for them by telegraph; and the two deserting husbands were to stay together at Evadne's house so as to bear each other company in comfort.

It seemed a practical plan, for Mary would need all the money Leonard could raise on his life-insurance in order to divorce him and support the children at the same time. Moreover, there was naught to offend the poet's pride in accepting his future wife's hospitality, since it was his insurance money that was to make her his future wife. Besides, there should be no sordid considerations of money between those who truly love. They had made that mistake once before and it nearly wrecked their lives. Bill had just as much pride as Leonard and yet he did not hesitate to live at Evadne's house, though he and she did not love each other at all. They were merely man and wife.

Well, the two deserting husbands came down to the train to bid the two abandoned wives God-speed, each husband laden down with presents of flowers and candy and books for the other's wife. Leonard had been of invaluable aid to Bill in the selection of these gifts, and likewise Bill to Leonard. "No, old man," said the poet, "I shouldn't give her that. My wife doesn't care for trashy novels." And in reciprocation, Bill: "Mixed bonbons. She's outgrown her love for chocolates since you first knew her. In fact, they always give her indigestion."

But each had brazenly bought a little present for his own wife too, and when the moment for parting came all four bade an affectionate farewell, not only to his or her friend's wife or husband, but to his or her own. If lovers' partings are sweet sadness, think how much more poignant it is to separate not only from your true mate but your true spouse at the same time and train.

"I don't see how I can do without you, dear!" said Leonard, his beautiful blinking eyes averted.

"Oh, Bill will look after you," said Mary confidently.

"I don't mean you, dear," said Leonard hastily, "I mean you, dear." Then, realizing all that his good wife meant to him, he added considerately, and truthfully too, as he looked from one to the other of these splendid women, "I don't see how I can do without either of you, you dear sweet things, you." Yes, Leonard loved all women.

"Ah, but it's only for a few months," whispered the woman, the one woman, he wanted for his very own; "and think, my poet, of all the many, many years we have waited for each other."

And at that Mary and Bill nodded sympathetically, for had not they too suffered? Ah, yes, they knew and they could understand. For that matter, the onlooking other passengers thought that they too understood. Travellers are invariably interested in the farewells of fiancés. All the world loves a lover.

"Billy, dear," said Mary, just before the train started, "don't forget to make Leonard wear his rubbers—he's so frightfully absent-minded."

"Don't worry, Mary," he answered; "I'd do anything for your sake, even take care of your husband. By the way"—he lowered his voice—"my wife's such a flighty person. You are so sensible. Don't let her fall a victim to any of those mining promoters out there."

Evadne laughed and made a face at her present husband, which utterly bewitched

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her future husband. "Leonard," she said, "do keep an eye on Bill. Remember, only two Scotches at dinner." Then she added, for fear this reference to good old Bill's failing might hurt him, "I really don't think he'll be so bad now that I'm not there to drive him to it." And this time her low laugh was like spun gold to the poet.

"I'll do my best," said Leonard, throwing a protecting arm about Bill's shoulder for Evadne's sake.

And then, as the train drew out, the two wives weeping and waving their handkerchiefs and the deserted, though deserting, husbands resolutely smiling and waving their hats, Leonard breathed a deep sigh and gripped Bill's arm.

"Isn't she wonderful!" he said ecstatically.

"Which one?"

"Both," proclaimed the poet.

IV

Upon a lovely day in June, when the robins were building their nests and all nature was glad, the day the divorce decrees were signed, a pretty double wedding was celebrated at the city hall.

The two happy pairs blithely tossed a coin to see which should be married first. Bill and Mary won, so Leonard acted as Bill's best man, with Evadne as matron of honor to Mary, and then the other way around.

Ah, such happiness you never saw!

The best and most lasting happiness always comes after suffering.

Each new husband embraced his new wife. Then the new wives embraced each other. And then the two husbands —well, as they couldn't very well kiss each other, they kissed each other's wives instead, that is to say, each kissed his former wife quite as if they had not been divorced, except that it was now done with zest and sincerity.

Then, with many a heartfelt "God bless you," each couple went its way rejoicing, not only in its own happiness, which would be selfish, but also in that truest joy, the joy of making others happy.

Thus each, with new hope, new courage, and a new spouse, took up the broken threads of life and bravely began a new start, despite the difficulties put in their paths by society's laws, customs, and ideals. It was the triumph of right over wrong.

Therefore, many blessings ensued. Bill stopped drinking, Leonard resumed writing, Mary grew young and rosy, Evadne grew radiant and contented.

For true mates who had been mismated were now remated.

(To be concluded in March.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

The Uses of Heroes

It is an inestimable advantage to a country for it to possess one or more heroes whose virtues are beyond reproach and whose vices do not need to be explained away. For example, we Americans may count ourselves fortunate beyond other peoples because the two foremost figures in our history are of clear renown. Washington was not the marble demigod of popular legend, but a very human man, capable of wrath and on occasion of the profanity whereby wrath relieves itself. Lincoln is even more human, with the pungent humor which alleviated his abiding melancholy.

They had their faults, no doubt, but they abide our question. We can assure ourselves that they were "towers of strength, foursquare to all the winds that blow"; and we know that "whatever records leap to light they never shall be shamed." Each in his turn was a "strong, still man in a blatant land"; and Washington, no less than Lincoln, "was a type of the true elder race." We may gaze at either and feel that "one of Plutarch's men talked with

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us face to face." No American lad will go wrong if he patterns himself upon the one or the other. And even though they led us in turn through the darkness and the danger of prolonged war they were neither of them soldiers by profession, even if Washington was on occasion a soldier by necessity. They were both abidingly peace-loving and their final victories were civic.

So far as we can judge at this dim distance the earliest of the national heroes of England, Alfred, was a man of like character, a man of valor and sagacity and capacity, a man of patience and resource, a worthy model for the youth of all time, in his own country and out of it. Yet the fame of Alfred has necessarily faded with the passage of time; and there are later British heroes of a less unspotted renown, although perhaps of a more audacious and compelling individuality. The Black Prince is one and Henry the Fifth is another, men of might, picturesque personalities, seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth and not free from the customary vices of the military hero. In their conduct they were no better and no worse than other soldiers of their own day; and we are willing enough to listen to the pleas which may be urged in their exculpation. Alfred, however, needed no defense, and his fame abides without deduction.

It may be disputable whether Cromwell is a national hero or only a party leader; but it is beyond dispute that when we study his character and consider his career we find that we need to make allowances, and not a few of them. As for Nelson, the latest commanding figure in the history of the British Empire, what shall be said of him? He was the greatest of sea fighters, no doubt, yet looked at merely as a man he is disclosed as a pitiful creature, vain, egotistic, selfish, avid of glory, insubordinate, intolerant of control, and regardless of the elementary dictates of domestic morality. His genius was his own; it perished with him; it cannot be transmitted by imitation; and his character, no matter how we seek to palliate it, affords no pattern for the youth of the island unconquered because of his skill and his prowess as an admiral.

It may be questioned whether the French are any more fortunate in their heroes than the British. There is Henry of Navarre, first and foremost, endowed with qualities endearing to the Gallic temper, making war as gayly and as ardently as he made love. But is not Henry IV, like Cromwell, rather a party-leader than a truly national hero? Richelieu is a more representative figure, even if he had to patch the lion's skin (in which the hero is expected to wrap himself) with the hide of the less scrupulous fox. Richelieu made the throne of France solid for Louis XIV, a most unheroic leader of men, a great king it may be, but a small man physically, mentally, morally—the least promising pattern that any one could copy, as a host of German princelings and kinglets found to their cost and to the enduring misery of their peoples. The most outstanding personality in the history of France in the past two hundred years is Napoleon; and Napoleon was not a Frenchman either by nativity or by character. Though he led the armies of the French Republic to glorious conquest, as he was later to lead the armies of the French Empire to inglorious defeat, he was never a representative of the French people; rather was he what Taine termed him—a belated survival of the predatory tyrant of the Italian Renascence. When all is said the noblest and the most typical of the heroes of France is a heroine, Jeanne d'Arc. And it is not easy to propose as a model to the young men of France the character or the career of the Maid of Orleans.

Idols with Clay Feet

THE Spanish have for their adoration the Cid, who has not a few weak spots in his armor. The Dutch can rightly admire the sturdy and stalwart William of Orange. The Swiss can give devotion to William Tell, regardless of any doubt as to whether he ever existed; and even if Tell is a myth, at least Arnold von Winkelried was a man. Russia may hesitate before paying homage either to Peter or to Catherine, mighty monarchs both of them, empire-builders, deserving well of their people, but impossible as patterns even to the sovereigns who succeeded them. It is interesting to speculate on the exact weight of the influence these racial heroes may have exerted upon their royal successors and also on the exact extent of the pressure of the example they set upon the humbler mem-

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bers of the race. Yet even if this speculation may be interesting it is not likely to lead to any solid result. The experts in experimental psychology have invented many ingenious appliances and have devised many subtle tests for the evaluation of our unsuspected predilections and peculiarities; not yet have they been able to set up any machine delicate enough to measure the hidden effects of hero-worship in the successive generations of a nation's life.

Perhaps it is in Germany that this national hero-worship has been most persistent and most insistent, and it is in Germany that its effects are most clearly disclosed. There are only two personalities which stand out in the history of Germany in the last two hundred years. They are the great king who made Prussia and the great chancellor who united Germany. Frederick was one of the half-dozen greatest soldiers in all the long history of war; and Bismarck was one of the most sagacious as he was one of the most successful masters of statecraft. That they both possessed commanding powers of mind is beyond discussion; and no one can question that they both demand regard for their services in the strengthening and solidifying of their native land. It is no wonder that later kings of Prussia have loudly proclaimed their resolution to pattern themselves upon Frederick the Great; and it is a pity that later chancellors of Germany have not more carefully modelled their conduct of public affairs upon Bismarck's.

If we feel safe in believing that whatever records leap to light Washington and Lincoln never shall be shamed, the German can entertain no such belief in regard to Frederick or to Bismarck. The records that shame Bismarck and Frederick leaped to light at their own will. The great chancellor was no hypocrite; and he had no hesitation in avowing that he had tampered with the text of a document for the deliberate purpose of bringing about a war for which Prussia was prepared and for which France was not prepared. The great king was equally frank. As Macaulay has put it, Frederick "pretended to no more virtue than he had," and the English historian quotes the German king's own words—"ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war."

As a result of this decision, "the whole world sprang to arms," and the verdict that Macaulay passed upon this act has been the verdict of mankind. "On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." This abides as the verdict of humanity, although Carlyle vainly moved to have it set aside, adopting the tone of hectoring bluster appropriate to a police-court attorney trying to becloud the issue in the hope of setting free a defendant whom he knows to be guilty.

Bismarck was born on April 1 and Frederick was born on January 24, and both days are held in honor by the Germans. But, when all is said, these anniversaries lack not a little of the loftiness of February 22 and of February 12.

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· THE FIELD OF ART ·

A BELGIAN SCULPTOR

IN a corner of the atelier of Godefroid Devreese, at Brussels, is a group of figures that, in certain aspects, is perhaps the most significant of the Belgian sculptor's work. The statement is, to be sure, hesitant, and hedged about by many saving qualifications, since it is by no means the most important work that has come from the artist's hands, nor does it represent him in the plenitude of his powers. But, the question of its intrinsic interest and artistic value wholly apart, it is significant as showing the point from which the sculptor set out on his long and honorable career. For it is youth, it is joy, it is—Flanders. The mass is formed by a huge tun surmounted by a Flemish piper, and at his feet, round and round, circle the peasants to whom he is piping the "Boerendans." It depicts a living scene that has characterized the Flemish kermesse for centuries, and it shows, with Flemish abandon, that life the Flemish folk have so unrestrainedly lived, down through the centuries. It is, in many of its moods, a life of free, whole-hearted gayety, impossible to any other northern race; it is as objective, if not as graceful, as that of the Greeks, and as joyous, though doubtless not so uninterruptedly joyous, as we like to think that of the French or the Italians. It is, to be sure, a joy wholly material, the joy of eating, of drinking, of mad and fiddling frolic, the life that Jordaens and Steen and Teniers had such evident gusto in reproducing. The "Boerendans" of Mr. Devreese is of their *genre*, and he is, or was before he became wholly and originally himself, of their line, in direct descent.

Godefroid Devreese.

All of this is but a manner of saying that what I like best in the work of this conscientious realist is that he took the life he found about him, and reproduced it honestly, with that sincerity which is the first requisite of any art, and if he did it with a touch of humor, it was always with a reverent, understanding humor, wholly loving. This humor is in the "Boerendans," and the artist has kept its original cast beside him through all the long years of his labors. The same touch of humor, too, is in the quaint figures of the dry, droll fishermen, one of which is to be seen in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris. The artist renews his acquaintance with these fishermen every summer when he goes for his holiday. It is a holiday only in that it is a change of scene—he leaves the gray light of his lofty studio for the more luminous light of the Belgian littoral. He never goes far from home and he never rests; he stays in Flanders and he works incessantly. He has found art enough at home, where any one may find it; he has made it his life, and for a third of a century he has toiled faithfully and honestly, evermore taking pains.

Flemish though he is, and Flemish must remain in character and in expression, it is not to say that he has not developed beyond his origin, or that in his daily toil he has not had his reward in those visions that come with the broadening of the artist's spirit. He has had the refining influence of contact with the French school; and in this he has remained the avatar of his land, for Belgium is what it is because of the contact of the Flemish spirit with the French—sometimes, it must be confessed, because of the conflict between the two. The in-

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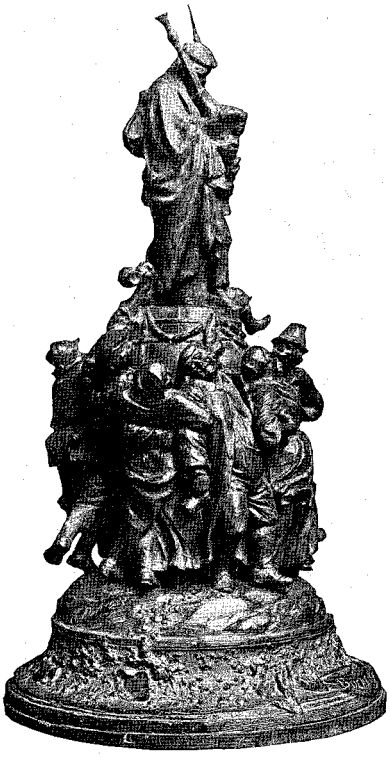
tensively cultivated civilization and the refining influence of the French spirit is shown in all of Mr. Devreese's later work, as, to select a typical instance, in his "La Dentellière." To feel this growth, this transition, one has but to compare the earlier figures



"Boerendans"—Flemish kermesse.

of the fishermen, for instance, with this of the lace-maker, her pillow before her, swiftly, deftly plying her bobbins—if that is what they are—in another art the Flemish long ago mastered; this influence is revealed in the gentle grace, the pensive delicacy with which the happy result is wrought. There is in this later work more discipline, more restraint, more of human dignity than in the earlier work, just as these qualities are more in evidence in the work of any French painter of the last quarter of a century than they were in Teniers or others of the somewhat too robust school of Flanders. The process in Mr. Devreese comes to its final effect in the massive marble vase that adorns the grounds of the old château of Mariemont, that beautiful park which Rodin and other contemporary artists have adorned with their works as their forerunners of the Louis adorned it in their times. The vase is ornamented by a relief of bacchanalian figures; it is the "Boerendans" all over again, purified, refined, elevated and chastened in spirit, marking the long way the artist has come.

The works of Mr. Devreese are to be seen all over his native land. One encounters them everywhere in the capital that was made beautiful by the inspiration and the restless energy of Leopold II. There are, for instance, the enormous sea-horses and the monstrous triton on the Guild House of the Boatmen in the Grande Place; the ornamental fountain of the Botanical Gardens; the fantastic animals and the lovely fountain in the garden at the Mont des Arts;

Figures on the fountain, Mont des Arts, Brussels.

the Apollo at the King's summer palace at Laeken. And then there are his striking Chimères on the monument in the great Boulevard Anspach, that bears the name of

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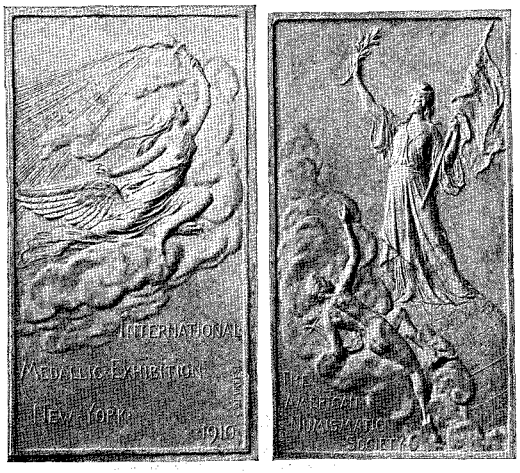
that burgomaster whose artistic appreciation not only preserved for Brussels so many of the results of her past art, but prefigured her future in such a way that she might continue to be built along the lines that would best express her communal life and the artistic aspirations of a proud, free city. Mr. Devreese, too, modelled the figures for the monument at Henricot at Court St. Etienne—an old mechanician instructing his young apprentice, a thoughtful group of manifold implications.



Medals made for the Numismatic Society of New York.

But perhaps his chef-d'œuvre, the piece of his own work that he himself likes best—unless it is the bust of his father or, it may be, even that "Boerendans" which he did so long ago in the enthusiasm of his youth—is the monument that he made to commemorate the battle of the Golden Spurs, at Courtrai. It is a proud monument, commemorating a proud moment in the history of his native city, and the sculptor himself is proud to have obtained the commission, not because it was the city of his birth, but only after a competition in which all the principal artists of his land participated.

Mr. Devreese was born in Courtrai, the 19th August, 1861. His father, Constant Devreese, was a sculptor of distinction before him, and it was in his father's studio that he had his first lessons. He left his native province at the age of twenty, and completed his studies, so well begun under the paternal tutelage, at the Académie Royale des Beaux Arts, in Brussels, and he had as a teacher, at first the old master of his father, Eugene Simonis, and afterward Charles van der Stappen, the distinguished Brussels sculptor, who was an intimate friend of Roty.

When the name of Roty is mentioned one thinks of medals. The beautiful art of the *médailleur* is scarcely appreciated in other lands than those of France and Belgium, and in this branch of sculpture—if it is sculpture—Mr. Devreese has found a most congenial and delicate means of expression, a *métier* in which he has had a brilliant success. In this work especially has he indubitably felt the effects of the French school. The art of the *médailleur*, in the renaissance it has enjoyed of late

"Chimères"—on the Anspach Monument, Brussels.

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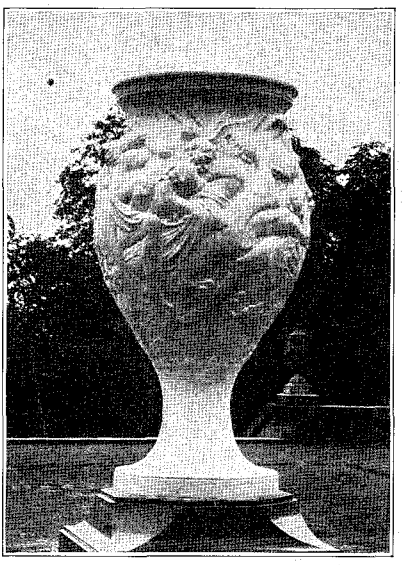
years, has found in Belgium a particularly congenial soil. The whole history of Belgium may be said, indeed, to have been told in medals, and there is much history in Belgium to be told. Mr. Devreese was chosen among all the medallists of the world to receive the special prize of three



Marble vase in the park of the château of Mariemont.

thousand dollars, and to model the commemorative medal for the exposition of 1909 of the Numismatic Society of New York, an organization which, under the influence of Mr. Huntington, has done so much to extend the knowledge and appreciation of this beautiful art in our own country, and has helped to enhance the artistic quality of our coins, since Saint-Gaudens modelled the new gold pieces, and Mr. Brenner engraved on the pennies of our land that noble head of Lincoln.

Mr. Devreese has won many other prizes in various other artistic tournaments, exhibited in most of the expositions during recent years. He bore away the second prize of Rome for sculpture in 1885, and four years later he obtained, by unanimous choice, the first prize for sculpture after nature in the triennial *concours* of the Académie Royale des Beaux Arts at Brussels. He exhibited at the salon in Paris, and since 1885 has been a member of the National Society of Beaux Arts of France.

In 1910 he was charged by the Belgian Government to engrave the effigy of King Albert on the new gold and silver coins, and the King has decorated him with the Order of Leopold II.

I have insisted, and I think not too strongly, on the patient industry of this artist. It is one of the secrets of his success. And any day he may be found at his work. The shock-headed boy, responsive like all Flemish boys to the appellation of "Manneke," who opens the door to the visitor in the rue des Ailes, in the faubourg of

"The Lace-Maker."

Schaerbeek, will push back the heavy curtain and there, in the lofty atelier, reveal the kindly little man with the gray hair, gray mustache and imperial, and the blue eyes that smile so humorously and see so much of life—so much that is beautiful, so much that is amusing, so much that is consoling, so much, even, that is hopeful. All about him are the trophies of his industry and his art, and in his vigor, his enthusiasm, his democratic spirit there is the promise of other, perhaps even better, things to come.

BRAND WHITLOCK.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

RELATIONS OF THE GREAT FINANCIAL STATES AFTER THE WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

WITH the beginning of 1916 a noticeable diversion of discussion has occurred, from the economic problems of financing the war itself to the question how the belligerent States will stand, in relation to one another and to the rest of the financial world, when the war is over. Whether this new turn of controversy meant that peace, in the judgment of far-seeing financiers, could not be long deferred, was a matter on which opinions differed. The belligerent governments did not help to solve that conundrum. The British Premier, answering Parliamentary inquiries on December 8, merely stated that "if proposals of serious character for a general peace are put forth by the enemy governments, either directly or through neutral powers, they will be discussed by the Allied governments." The German Chancellor, after an equally non-committal pledge to the Reichstag, on December 9, of his government's willingness to consider the enemy's appeal, complained that this enemy "has not approached us with suggestions of peace," a fact presumably due to "self-deception beyond compare"; and that, "so long as belief that Germany is approaching collapse continues to be the dominant idea in enemy countries, it would be folly for Germany to take the initiative."

Official Utterances about Peace

This last remark possibly referred to the declaration of December 5 in the Paris Chamber, by the legislative spokesman of the French War Department, that "there will be no peace until Alsace and Lorraine are won, Belgium and Servia restored, German imperialism and Prussian militarism put beyond the possibility of resurrection." There was left by way of indication, after these not very illuminating official utterances, the sullen demands of the Opposition party (notably at Berlin) for the government to state its own terms of peace, and the performances of the shipload of eccentric philanthropists sent to Europe by an American millionaire.

But people familiar with history recalled, as regards the Opposition protests, that in 1864 even the Republican party's executive committee urged Mr. Lincoln (unsuccessfully) to offer peace to Jefferson Davis on condition that deference to the Constitution be professed. The grotesque incident of the "peace ship" could be matched by the visit to the Confederate capital of a militant Northern clergyman, with a powerful backing, to settle the Civil

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War through the influence of the Methodist Church.

Even the European governments' recent public attitude, in regard to the rumored proposals for peace negotiations, was fairly anticipated when Napoleon, rejecting in 1813 the only possible policy which could immediately have ended that period's European war, declared that "I wish for peace, it is necessary to the world"; but "I shall never make any peace except one suited to the interests of my Empire." In short, we have been witnessing the usual order of events. Yet peace must some day be re-established—it came very shortly after 1864 and 1813—and on the relative positions which the nations will occupy when it has actually been achieved will depend, now as then, much of the world's financial history in the next generation.

THE question of future financial relationships might be settled in one or both of two somewhat different ways. Predictions have lately been put forth, even by European statesmen, that those relationships will be settled on the basis of political rancor and resentment. "On the columns of the British Empire," the German Finance Minister declared to the Reichstag, December 15, at the end of an impassioned denunciation of England, "are written in glowing letters the same words as were written on the wall of Belshazzar's palace." This declaration, somewhat rhetorical for a sober and practical bank director, meant on its face that Germany expects to break down England's colonial system after if not during the war. "So far as commerce is concerned," the President of the British Board of Trade retorted, in an equally bitter speech to Parliament a week later, "Germany is a beaten nation, and it is for us to see that she does not recover."

Bitter Predictions about Trade

There is no ground for taking seriously either of these emotional assertions. So far from the British Empire showing signs of political or economic disruption, the history of the war has thus far indicated that on the one hand, England's colonial possessions have been drawn in unprecedented loyalty to the mother country, and on the other hand, that England's protection of the ocean trade of her colonies has never in history been so powerfully asserted.

That trade with Germany may to a certain extent be discountenanced in the immediate aftermath of the conflict, by the people now at war with her, is not impossible. There may be exclusive and preferential tariff alliances, and, in any case, Germany will have a long account to settle for her part in provoking this war and her manner of conducting it. Belgium, the *Lusitania*, the "air raids," the conspiracy against neutral munitions-factories—are episodes which will at least not help the vogue of goods with the label "Made in Germany."

Still, the advantages of trade between nations are reciprocal. England, for instance, exported in the last full year of peace $300,000,000 of merchandise to Germany, of which $203,000,000 was British produce, and the shrinkage of 25 per cent in Great Britain's outward trade, during the

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 262)

first half of 1915, resulted to a not at all inconsiderable extent from the embargo on trade with Germany. A correspondent of the London *Economist*, writing in a reminiscent vein, lately recalled that when the Franco-Prussian War was visibly near its end in 1871, "French and German commercial travellers were waiting on the frontiers for the moment when peace should be signed, and there was a great inrush for orders, into both France and Germany, as soon as peace was declared."

Hatred Will Not Determine Business Relations

IT is, in short, pretty safe to say that future financial and business relations of the great countries of the world will not be permanently determined by the hatreds and revengefulness arising from the war. But even so, it still remains to inquire how the economic results of the war itself—the losses in economic prestige, the depletion of capital, the financial exhaustion—are likely to affect the relative positions, in the economic world, of belligerent and neutral nations. A great war is proverbially marked in its aftermath by epoch-making changes in this matter.

How the various nations were ranged in the economic order, when this war broke out, every one knows. England was still indisputably the world's financial and commercial centre. Germany had become an aggressive competitor, however, in the field of home production and foreign trade—so successful a competitor, indeed, as to reduce to outright effrontery Berlin's habitual allegation that this war was necessary to "get a place in the sun" and "obtain the freedom of the seas." France, until the shadow of impending war paralyzed financial confidence, had gained through her people's thrift and her bankers' conservatism a prestige in the world's economic system probably higher than at any time in the preceding century. Paris had in fact financed even the London money market during the acute strain of the Boer War period; had provided Russia with the financial sinews of war for the Manchurian campaigns; had helped out New York (through very large purchases of our new securities) in a troublesome situation as recently as 1910, and had actually been lending enormous sums to Germany's financiers and merchants, when the menacing attitude of the German Government, at Morocco in 1911, forced as an ordinary precaution recall of practically all such credits.

THE United States was more of an economic puzzle. Its economic prestige in the world at large, immediately after 1898, was undoubtedly enormous. Having purchased $200,000,000 of England's Boer War loans direct from the British Exchequer after 1899—a then unprecedented occurrence—and having reached, two years later, a pinnacle of financial power which seemed unprecedented,

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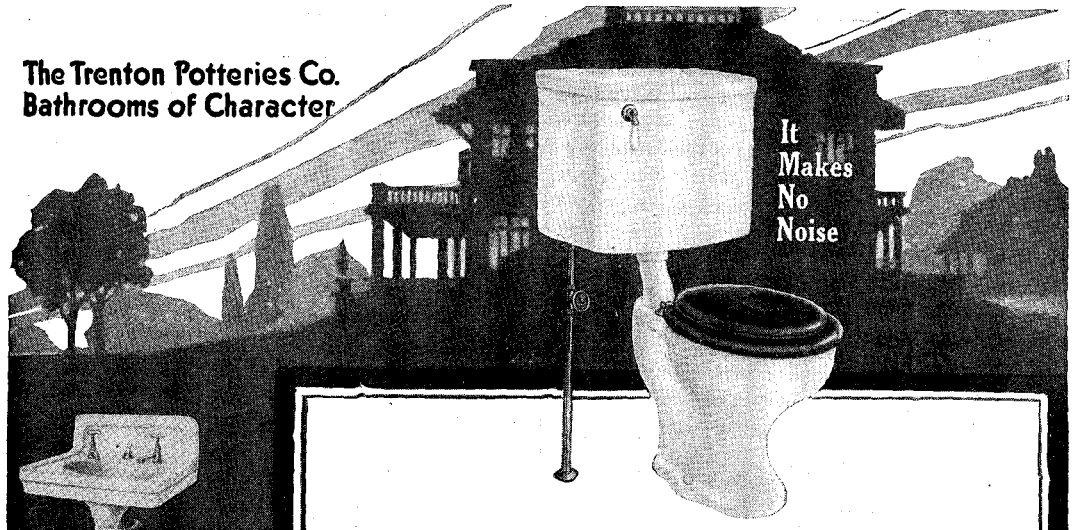

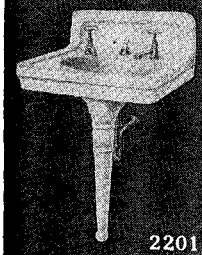

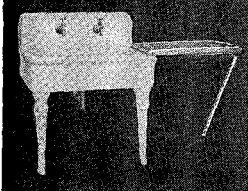

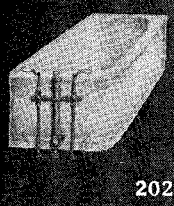

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Changes Impending in Economic Relations

WHAT changes, then, are likely to be witnessed in these interesting and undoubtedly confused economic relationships after the war is over? That France, because of her peculiar facilities and adaptabilities in production, will speedily regain her former place (as she has always done, in rapid sequence to her military defeats of the past) may be taken for granted. Russia's immense, and as yet scarcely developed, natural resources ensure a similar result.

Austria's problem is political rather than economic; her position in the European economic system had been growing increasingly negligible, even before the present war broke out. Financially bankrupt in the course of the Napoleonic wars, European opinion has inclined to assign a somewhat similar fate to her on this occasion; for she entered the war in an exceed-

(Continued on page 50)

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THE STREET BOND HOUSE

(Continued from page 49)

ingly precarious financial situation. There are left, of the important belligerent states, the two real protagonists of this war—England and Germany—and the powerful neutral nation which for the moment has economically superseded both.

Will New York Retain Its Present Supremacy?

TO the American mind, the question which first appeals is, whether New York will retain its present position as at least the war-time financial centre of the world. That question is not so simple as is occasionally assumed, either by those who predict continued occupancy of that position or by those who declare such a result impossible. England's primacy has been an outgrowth of her financial system's long unchallenged soundness — which is now, perhaps, in a way impaired. But it is also an outgrowth of her position as the work-shop for other nations; of the fact that both her productive facilities and her accumulated capital have for centuries exceeded home requirements; of her free trade with all the outside world, and of the world-wide predominance of her merchant fleet.

Granting that on this occasion the American financial system will emerge from the war-time period with a prestige superior to that of England—as attested by the depreciation on the exchange market, in terms of American money, of the currencies of all the greatest states of Europe including England—this country would still hardly duplicate England's position as regards the other attributes. We

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 50)

shall not be, as England of necessity is, primarily the work-shop of the outside world. A vast field of home development still awaits our manufacturing output and our capital. We have not dared, and probably shall not dare for many years to come, to try the experiment of free trade. We are giving no fair chance to our merchant fleet, so long as we fetter it by a peculiarly absurd brand of protectionism, which seems to appeal irresistibly to the fresh-water navigators and the inland statesmen of the Great West.

England's Long Road to Financial Supremacy

NEVERTHELESS, it is certain that England cannot regain overnight the prestige which she has lost in the economic vicissitudes of this war. That her available capital has been prodigiously reduced is proved beyond question by this fact, if by no other—that not only have her investors already resold to the United States perhaps one-third of the two to three thousand million dollars in American securities held by them when the war began, but that the British Treasury has officially taken the unprecedented step of making a bid to get control of all such securities as remain unsold in England, with the obvious view of disposing of them also. It is open to great doubt whether England will be able, in a series of years after return of peace, to resume the financial relations with the outside world which she surrendered, under the pressure of home requirements for war, exactly a year ago.

Nor can it be surely predicted to what extent the "moratorium" on debts in 1914, the suspension of

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Stock Exchange trading and of the making of foreign loans, and the immense depreciation of sterling exchange on the neutral foreign markets, will affect the subsequent position of financial London. Most of those startling economic events were unprecedented in English history. Depreciation of exchange in such markets as Amsterdam and Hamburg, and an actual premium on gold at home, occurred in the Napoleonic wars. But London had then no rival to dispute her financial primacy; and even so, it was six years after the final fall of Napoleon before the Bank of England was able to resume gold payments. It may be equally long, after return of peace on this occasion, before England can enter the field of international finance on anything like her old-time footing.

Will Germany dispute the position with her? There is no question more difficult to answer than the probable economic status of Germany when the war is over. The power displayed by the German people for raising her enormous war loans has been one of the greatest surprises of the period. Apparently it was not, as has sometimes been alleged, a mere matter of paper inflation stimulus, such as undoubtedly served to provide a market for our Civil War loans at par, when the gold value of the subscriptions was only 50 cents on the dollar, or less. It is for the most part actual accumulated wealth which has poured into the national German treasury in such profusion.

YET it is quite undeniable that Germany is conducting the war on a basis of inflated currency. Gold redemption has at no time been suspended on the English currency; on the German currency, it was suspended as soon as the war broke out. A premium on gold was quoted; the Reichstag passed a law imposing a prison sentence on any one who should quote it again. Bankers and business men in a neutral market, however, who quote German currency in terms of foreign exchange, cannot be put in prison by the Prussian police, and a few weeks ago they refused to purchase drafts on Berlin except at a discount of more than 20 per cent.

Germany's Inflated Currency

Four German marks would in normal times buy nearly a dollar's worth of goods in New York; more than five marks were required toward the end of 1915. As compared with the beginning of August, 1914, the English paper currency (Bank of England notes

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and the "currency notes" of war-time) has increased nearly $500,000,000, and gold redemption is maintained. The German currency has expanded not less than $1,500,000,000, and no holder of it can to-day redeem in coin either notes of the Bank of Germany or the special war currency issued on personal loans.

This circumstance is certain to have very serious consequences for Germany in the aftermath of war. Yet the United States emerged from the Civil War under a similar handicap, and we know the longer result. Will Germany assert a similar economic power, which will eventually bring her to the front, after the war. The question cannot be answered until we understand more clearly the meaning of Germany's remarkable forward movement in international finance during the three past decades. What does this puzzling factor of "German efficiency" actually mean? The financial and industrial prestige of England has its roots in the habits and qualities of the people, as far back as Queen Elizabeth's reign. France displayed in the time of Louis XIV the commercial traits which ensure her present position in the economic world. The natural resources and individual qualities which have achieved America's present position among the nations can be traced back at least a century in our history.

But Germany is a newcomer; one may almost describe her as a made-to-order industrial state. Hamburg, Frankfort, and Bremen, the mediæval "free cities," undoubtedly rank with Venice, Marseilles, and London in historic commercial achievement; but Germany as a whole has no important industrial and financial background which dates back more than thirty or forty years. Prussia itself was as negligible a commercial power, hardly more than a generation ago, as it was a negligible military power under the successor of the great Frederick.

SUCH well-known facts as these leave the question open, how much of its immense economic progress since 1871 Germany has owed to peaceful accumulation of capital and peaceful relations with the other great financial states. For a long time to come, at any rate, she will find herself to have sacrificed both in pursuit of a wild and wicked ambition, under the spur of a military cabal. The aftermath of war will have to settle the question, whether there was something more than organized stimulus of the state behind this recent and very remarkable chapter of her financial history. That the German people themselves have some doubt as to what the nation's future place in the economic organism will be, if the currency inflation, exhaustion of capital, and economic strain are much longer continued, the fact that demand for peace comes chiefly from the German people is suggestive evidence. For Germany has not only been shut out for a year and a half from her export markets, but she has lost the recourse to foreign capital, at the moment when her own was being exhausted. It was almost certainly knowledge of what the resultant predicament might be, even after war, which forced the German civil authorities to consider the hazards of the ferocious submarine programme of Von Tirpitz. That the German Government is aware that it must rely on the financial help of other and richer countries in the process of economic recuperation after war, was at least one possible inference from its evident desire, even at a sacrifice of pride, to avoid a rupture of good relations with the United States.

The Aftermath of War

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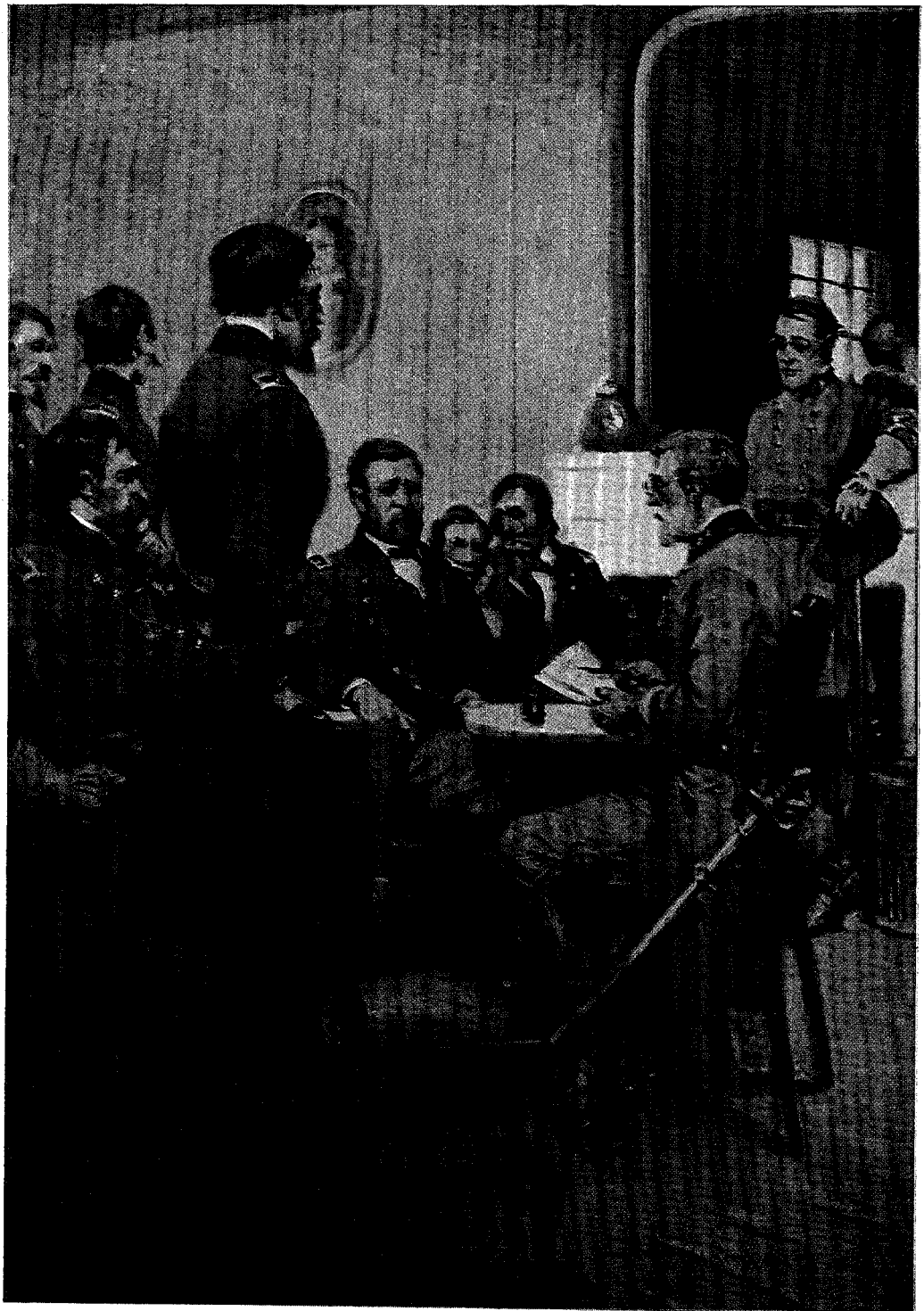

Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Sidney H. Riesenberg.

Standing figures, left to right: Col. Orville E. Babcock, Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord, Col. Horace Porter, Col. Charles Marshall.
Seated figures, left to right: Brev. Maj.-Gen. J. G. Barnard, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Col. T. S. Bowers, Col. E. S. Parker, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

GENERAL LEE ACCEPTS TERMS OF SURRENDER IN THE McLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865.

[American Historical Events, Frontispiece Series.]

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